

Shadow of Doubt a mystery novel by Arthur Somers Roche

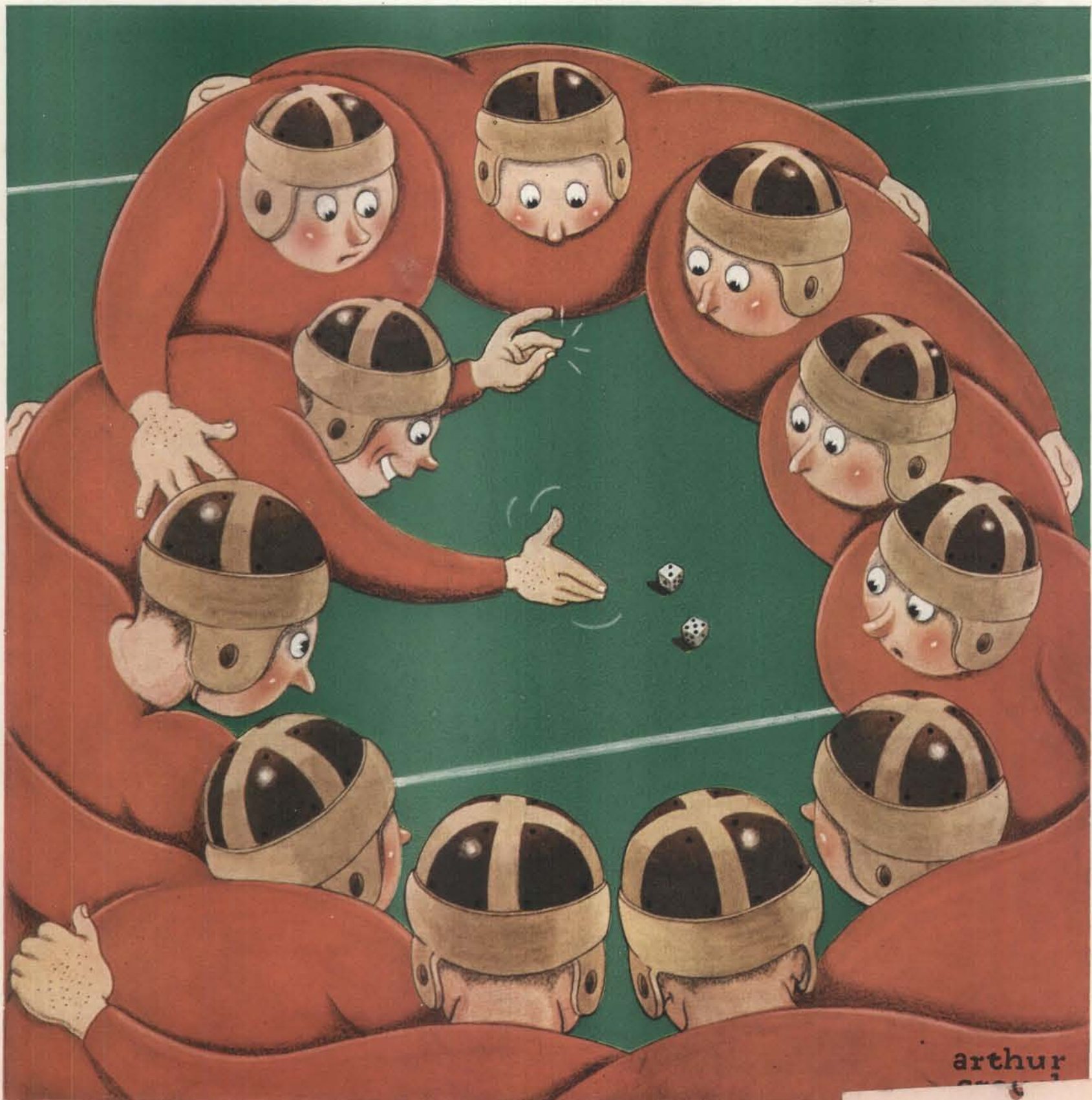
October 13, 1934

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Canada



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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"It must be Canada Dry"

WHEN the week-end party is in full swing... with many a call for long, tall drinks... then you'll surely find Canada Dry in evidence, too.

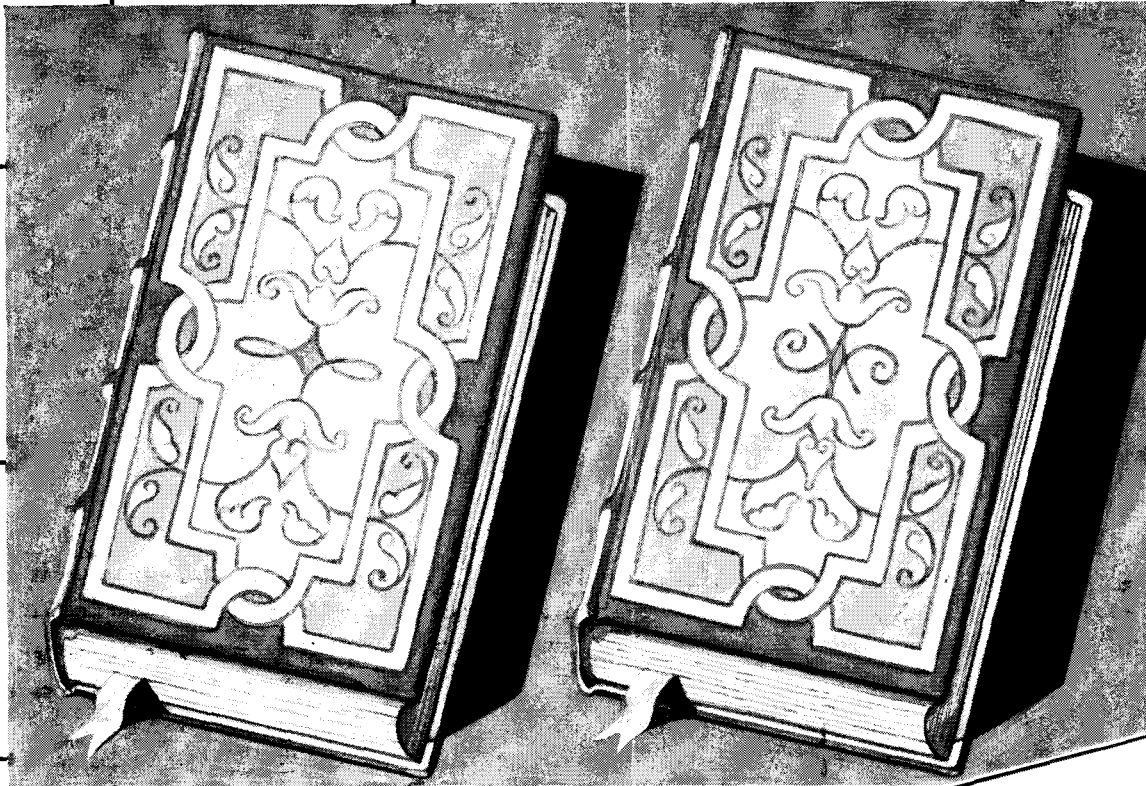
Since the time it first came down from Canada, this fine, old ginger ale has been in a class apart... the one mixer, the beverage everyone is proud to serve.

Of course, it must be Canada Dry. After all, why should anyone put up with substitutes when Canada Dry costs no more than an ordinary ginger ale?

Try Canada Dry's Sparkling Water—an extra-lively water with long-lasting sparkle.

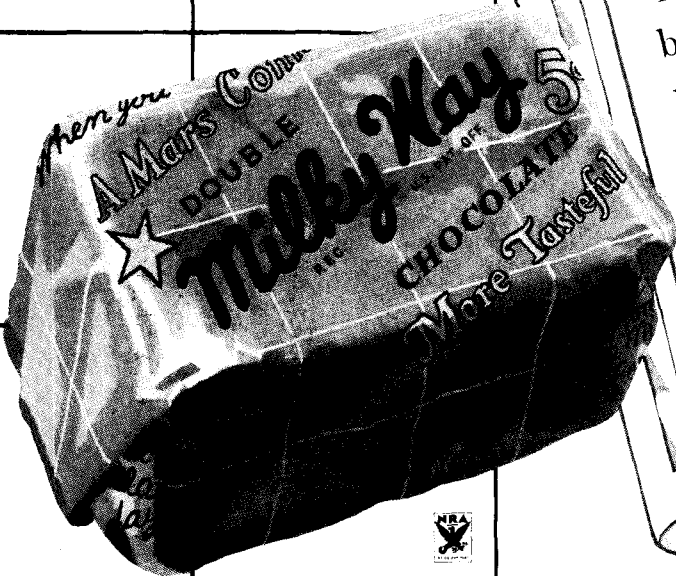
Big bottles 20¢ 12 oz. size 2 for 25¢
(plus bottle deposits)

Slightly higher in some localities due to higher freight rates



Here's to looks and books and candy bars!

Two volumes may look very much alike; yet one may sell by millions, and the other not at all. ◻ ◻ Other candy bars may look like Milky Way, but the superior goodness of Milky Way has made it the best seller in all the world today. Yes, quality counts. In the face of a depression we have advanced our quality and increased our sales. People love quality—that we know. And that's why they are buying millions and millions of dollars worth of Milky Way this year. Could you see the remarkable cleanliness thereof, you would know that only the finest ingredients are used in the making. Under similar conditions, Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slices, Two Bits, and Thrills.



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

FOOTBALL nowadays is likely to become a bit too intricate for the fellow in the fur coat, and even the expert may occasionally miss a trick. That's the opinion of one of our most successful coaches of varsity football, Lou Little of Columbia University. He proves his contention handsomely as he discovers for you some of the football you are almost certain to have missed. The famous "47" play, for instance, that fooled everyone (not excluding Mr. Little, who devised it) at that memorable Stanford-Columbia game last New Year's Day. The first of a series of tinging football articles by Mr. Little is called "What You Don't See," and it will open your eyes to what's going on down there next Saturday.

ARLIE BYSHAW felt that he had the inside track with the Widow Terping. He did, too, but he made the mistake of resting on his laurels while the runner-up got in a few telling licks. So Arlie went into action and, aided slightly by the U. S. government, the Constitution, the Missouri AAA and a Cabinet member, scored a fine victory for righteousness. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan explains, in an amusing short story, "The Widow's Choice."

IF YOU happen to feel like starting something, consult your physician. Ask him why there should be in America a great many millions of people sadly in need of medical care, while thousands of doctors are even more sadly in need of patients, and ask him to tell you what he would like to see done about it. "Prepayment plans" and "health insurance" are fighting words in the medical business nowadays, and there is much of personal interest for you in the battle. Kyle Crichton gives you both sides of the story in "In Sickness and in Health."

A KNIFELIKE crease in half a thousand feet of sheer rock, with death and dishonor above and a mile of void below. That's the setting for the breath-taking story of two men who were victims of one of the war's strangest circumstances; men who met their test as mountain climbers should. "The Traitor" is by Edwin Muller.

T. R. YBARRA introduces you to Col. Robert de la Rocque, France's war-time hero who, as potential dictator, darkly bides his time behind a steadily growing band of adherents; Quentin Reynolds, Francis and Katharine Drake, Henry F. Pringle and Alan LeMay also contribute, Arthur Somers Roche deepens the "Shadow of Doubt," and E. Phillips Oppenheim brings his serial to a dramatic end.

This Week

October 13, 1934

Cover by Arthur Crouch

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

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WALTER DAVENPORT

Votes for Victuals. Relief measures and what they are doing to us. Page 10

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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KATHARINE ROBERTS

Six o'Clock Star. Cinderella story, in reverse. Page 13

DAVID GARTH

The Boy Who Sold Himself. A football story that will make you think. Page 14

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Bewildering Lou. Presenting Lou Little, a coach with a new outlook on his game. Page 16

HENNING LAWRENCE and DAVID H. MADSEN

Fighting Game. Thrilling moments as the fittest strive to survive. Page 17

MacKINLAY KANTOR

Armed Escort. Action—and gallantry—in war-torn Virginia. Page 18

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The Simple Heart. The story of a man who belonged to the sea. Page 22

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Factual nuggets. Page 63

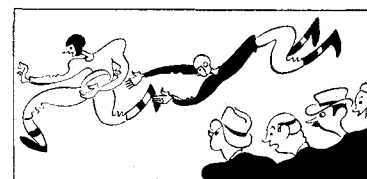
EDITORIAL

The Long-time Look. Page 66

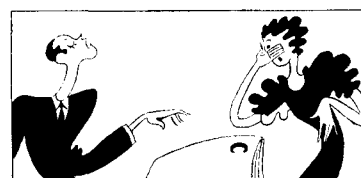
Any Week

"AND now," complains Mr. Ed Benjamin of Kansas City, Missouri, "it has come to the pretty pass where a guy can't go out and buy a couple loads of the latest war munitions without being investigated by Congress. The next thing you know they'll have the public sore on war and parents will be writing letters to the heads of government like this man in Baton Rouge wrote to Huey Long when that fearless patriot called out the National Guard to kill and be killed in defending his political honor. The Baton Rouge father said he'd kill the senator if anything happened to his guardsman son. That's what all this anti-war and munitions talk is bringing us to and I wouldn't be surprised if the American Liberty League would have something to say."

MR. FRANCIS N. NOALES of Paducah, Kentucky, hopes you haven't overlooked the fact that we are now in the midst of the football season. "It is one of the biggest seasons yet," says Mr. Noales, "what with unprecedented numbers of our young American manhood out there doing, dying and so forth for Alma Mater and the favor of the professional football scouts who are occupying the best field boxes."



AND here we assure Mr. Robert B. Wrege of New Albany, Indiana, that our sympathy goes out to him. "Formerly," writes Mr. Wrege, "my girl and I went to the movies to enjoy the evening, but we quit. The pictures became too common and obscene and we couldn't even discuss the plot afterwards. So we began reading Collier's together. Now we are stopping this. It seems that you can no longer put out an issue without a sprinkling of damns and hells, a 'scarlet woman' or so, several 'delicate situations' and a few children running about wondering who their fathers are."



BUT Mr. Wrege is no more disturbed than is Miss Amy Holabird Smith of San Diego, California. Miss Smith wishes to agree with those who did not care for Webb Miller's "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," although she is, she says, "a native-born American, a D. A. R. and a Colonial Dame. I shall discontinue Collier's if any more such slanted articles are published. They are an insult to American intelligence. I have lived in Europe and Asia (not a tourist) and when I returned people actually asked me if I wasn't glad to be back in 'God's Country.' I told them I thought the American middle-class, well-to-do woman the hardest-worked in the world. In Indian, Chinese and English kitchens 'the lady' doesn't even have to press a button. . . . I notice that Mr. Miller married an English girl and I know why. Because the modern young Englishwoman with her lovely complexion, keen mind and Parisian clothes is hard to beat."

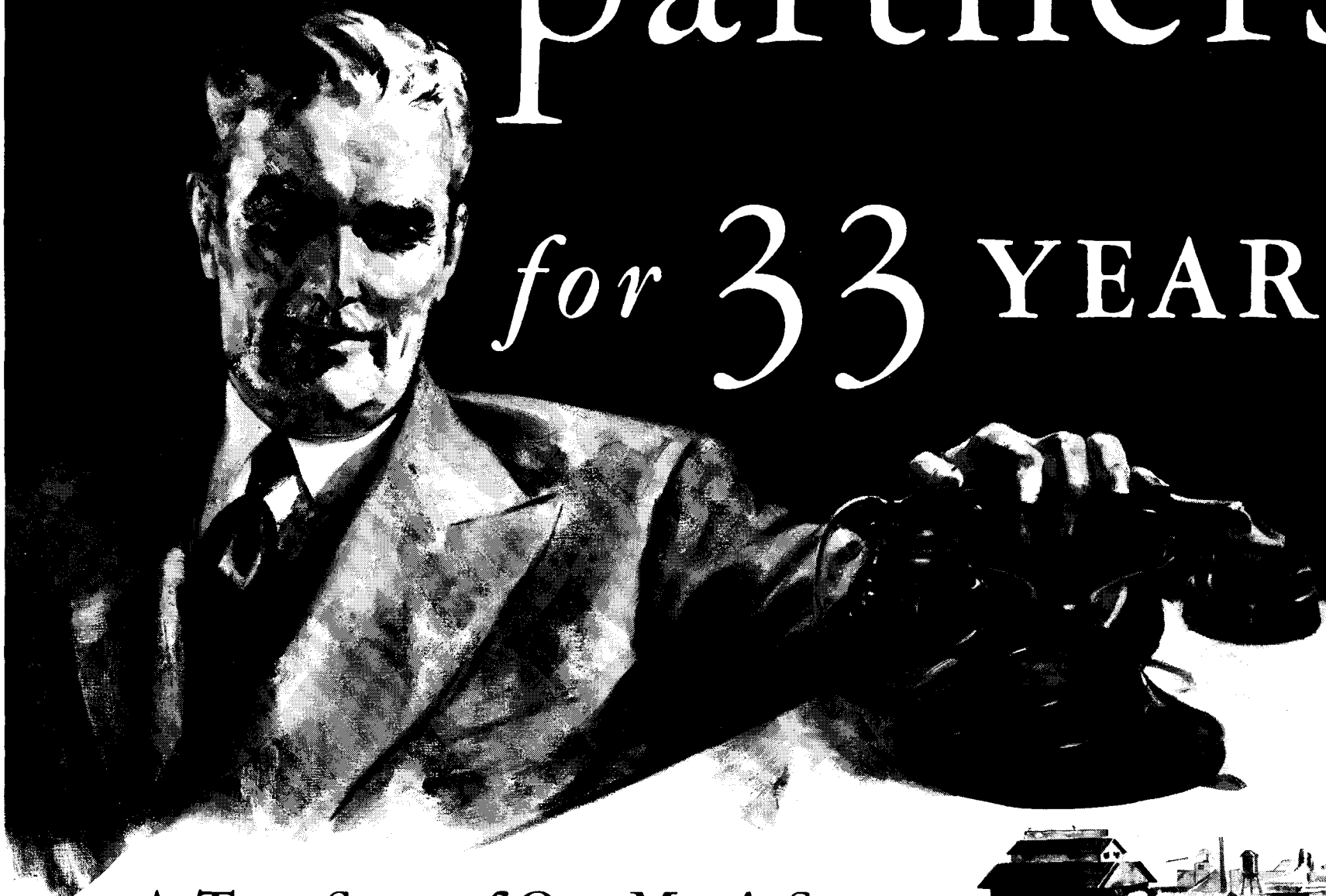
WE FIND Mrs. Elizabeth B. Lattern of Seattle, Washington, despondent about humanity. "Lots and lots of people," says she, "are begging for another beating such as we have been taking since the 1929 crash. They insist upon it so much that they are getting ready to vote against the New Deal and for the return of the old. If there is anything I can do to stop this, although I know perfectly well there is not, won't you please let me know at once?"

OF COURSE we might bid Mrs. Lattern not to worry so much. There is a colored boy in Memphis, who, according to Mr. Will Thornton Brown, of late has developed the habit of moping home of a Saturday noon with twelve dollars in his hand. "He did this four weeks in succession," says Mr. Brown. "On the fifth Saturday his wife became curious. She asked him right to his face how come. And he told her. 'Phoebe,' he said, 'I doan know nothin' 'bout it. I was sittin' under a tree and a gov'ment man come to me and ask me to go workin' for him. Ever since then I been workin' down on the road and they just hand me twelve dollahs every week and I take it. Thass all I know 'bout it.'"

IT ISN'T everybody that has his problems solved for him like Mr. Sam T. Jennings of San Francisco, California. Mr. Jennings has a China boy working for him. "And I wouldn't think of making any important decision without first asking Sun," says Mr. Jennings. "I went to him the other day and asked him what the chances were for this country going completely to the dogs and the Reds making a steaming Russia out of us. And Sun, snipping a Chinese proverb into the top crust of an apple pie, said, 'Velly, velly concave, Sam boss.'"

REASSURING us, too.

Business partners for 33 YEARS



A True Story of One Man's Success

AS A young man shortly after the turn of the century, George Boyd* made a discovery that affected his entire business career. At that time he was secretary to the general agent of a Middle Western railroad. This agent personally solicited business from the large shippers in his area.

Young Boyd found that by using the telephone to follow up these visits, he could get much business in addition to that obtained by the agent on his personal calls.

His success won him recognition, and eventually he was offered the position of general sales manager of a portland cement company. Here he applied the same method with profitable results. His salesmen visited their customers at frequent intervals, but often found them not ready to buy at the moment.

"Daily, systematically, we followed up the salesmen's personal visits in all parts of the



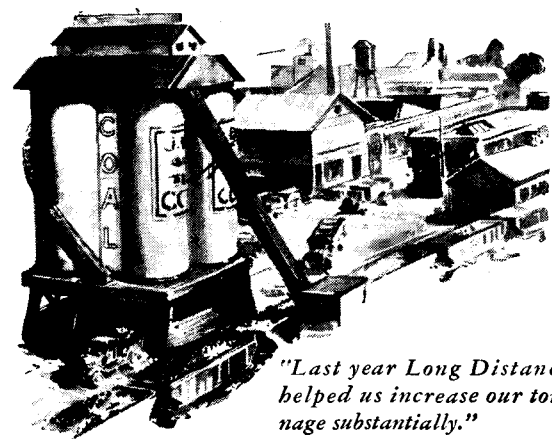
"When other salesmen came along, the customer was well stocked with our goods."

territory with Long Distance calls from the home office," says Mr. Boyd, "and found that we could often secure enough additional business to keep our packing plants going constantly."

Later Mr. Boyd became vice-president of a newly formed cement company. In ten years, through the support given by telephone selling to the salesmen in the field, this concern—starting from scratch—developed its business to \$3,000,000 a year.

At the present time he is regional sales manager for a large coal corporation. Approximately 60 per cent of all sales are made by telephone

"In one day 37 telephone calls, costing \$60, sold 43 carloads of cement."



"Last year Long Distance helped us increase our tonnage substantially."

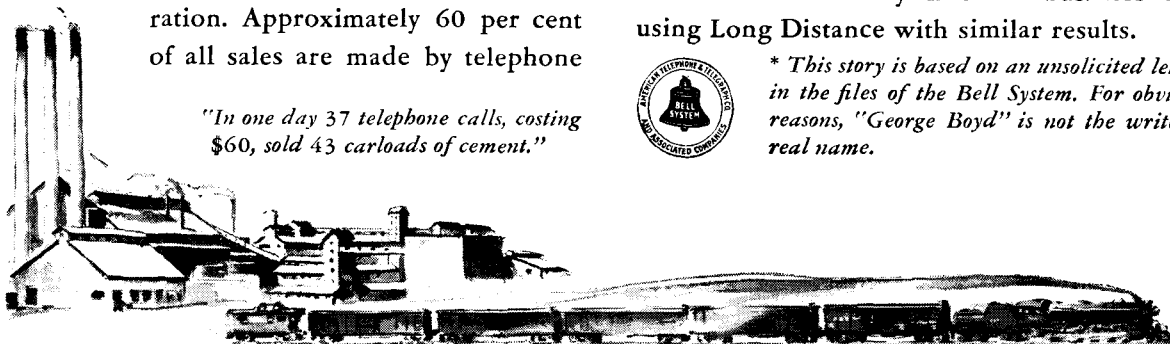
from his office; and in the territories the salesmen make half their sales the same way. Last year the business showed its fifth annual increase in tonnage since he took over the job.

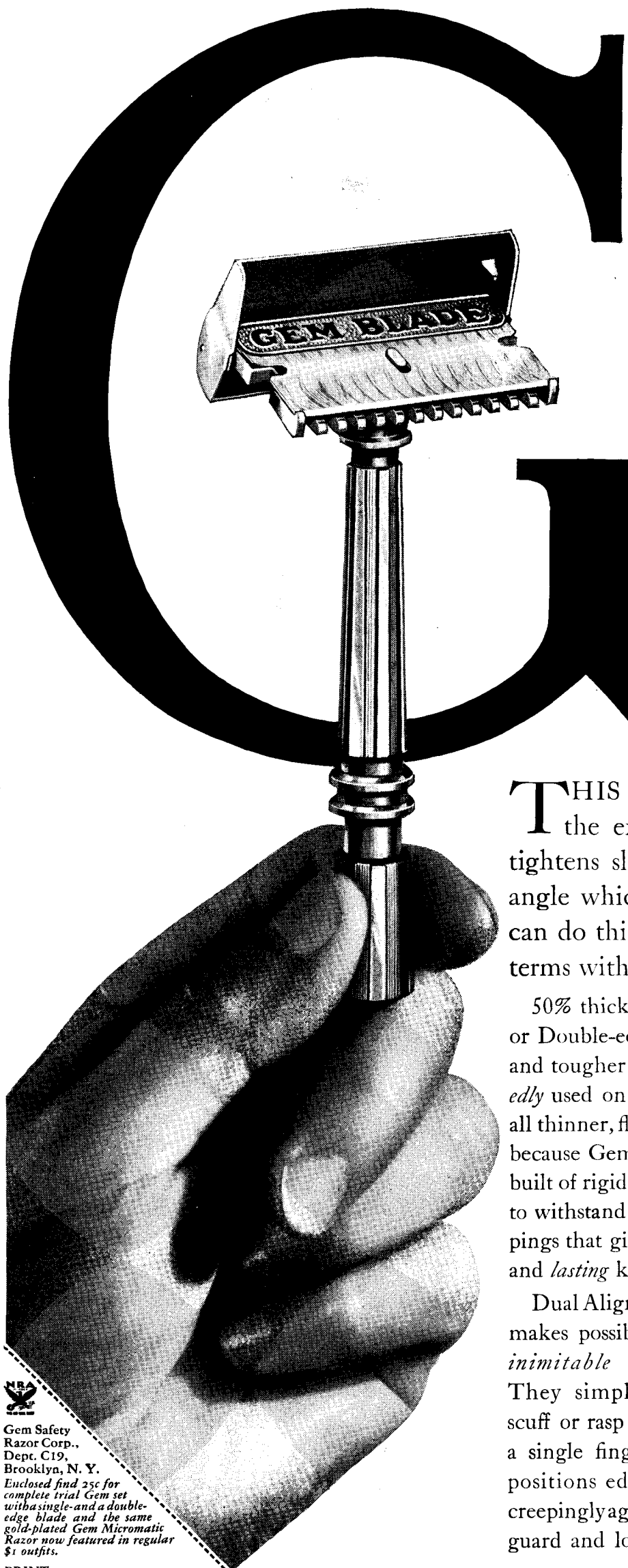
"There is no question," he says, "but that business coming out of any territory where you have personal solicitation can be increased by using Long Distance on a planned basis."

Executives in many lines of business are using Long Distance with similar results.



** This story is based on an unsolicited letter in the files of the Bell System. For obvious reasons, "George Boyd" is not the writer's real name.*





The world's simplest, strongest, least complicated razor. One piece. No removable parts. Life-guaranteed mechanism protectively concealed in the extra long, non-skid handle. One finger-twirl opens the lid. Another twist sets and locks the blade.

Gem

THIS modern, self-adjusting razor will *instantly* teach you the expert barber's tugless stroke. The flat, slanted head tightens slack tissues and compels correct shaving at the *only* angle which gets *all* the beard with a once-over. Gem *alone* can do this. And *only* Gem will keep a tender skin on friendly terms with harsh, dense, heavy stubble.

50% thicker Gem Blades (Single- or Double-edge) are so *much* sharper and tougher that they may be *repeatedly* used on whiskers that soon dull all thinner, flimsier substitutes. That's because Gem Micromatic Blades are built of rigid, surgical steel, tempered to withstand the 4840 separate stoppings that give Gems their incredible and *lasting* keenness.

Dual Alignment (exclusive patent) makes possible the *safe* use of these *inimitable* blades. They simply can't scuff or rasp because a single finger-twirl positions edges uncreeping against the guard and locks 'em

fast at five different points. They never slip or miss a hair in dimples, wrinkles, or skin folds. Quit wasting money on obsolete holders and inferior blades. Avoid their choppy, mauling action. Switch to Gem's real barber-shop stroke and protect your skin forever.

Any dealer *anywhere* will sell you Gem's latest gold-plated outfit for \$1.00. Or if you'd rather *try* before you buy, secure a smartly boxed testing set including a regular \$1.00 holder with a single- and double-edge blade, by spending a quarter and sending the coupon.



GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C19, Brooklyn, N. Y. Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular \$1 outfits.

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Somers
Roche

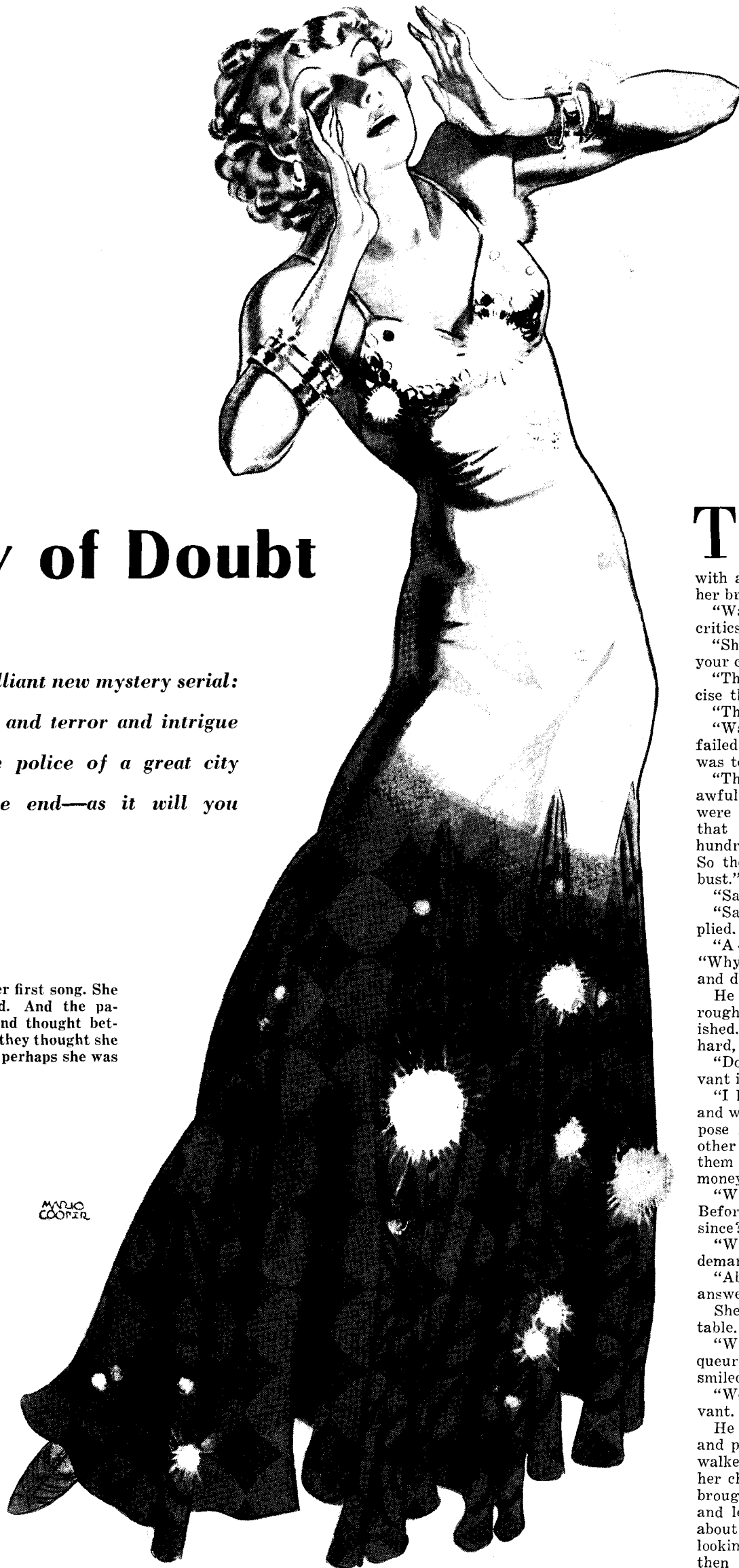
Shadow of Doubt

Beginning a brilliant new mystery serial:

*A story of love and terror and intrigue
which kept the police of a great city
guessing to the end—as it will you*

Inez Johnson sang her first song. She was good, very good. And the patrons of Merrygoround thought better of her than that; they thought she was wonderful. Well, perhaps she was

MARIO
COOPER



THE point is this, Trenna," said Sturdevant. "Your last picture was a flop."

The pretty blonde looked at him with as much anger as was possible in her bright face.

"Want me to show you what the critics said about me?" she asked.

"Show me Allied Pictures' renewal of your contract," he said.

"They have another ten days to exercise their option," she retorted.

"They won't want it," he told her.

"Was it my fault that the picture failed? Honestly, Sim, do you believe I was to blame?"

"The story was bad, the dialogue was awful, and the songs were terrible. You were swell. But what difference does that make? The picture cost three hundred thousand and won't gross four. So there you are. Trenna Plaice is a bust."

"Says you," she scoffed.

"Says Old Man Exhibitor," he replied.

"A cheery dinner guest," she told him. "Why don't you put a lily in my hand and drop a tear on my marble face?"

He grinned at her, and a certain rough-hewn quality in his features vanished. His blue eyes, that had been hard, were gentle now.

"Don't be silly, Trenna. Papa Sturdevant is talking for your own good."

"I know. You think I'm getting fat and want me to worry myself thin. Suppose Allied doesn't renew? There are other companies, aren't there? Two of them have made me offers for more money than Allied ever paid me."

"When did they make these offers? Before the last picture was released or since?"

"What difference does it make?" she demanded.

"About fifteen hundred a week," he answered.

She rose from the prettily appointed table.

"Will the gentlemen have their liqueurs here or join the ladies?" she smiled.

"We'll join the ladies," said Sturdevant.

He tucked her hand through his arm and pressed it against his side as they walked from the tiny dining-room into her charming living-room. A deft maid brought a tray, placed it upon the table, and left the room. Sturdevant looked about the room. He stood by the tray, looking questioningly in one direction, then in another, shrugging his shoulder.

ders as imaginary guests refused his unspoken offers of liqueurs.

"Well, I'll have to drink alone, unless our hostess will join me," he said. Trenna Plaice laughed.

"You're *such* an idiot, Sim. But you're fun." Her black eyes, that were so striking in her otherwise extreme blondness, were very gentle. "I suppose you'd play the game that there were twenty other people here all night if I didn't stop you. No, I won't have anything."

He poured some brandy and sat down in a chair opposite the couch on which she reclined.

"I'll play any game that you suggest, for as long as you want to play it."

She reached out a slim hand and touched his knee lightly.

"You're swell, Sim," she said.

"YOU'RE pretty okay yourself, Miss Plaice." He sipped his brandy. "But you haven't any more sense than a great beauty ought to have. Not quite as much," he added. "Because I won't marry you?" she asked.

He lighted a cigarette and blew a ring of smoke.

"That, among other things. You deserve the best of everything, Trenna. So, naturally, I want you to have the best of husbands."

"Modesty is one of your great charms," she smiled.

"I wondered if you'd noticed," he laughed. "Seriously, Trenna, I don't think you understand the picture business."

"I've only been in it eight years," she reminded him, "and I'm naturally a slow student."

"Don't try sarcasm on me, young woman. I'm in deadly earnest."

"You must be, to be so rude. Calling on me, the woman you profess to love, and telling me that I'm all washed up."

"That's because I love you," he said simply.

Her black eyes were more gentle now.

"I know you do, Sim, old dear. I know you don't want to hurt me. But does it occur to you that it's not exactly soothing to the vanity to be told that one's career is ended?"

"Do you think I'd tell you if I didn't see a way in which to start it all over again? And start at the top?"

"You aren't starting your own picture company, are you?" she jeered.

He shook his head.

"Trenna, I want you to go on the air."

"Radio? Doing what?"

"Songs. What else? Oh, maybe an occasional dramatic or comedy scene building up to the songs—you know, the way it's usually done. How does it sound?"

"When did you go into the radio business?" she asked.

"I haven't. But one of my clients has decided to advertise on the air. Saunders Soap. I've had their account for three years. Conservative people that did a nice business, but did little advertising. I persuaded them to branch out. You've seen their advertisements in all the newspapers and magazines. Now they're going to try out radio in addition. They've put it up to me, in conjunction with a theatrical agent, to arrange an hour's program. And the star will be Trenna Plaice."

"Do you realize what it means? If you make a hit—and you can't miss—the picture people will be crying for you

within six months. If they remember that your last picture failed, they will tell one another that it was the fault of the story and direction. Because your success on the air will convince them that you couldn't fail on the screen. Now, think it over. The musicales in which you appear cost money. Your last one failed. What company is going to spend upwards of a quarter of a million starring you? You'll get offers, but the companies won't agree to spend money. You'll appear in shoddy productions. What does that mean? It means definite failure. But if you make a hit on the air every company will bid for you and agree to spend any amount on your next production. What do you say?"



Trenna Plaice

Her eyes were more than gentle now; they were tender.

"You're the best friend in the world, Sim. But I'm not going to do it."

"You're mad," he told her.

"Everyone in love is mad," she smiled.

"In love? What do you mean, Trenna?"

"I mean that I don't care whether or not Allied renews its contract with me. I don't care if I never receive another offer. Sim, I'm through with the screen."

"BUT you can't quit. You know you can't. It's your life."

She shook her head.

"Not any more, Sim. I'm going to be married."

"Married?" Slowly he poured himself another drink. Deliberately he lighted a cigarette. Then he put the cigarette down and lifted the glass to his lips. "To the loveliest girl in the world and to the lasting happiness of her marriage." He gulped the brandy and put the glass down.

"You're a good sport, Sim," she said.

"Am I?" His blue eyes, that had been gay, held pain in their depths now. "I hope so. I'd want to be wherever you are concerned, Trenna. Tell me the name of the lucky man, that I may drink to him."

"Len Haworth," she answered.

He had reached for a decanter, but now he set it down.

"What's the idea, Trenna? I come here and make you a perfectly good proposition, one that, if you had any sense at all, you'd grab. I don't mind you refusing it, though I think you're

mad. But why give me the bird? I mean, why deride me? If you're being funny, tell me the point of the joke."

"What's funny about my marrying Len Haworth?" she asked.

"You mean that question? You really want me to tell you what's funny about it?"

"Of course I do," she said. Gentleness was no longer in her eyes; the famous Plaice temper, that seemed impossible to the gentle gayety that her countenance seemed to express always, lurked in those eyes now.

"I'd rather be the good sport you think me," he said.

"I'd rather not have you a good sport. What have you got against Haworth?"

"Me? He never did anything to me. Let's forget it. I told you you had no sense. Now you've proved it. Let it go at that."

"You're not behaving very well, Sim."

"Then I'll try to from now on. Sorry. I hope everything is great, Trenna."

"You haven't drunk to him yet," she said.

"Doctor's orders. One brandy after dinner."

"You'll drink or tell me why," she blazed.

"I'm not a director; don't put on a scene for me, Trenna."

"I'll put on plenty of scene," she cried. "What's the objection to Haworth? You tell me now."

"JUST be calm. The last time we had a quarrel we didn't speak for three months. That wasn't so good, Trenna. We both promised we'd never have a spat again. Let's keep that promise."

"I don't know why I ever liked you. You're ill-tempered," she accused.

"You can be pretty unreasonable when you feel like it," he retorted.

"But I'm open. I never stoop to innuendo. Only cowards do that."

"I'm a coward," he sighed. "An apologetic coward. Forgive me and let it go at that."

"I won't forgive you and I won't let it go. You tell me what you meant."

"You're showing what I meant," he told her. "Temper. How long do you think you'd get away with it with a man like Haworth? It's all right with me. I understand. But a man like that—he'd slap you down so fast!"

"How dare you say a thing like that about him?" she demanded.

"Because it's true. If you want proof I'll show you half a dozen girls whose eyes he's blacked. It's cost him plenty blackmail to keep those things out of the papers, out of the courts. You're asking me and I'm telling you. Not because I'm jealous—I love you too much to be jealous—but because I don't want you to make a mistake."

"If I married you it wouldn't be a mistake."

"It wouldn't. I understand you. I know that you never mean a tenth of what you say. And I know the infinite sweetness that lies behind your wrath. But Haworth wouldn't understand that. My God, Trenna, the man's contemptuous of your profession. He's the snob of the world and the cad of the world. He'd no more marry an actress than he'd marry a Zulu girl. He'll talk marriage with an actress—he's done it—but that's as far as he'll go. He'll only marry what he considers a lady."

"And I'm not one?"

"Not according to his lights. According to mine, you're the top of everything. But what I like, what I respect, isn't what Haworth likes or respects. Anyway, he's engaged to the Bellwood girl. Everyone knows that. She's told all her friends. Why not let her have him? They belong together. She's in the chips and he's way up in the bucks. Made to order for each other. She's a popular debutante, plenty hard. She can take what he dishes out and deal it right back to him. But you can't. All you have with which to face a man like that is temper. But the Bellwood girl is hard—harder than you could ever learn to be. He'd break your heart, but he'd never hurt her. The first time he was unfaithful to you you'd be crushed. But she'll laugh in his face and give him tit for tat."

"I couldn't hold him. Is that what you think?" she asked.

"Hold him? I tell you, you can't even get him."

SHE stared at him, momentarily speechless with anger. Then she reached out her hand and from the little table by the couch picked up a telephone. She asked for a number and while she waited for a response her unoccupied hand drummed upon her knee. Then she spoke:

"Mr. Haworth, please. Oh, is this you, Len? This is Trenna. I called you up to tell you that the answer is yes."

There was a pause while she listened; temper left her black eyes, to be replaced by triumph as she looked at Sturdevant. Then she spoke again.

"I know you do, darling, and I love you, too. Of course I'll marry you tomorrow. I'd do it tonight if it were possible. But, darling, I've been unhappy this evening. Someone told me you were engaged to Lisa Bellwood. You aren't? Of course I know that, but does she? She's told people that you're engaged. Is there anything you ought to say to her? Sure? Of course I trust you, but I thought perhaps she might have a wrong impression. Later tonight? Why not? I'd love to see you. You must know that, my love. 'By.'"

She hung up the telephone and looked at Sturdevant.

"Well, what do you think now?" she asked.

"What I thought before—you're mad."

"I never thought that jealousy would do this to you," she reproached him.

"I tell you it's not jealousy. It's fear for you, fear that you'll be miserable. And you will be. Hate me for saying so if you like, but I'm never going to be anything but honest with you, Trenna. I hope to God I'm wrong, but I know I'm right."

"You're hateful," she told him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose so. Certainly I'm not behaving according to all the canons of chivalry. Sorry; I can't help it. I guess it's goodbye, Trenna."

"OF COURSE it's goodbye," she said coldly. "A man that behaves as you do—"

Her speech was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone at her elbow. She picked it up.

"Yes, this is Miss Plaice. Miss Bellwood? Yes." Her voice was icy, yet faintly tinged with surprise. "You what? You're going to marry Len Haworth? Are you sure?" She listened a minute. "You couldn't be kinder. I think it's sweet of you to tell me, not to want me to break my heart worrying over a man that I can't get. Only, Miss Bellwood, I just told Len that I'd marry him tomorrow."

With a bang she replaced the telephone on the table, and turned to meet the amused glance of Sturdevant.

"Difficulties? Reefs in the course of true love?" he grinned.

"It isn't funny," she blazed. "Imagine that girl daring to call me up and tell me not to break my heart over Len, that she's going to marry him!"

"Perhaps she is," suggested Sturdevant.

She eyed him in amazement.

"Didn't you just hear my conversation with her? Didn't you hear me tell him that I'd marry him tomorrow?"

"I didn't hear him say that he'd marry you," said Sturdevant.

"I heard him. Do you believe me?"

"I believe you, but not him."

"SIM, what's the matter with you?" "Nothing with me, but plenty with him," he replied.

"I hate you," she cried.

"No, you don't." He shook his head.

"You love me, but you're such a darned little idiot you don't know it. You'll find it out later."

"Will I? And if I come weeping to you will you take me?" Her mockery was laced with rage.

"You know I will. Any time, any place, anyhow."

"Now you *are* chivalrous," she derided. "But I'll never come. Len loves me and I love him and we're going to be happy."

"The trouble with you is you've lived too long in Hollywood, and don't know what real chiseling is," he told her. "Wait until you go against girls like Lisa Bellwood. You girls that earn your own living think that life and experience have made you tough. You're softies compared to the girls of what is called society. You're honorable,

of two years ago. She remembered how she had rushed to the hospital on receiving word that he had been hurt; she remembered the anguish with which she had waited while surgeons operated. She remembered, too, what the newspapers had said about his heroism in saving a young boy from being crushed to death by a plane. The child had run out upon a landing field on Long Island, beneath a descending plane, and Sturdevant had dragged him away. His skull had been fractured, and some nerve center was still deranged.

She couldn't let him go like this. He had behaved badly, outrageously, but

he loved her, and she had been so fond of him; there had been a time when seriously she contemplated marrying him. If Haworth hadn't entered her life the chances were that she would have married Sturdevant.

"SIM, you're limping," she cried.

He turned, stiffening his right knee.

"Your nose is red," he told her.

"You're just an old cross-patch. My nose is never red," she replied.

"Cross-patch yourself. It makes your nose like a beet," he said.

"Sim Sturdevant, how can you tell such dreadful lies?"

"How can you be such a complete idiot?" he countered.

"Let's not quarrel any more. You're not limping." She was sorry that she had commented on the affliction which had made him abandon aviation, the affliction that brought sudden vertigo so deadly to a pilot, and mention of which reminded him that he could no longer fly.

"Your nose isn't red," he said. His grin, merry, softening the ruggedness of his features, was like sun shining through a cloud.

She stood up and moved toward him.

(Continued on page 30)



As Haworth's clenched hand raised, Sturdevant knocked him down. "Holy cats," cried Inez, "you throw it just like Max Baer. Was that a sock!"

Trenna. And that's going to handicap you right from the start. But what's the use of talking to a woman who thinks she's in love?"

"Who is in love," she corrected him.

"Either way, there's no use in talking. It won't do any good. So I wish you luck."

"I don't want your good wishes," she said.

He shrugged. He rose to his feet and looked down at her. From her place on the couch he looked even taller than his six feet, and the angle of her vision made his hips seem slimmer and his shoulders broader. He held out his hand.

"I don't want to shake hands with you," she told him.

For a moment, sadness in his eyes, he looked down at her. Then he turned and walked away. With a queer constriction about her heart she noticed that he limped slightly, that his right foot seemed to drag. Only in moments of great emotion or great exhaustion did he show this evidence of an accident

Votes for Victuals

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

Don't be misled. There's just one political issue in the West and Middle West today—Relief. The politician who talks about anything else loses his audience and wastes his time. What does it mean when you get right down to meals and lives? Walter Davenport toured the country, observing this new factor in our national life. Here he vividly pictures the strange growths that have sprung up under the heavy downfall of federal bounty

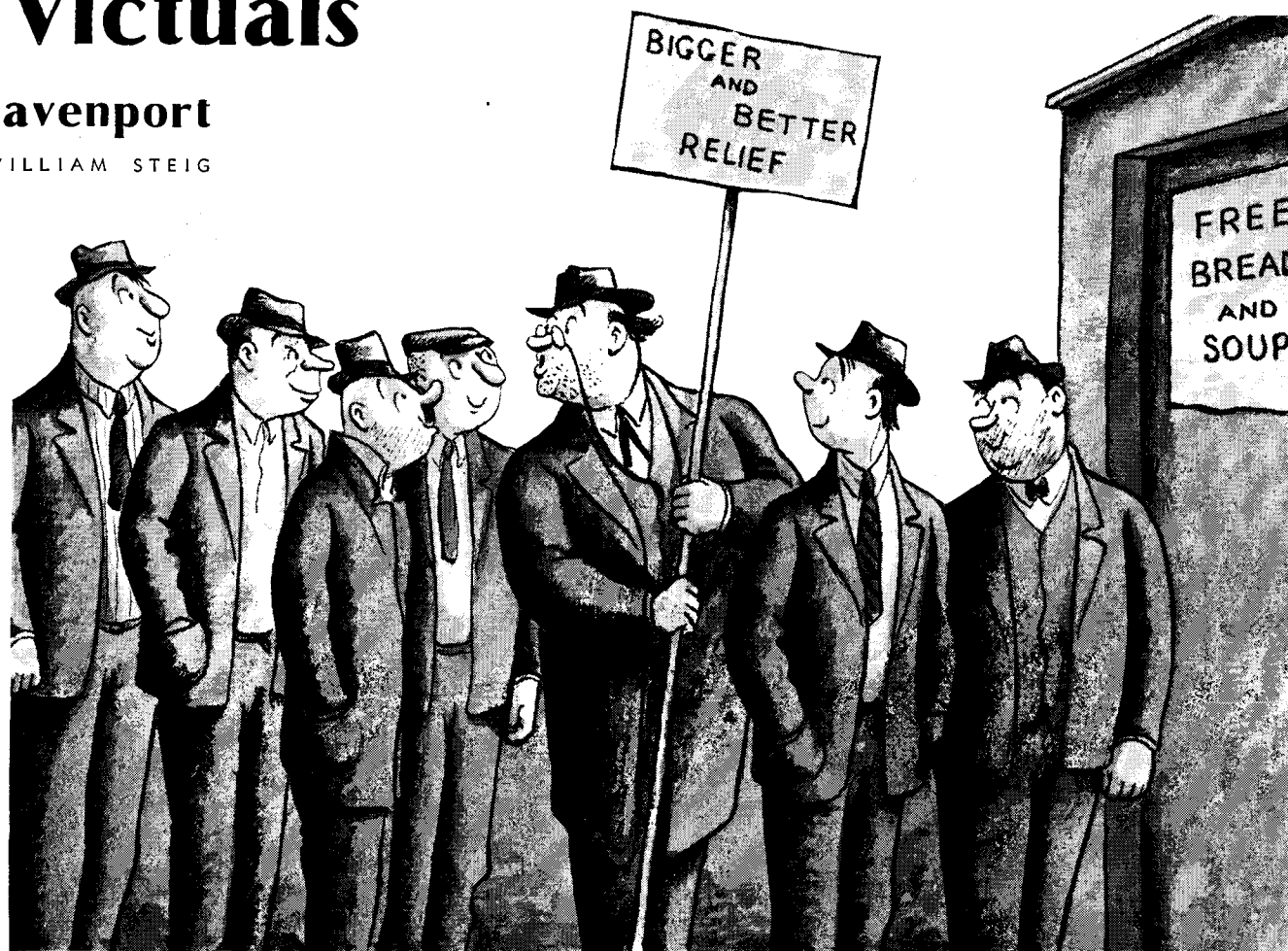
SEVERAL of the orator's audience allowed that, while he wasn't missing the facts with every shot, they didn't feel inclined to trust him because, said they, any man who could stand on a stepladder bellowing a speech in an ocean of heat like that had something wrong with him. It might have been one thing or it might have been another but a hundred and nine degrees in any man's town was hot—and it was just that hot at Cheyenne in the immediate neighborhood of that orator on his stepladder.

Of course, it was just as reasonable to assume that there may have been something wrong with anyone who stood around listening under a bludgeoning sun like that. But audiences never think of that; it is merely the man on the stage that's the fool. Also, until he got around to talking about the dignity of the worker and what the unemployed demanded as their inalienable right, nobody seemed to pay much attention to his words, interest being in the man's endurance and how soon he would topple off his unreliable perch in a fit of sun or apoplexy or the like. In fact, several small bets were made on the probability of a blood vessel breaking down.

Hot Stuff for a Hot Day

We had to leave—take a plane for Salt Lake—before he had finished; but we were in at the heckling. It began just after he had shouted a few rhetorical questions, answering them himself, of course. After the customary slugging of capitalism which, he assured us, "held a meeting in New York only last week and decided to let twenty million of us starve to death so as to solve the unemployment problem," he denied in a wet frenzy that the unemployed wanted "a single penny of charity, from the government or private," but that the idle worker today is "demanding jobs and if Wall Street continues much longer to lock the doors of the factories and refuses hereafter to buy the honest farmer's crops, we will rise and take jobs by force."

This, as anybody can appreciate, was thoroughly hot stuff, fitting in well with what the thermometer was saying a few yards away. In less enervating weather his words might have got quite a hand from the audience; nevertheless, you could see, hot as it was, that the majority of his audience thought it



"Meet me in the bread line" is the political slogan of some indigent candidates for minor local offices

pretty swell talking. But there was a rather large gentleman near by who apparently had decided that here was a moment when what he had on his mind might be apropos. He wore a straw hat without a band and smoked a cigar that had a beautiful one.

"Anybody here want a job he don't have to rise and take by force?" he inquired.

"Just a moment, brother," said the orator on the stepladder. "I'm talking here."

"Plenty air for both," said the job man. "Any you boys here want a job there ain't no charity, government or private, tied to?"

"Brother," said the orator, "there ain't nobody here willing to take a job for starvation wages, whether it's picking cherries in Colorado or herding sheep. What the worker demands—"

"Listen, friend," said the job man. "I'm just telling you. If you get down off that there stepladder and get into that truck over yonder I'll carry you to where there's work to do. Maybe you ain't going to get rich doing it but you'll be working—and getting paid. And you can take my word for it, friend, that there won't be no charity hanging on it. 'Tain't much pay and 'tain't much work, but it's there to be taken and t'hell with you. What do you say?"

Several men and four women, getting particulars, abandoned the orator to sign up for cherry-picking down Denver way. Three boys agreed to herd sheep for ten dollars a month and found—the latter meaning all the sheep you could eat. But the rest of the crowd—say sixty or seventy—exhibited no interest whatever, although it was noticed, when the orator had asked all those without jobs to raise their hands, that the overwhelming majority of them had raised them.

"What are you paying—a cent, two cents a quart for cherry-picking?" demanded the orator.

"Friend," sighed the job man, "I ain't paying a cent. They ain't my cherries and they ain't my sheep. I'm just looking for folks who want the jobs and take it or leave it like I said. Also over in the beet-sugar fields—"

"At starvation wages," interrupted the orator, who clearly had the crowd with him. "It's like this, brother: We, the workers, are on the side of the government; by not working we are helping the government fight the wage chiselers and child-labor crooks. The government ain't going to let us starve because we are the people. We demand a living wage in bad times like good, and if business ain't good you employers got to make up wages out of your reserves."

Workers Who Dare Not Work

"Have it your own way, friend," said the job man. "Nobody here's got to think he's got to take no charity from the government or nobody else if he wants a job cherry-picking or herding sheep or over in the beet fields. I don't know anything about these reserves you speak of. Personally, I'm a business man and I'm smoking the only reserve I got."

And he moved off toward his truck, pecking the beautiful band off his cigar because the fire had got down that far. Nodding toward the ten or twelve people in his truck, he told us that it was a better catch than he had expected.

"That guy back there," said he, "is part right even if he is a wobbler. At least I guess he's a wobbler. You don't see much of wobblers any more these days. But he's right about there not being no money in working with sheep or in the fields. Sheep's a dime a dozen and you're a lucky guy if you don't own any. Seen anything of the cherry crop? I ain't ever seen nothing like it. But it ain't worth nothing."

We had seen the cherry crop. The ground beneath the miles of trees was so thick with the unharvested fruit that it looked to be carpeted with hundreds of acres of crimson rugs. Tramp across the orchards and you emerged with your shoes dyed crimson to the instep.



In times like this you can't blame cops for grafting off the butcher

"Funny thing," said the job man. "I was down in Denver couple days ago trying to get a truck load of pickers and a fellow was telling me it wasn't exactly healthy for a guy to take a job picking. You see, the season's too short for what you might call a strike of the pickers. That is, a regular strike like they have at San Francisco and Seattle. But you are likely to get beat up mysteriously if you do take a job picking. There ain't no union, understand, but there's lots of guys around who don't want nobody to work at picking prices. For instance, a couple of cars with trailers were passing by where the pickers were working—what there was of them—and one of the guys driving one of the cars asked where the nearest relief was. Said he was taking his family to California

where Upton Sinclair was handing out something soft if he was elected governor. This guy he asked said he didn't think there was much doing for transients at the relief but why didn't they stop off and make a little dough picking?

"The guy driving the car said what did they take him for, a sucker? Well, one word led to another and damn' if four or five guys didn't get out of the cars and beat up a bunch of the pickers, and, while nobody was hurt much, it looked like they was all bleeding to death after rolling around in the cherries. A guy's taking his chances getting a swell punch in the nose these days asking any of these relief guys to take a job that don't pay more than what they can get at the relief headquarters."

All of which seemed pretty interesting to us as we trudged around the West trying to discover what the great American electorate was going to do this fall. What the job man told us and

what we subsequently saw and heard did very little to clear up the befogged picture the country presented. But it did demolish any thought we may have had that there were other political issues besides relief. And it did convince us of what relief administrators and police officials had been telling us all along—that by far the greatest problem facing the federal government was not how to make jobs for six or eight million unemployed but how, when and if the jobs are found, to make them attractive enough to get six or eight million jobless persons to take them.

Of course, that's a woefully melancholy view of the situation—the view shared commonly by police officials and professional social workers, who are always willing to give you odds that it's pretty useless even to try to mend matters. However, you too would have a sinking feeling had you been with us in a lawyer's office in Missouri when a local statesman running for one of the lesser offices telephoned in the interests of a citizen in quest of a job.

There Isn't Any Choice

"If you can give him work of any kind I'll appreciate it," said the politician. "Ten or fifteen dollars a week will be okay. But keep it quiet. You see, he's on relief—him and his family. If it's known he's working they'll take him off relief and I had a hell of a time getting him on. If you can land him something indoors where he won't be seen working, that's fine."

As the situation exists now, an overwhelming majority of the voters are going to cast their ballots for continued and increased relief appropriations. As long as the Roosevelt Administration continues to pour money into the Federal Emergency Relief offices and as long as the federal treasury continues to lend money to states for local relief activities, the National Republican Committee with its economy blather might do well to save its expense money,

along with the vocal chords of Senator Hastings of Delaware and Messrs. Mills and Fletcher, against the day when there will be some other political issue. Not, mind you, that they and the amateur and somewhat bemused Marxian on the stepladder aren't right about the preferability of jobs over charity. We have not reached that abased level where we would rather live by the dole than what is loosely called the sweat of our brow, but (and this is particularly true in the Central and Mountain states) we lack opportunity today to choose.

Crop reduction and the drought abolished thousands of farm jobs. The picturesque and itinerant army of harvesters has nowhere to go. And where there are harvests to reap, prices offered the farmer for his produce are so low that he cannot pay wages that compete with the relief doles. Lumbering, oil and mining are in the abysmal doldrums and recurring strikes have lent additional gloom to the unhappy spectacle. There's no profit in dwelling upon the now familiar scene; the point is that the great majority of the unemployed have no option between work and relief. The latter is there for them to take, like it or not; the jobs aren't.

And where jobs do appear—most of them very temporary—the pay is small. The relief offices offer the unemployed the equivalent of from five to fifteen dollars a week. Most of the available odd jobs offer less than eight except where the workers are successfully unionized; and frequently the employer is taking the present opportunity to do battle with the unions, his contention being largely that economic conditions make it impossible for him to maintain the union wage scale. So there, as briefly as it may be put, you have it.

The result of this wholly unnatural situation leaves us completely cockeyed. The jobless, resentful to begin with, are forever being urged by political candidates to demand and expect continued and increased relief. The more you hear and see of the current crop of political aspirants the sooner you are likely to be convinced that one of the most beneficial measures we might take

in the interests of recovery would be the suspension of all local elections for a year. This probably would be howled down as undemocratic or dictatorial or, under some other term, a foul encroachment on our personal liberty. Personally, I wouldn't know about that. But just take a swing around the country and listen to the fall crop of patriots begging for votes. No drought there. And stop in the relief offices and mingle with the social workers, the investigators, the highly cultivated and exceedingly well-nurtured experts in sociology and kindred sciences.

They will tell you that we are becoming a nation of beggars and liars. They won't go quite so far as to characterize all the relief applicants as frauds, but you can see that their souls are horribly torn. Their sorrow consists in their inability to put each applicant individually through all the newest scientific sociological machinery. They are bowed down with experimental theory that many of the applicants are too far gone to endure. As we wandered around we saw several beautiful fights between relief workers and applicants and we were just perverse enough to glory in the usual victory of the applicant. However, we'd better get going and stop this business of letting our prejudices gallop away with us. Yet you can't listen too much to the office-seekers and the officeholders without throwing your sympathies with the relief applicants, however unreasonable they may become. Of course they do get out of step a bit—these relief applicants. But whose fault is it?

A Parasite's Paradise

Into the offices of Mrs. Anna G. Williams, executive secretary of the social welfare bureaus in Denver, strode a tanned youth of perhaps twenty. He had an all-America football build and a self-assurance that should carry him far. In fact, it had already. He demanded relief in whatever form it might be found there—food, clothing, gasoline or a bit of money. Or all, if possible. Mrs. Williams told him that he had applied to the wrong office, that down the street he would find the city bureau for transient men, where the federal government was doling out \$10,000 a month in forms suitable to almost any taste.

"This," said he, clambering into the wreck of a roadster that he had parked at the curb, "is pretty soft. I am seeing America first. The government will give me a flop tonight—a flop, dinner and breakfast tomorrow and a tank of gas. I may stick around a while but I want to see Seattle and California before starting back east. I lost my job a year ago and about four months ago decided to see the country. Springfield, Kansas City, Wichita, Ponca City, Albuquerque and a lot more. And now Denver. Always wanted to see the Rockies, Grand Canyon and California. How long's this been going on? Haven't missed a meal or a bed since I started. Still got forty of the fifty bucks I started with."

"What are you going to do next?" we asked him.

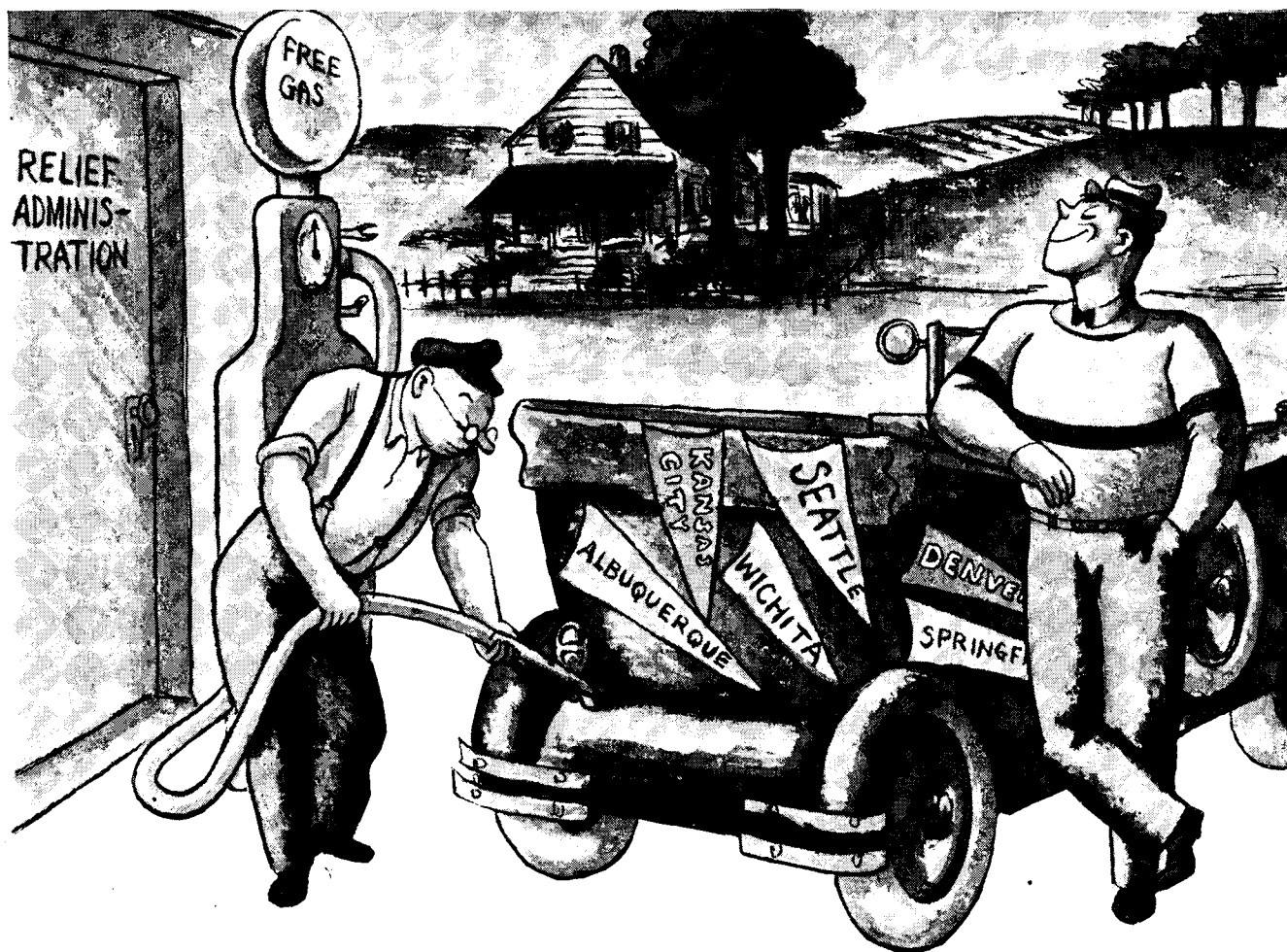
"Think I'll enter at Ann Arbor in the fall. They were telling me at the federal offices in Hutchinson, Kansas, or somewhere, that the government's going to put up the dough for a hundred thousand kids who want to go to college."

A county agent of the Department of Agriculture had figured it out that it

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Thousands of unemployed receive both federal and state relief funds



The modern method of seeing America first. Everything's free—a bed, dinner, breakfast and a tank of gas. And the government pays the bill

The Belligerent Goat

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HYDE BARNUM

One of those romantic things that happen every day or so—but never to you. And, on the whole, you ought to be glad

SALLY FAY was young in her years, old in a dubious wisdom, beautiful beyond dispute, subtle as Eve, and just now as blindly angry as a lovely girl well may be. She was—the better to speak her mind—standing up in an open roadster with the top down, which had stopped a moment ago on a muddy, slippery road through woods so thick that the branches met above her head. The road was a byway connecting two main thoroughfares; and it followed for half a dozen miles the western boundary of Mat Purdy's estate.

His was a domain as extensive as that of many a petty king, and Mat Purdy was, in fact, a sort of king; a monarch of the newspaper world, whose journals were read everywhere east of the Alleghenies. This New Hampshire home—if twenty thousand acres and one big house and many small ones can be called a home—was a place he had built for secrecy and isolation. When he came there, none was supposed to know; but it was because he was just now in residence that Sally was hereabouts today.

Ed Smith and Mike Keeley had come with her; they stood now, a little sheepishly under the lash of her tongue, in the road beside the car. Keeley had a legal document in his pocket which they hoped to thrust into Mat Purdy's unwilling hands. Keeley was a lesser minion of the law; Ed Smith a young practitioner. When proper service in Sally's suit at law should have been made on Mat Purdy, then, even without a trial, a handsome settlement must in due course ensue.

These three played for large stakes; but perhaps the very color of the chips had gone to their heads; for they had neglected to gas the car. Hence it had, a moment ago, here coughed and died.

"You stupid idiots!" said furious Sally Fay.

"Now don't get sore!" Ed Smith urged. "Keeley can go get some gas."

"Not me! I didn't come along to hunt gasoline!" said Keeley. He was surly.

"Well, you're going to!" Sally cried. "You'll both go! I don't intend to sit here all day. Ed, you go one way and Mike the other! Keep going till you come to a farm or a filling station, or some-

thing. Get some gas and bring it back here! Now, you dumb clucks, on your way!"

"Who says so?" Mike Keeley grumbled.

"I do!" Sally told him. "Who rigged this show? Me! Who got the job with Mat Purdy? Me! Who staged the plant? Me! Who lined up the witnesses? Me! Now get started, or you're out, both of you; and I'll find somebody else and cut them in!"

"WE CAN'T get at Purdy, anyhow!" Keeley demurred. "With him behind a wall ten feet high, and this Burke for a watchdog, and the gates locked. What's the use? Might as well shoot a popgun at the moon!"

"We'll get to him!" Sally insisted. "But not by sitting here! On your way!"



Ann followed them down the bank. She cried from the brookside doubtfully: "Oh, you'll drown him!"

When they were gone, Sally powdered her nose and touched her hair and settled herself to wait; and the cool damp silence of deep woodlands ringed her 'round.

Later she heard a sound like the approach of a tin peddler's cart drawn by a runaway horse. The tumult drew nearer, coming from behind her. A curve barred her view a rod or two away; nevertheless she turned to look in that direction, prepared for anything.

What she saw was, first, an incredibly red head, then an absurdly lean young man, then a ridiculously ancient car. The lean young man discovered her, and was for a moment paralyzed with surprise. About to run full into the roadster's rear, he recovered his wits and jammed on the brakes. His car bucked and slewed and skidded and stopped crosswise of the road. The engine stalled, the car quivered for a moment like a curbed horse, and then was still. Silence all around.

Sally smiled. The red-headed young man grinned.

"Trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said in friendly derision. "I was just waiting for you to come along!"

He chuckled. "Lady, could you spare a dime?" he droned; and then briskly: "What's the matter?"

"Those two idiots forgot that a car runs on gasoline!"

HE ALIGHTED and approached her. His blue serge suit was dusty, his face brick red, his hair flaming; but Sally's eyes preserved the most perfect gravity.

"What idiots?" he asked.

"The men with me."

He chuckled. "Don't hold it against them, sister. Any man would be bound to forget a few things, with you around!"

"Why, I thought you were just a simple country boy!" Her eyes were twinkling now.

"Many an honest heart," he suggested. "Where are all these men?"

"Ed went that way, and Keeley went this!"

"I'll bet two to one Ed had on knickerbockers and a plaid cap. I saw him back there a mile or so. Resting."

"I suppose he'd let me sit here all day!" Her eyes were not kind to Ed.

"I'm obliged to him," the young man assured her. "That gives me a break. Always ready to help a damsel in distress. I'll drain some gas out of my tank. I've got a bucket. Always carry one. My radiator leaks a little, so I have to fill it at every bridge."

She smiled in a heavenly fashion. "Oh, if you would!"

He grinned. "It's as good as done. Won't take a minute."

Yet the affair did present some difficulty. The gasoline tank was under the front seat, with a drain cock below. It was necessary to crawl under the car, and the mud of the road would be conspicuous on blue serge. Considering the problem, he took off his coat and tossed it across the door of his car. A letter slipped out of the pocket, caught in a fold of fabric, worked loose and fell on the running board.

Sally asked curiously: "Who are you? Where are you going?" She saw the letter, but said nothing about it. Sally was always alert for possible opportunity.

The red-headed young man grinned. "Name of Frank McKee," he said. "Live over in Carvel. My father and I run the

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Six o'Clock Star

Kitty Carlisle had everything in her favor—looks, a voice, ability, money. But she didn't let that stop her. She worked hard and every day to earn her quick rise to stardom. And she's still rising—early

By Katharine Roberts

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY EUGENE ROBERT RICHEL

JUST a year ago, in September, I walked down a country lane to a summer playhouse in Connecticut with a girl who was on her way to the dress rehearsal of the first professional full length play in which she had had a part. Her name was Kitty Carlisle.

"Is it always so difficult for everyone to get started in the theater?" she asked wistfully.

"It's rarely easy," I answered.

On the same date this September, the same girl finished making in Hollywood the picture that raises her to stardom. Nobody who attended that dress rehearsal in Connecticut is surprised—unless it is Kitty Carlisle herself.

You will remember that she is the tall dark girl who was featured in *Murder at the Vanities*. Then she was featured again, in a much bigger part, singing with Bing Crosby in *She Loves Me Not*, which reached the public in August. They made such a happy combination that, promptly upon seeing the rushes of the picture, the studio officials decided to make a starring singing team of these two. If you've heard them warble *Love in Bloom*, you know why.

that youth, according to tradition, is always sung by a girl. For the first time in my own memory, it didn't make the prince look like a sissy or the girl look like a boy. The slim young figure had such extraordinary poise and the voice that came out of her filled that country theater and the fields around it so gloriously that those of us who were merely watching the rehearsal just sat and gasped. At the end of the second act, a couple of us offered bets that she'd be a star in two years. No one would bet against us. We were wrong, of course. She did it in a year.

She's Certainly Changed

That night on the way back to the Inn where we were staying, her question came to my mind again, "Is it always so difficult for everyone to get started in the theater?" and the answer changed to, "You won't have any trouble."

"If I get anywhere," she said mildly, "it'll be on account of singing, I suppose."

I thought of the long, lanky young man who had sat behind me in that theater and kept breathing into my ear,



And so, meteorically the name of Kitty Carlisle now goes above the play title in large type and electric lights in her third picture, *Here Is My Heart*. She has had the swiftest rise of anyone in the theater and films.

But if you are looking for a Cinderella story—perish the thought! That is, unless you want to debunk Cinderella and suspect her of having had that pair of glass slippers and those nice clothes for some time before the night she went to the ball.

Here's what actually happened—and we'll have to get back to that Connecticut country playhouse to make it all clear. The dress rehearsal was for a modern version of the operetta *Die Fledermaus*, which later went to Broadway as *Champagne Sec*. There were three stars above her in the company and Kitty Carlisle was singing the part of the Russian Prince. For some reason

"Gee, hasn't she beautiful brown eyes?" And then, "Her hair's all dark and smoky like a soft, deep, brown cloud!" And finally, "Gosh! Say—aren't her tights a lovely shape?"

"Why," I asked the young lady in the lane, "do you think it will be your voice?"

"Well," she said dubiously, "of course, I'm better than I used to be, but I was an awfully homely baby."

"H-m," I muttered, rubbing the ear into which that young man had breathed. "You've certainly turned out well, considering!"

There was no use telling her just then about the bets on her getting to be a star. She seemed pretty young to be told things like that, and she had an opening ahead of her the next night. She had it all right—and stopped the show.

It was after the performance on

Wednesday night of that week that she sprained her ankle badly and it was at the next performance that the scout of the picture company she is now with came to look at her, echoes of applause having reached New York. Only when she was insistent had the doctor told her that she might walk through the part if she could, but she must not attempt to dance.

She knew nothing of the arriving picture scouts. She knew only that this was her first chance at a good part and she wasn't going to funk it.

No one ever could explain how she did just what she did, but on that night, her Russian boots hiding the bandaged ankle, she not only walked without a perceptible limp, but she danced every dance—and her singing voice did not waver once.

The picture scout hurried back to
(Continued on page 45)

The Boy who Sold Himself

A football romance which sheds considerable light on the "bought-player" question—as the player might see it

By David Garth

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

BRANDT HUTCHINSON wasn't quite sure when he had fallen in love with Nancy Kingsley. It was hard to say, because he had grown up with her from the age of eight, had seen her develop into a lovely, lithe person with a gift of easy laughter and a love of independent action, and somewhere along the way he'd realized that when he was around her he felt sort of inspired. All of which was fitting and natural and showed not only good taste, but quite some intelligence.

But just the same it would have been a lot better if he hadn't, and Brandt didn't need anybody to tell him so. Her father had saved him from an orphan home, adopted him into this wealthy circle, and it was by reason of Rodman Kingsley's interest that he was in his last year at Price University. After all, no young man with an average share of pride and intelligence can tell a girl he loves her when his past and present belong to her father and his future is in her father's hands, too. At least—not a girl like Nancy Kingsley. Brandt had nothing but his name and that was his simply because Rod did not consider that the mere fact of adopting that little boy required that the Kingsley name be conferred upon him. Of course, during football season Rod called him "son" once in a while. When he was pleased with Brandt.

Rod wasn't very pleased over that last game at Ann Arbor. He was in the breakfast-room when Brandt came downstairs and confined his morning greeting to looking up and nodding.

"Morning, governor," said Brandt.

HE WAS disappointed to see that Nancy hadn't bothered to appear at breakfast on the last morning of his brief visit home. Not that he had expected it, but it would have been a nice surprise. Breakfasting with a football star evidently held no thrill for Nancy. Brandt grinned briefly, sat down, and stuck a spoon into his iced melon.

"I can't get over what terrible football you fellows played Saturday," commented Rod, reverting to the subject nearest his heart. "For a team that's supposed to be reaching a peak it was a stumbling exhibition."

"Close shave, all right," agreed Brandt. "Those Michigan babies are tough."

"You were lucky."

"We've had a lot of breaks," admitted Brandt. "And a team can't hope to win forever, governor. We're all rocking on our heels."

"Now they're working," Rod said jubilantly. "Brandt isn't fooling around any more. Seven to six"

"I don't like that attitude," said Rod Kingsley. He lit a cigarette and eyed the dark-haired young man through a cloud of smoke. "What's the matter—gone stale, Brandt?"

Casual words, but demanding a reassuring answer. Rod was rabid on the subject of the mighty Price University football destinies. So were thousands of other people. A colorful, helmeted greyhound, Price, with its trail of packed giant stadiums and cross-country jaunts, radio broadcasts and sporting-page headlines.

"Touch of shoulder," said Brandt. "I'll be all right."

"I'd hate to see you lose your job on the team—but, you're the doctor, Brandt. However, if I were you I wouldn't loaf, Brandt. Really, I wouldn't."

Brandt smiled. If I were you, Brandt, I wouldn't walk too near that precipice. Rod and his money—a never-ceasing reminder that he had been adopted into this home and that his life was what



Rod chose to make it. If he didn't please Rod, it might be too bad.

"We'll ride through, governor," he said calmly. "Don't worry—the alumni will brag all winter."

Rod nodded.

"Follow Mazzotti," he advised. "That bird could clear a hole in a stone wall. Great football player, Mazzotti. He's half the team."

He didn't have to tell Brandt anything about Tony Mazzotti. Brandt had played football with Mazzotti for nearly four years. He knew how Mazzotti played—a tough-jawed, foul-mouthed, dirty player who swore furiously in the pile-ups and slammed into men with

rubber and cement venom. But he was spectacular and he was a football player after Rod's heart—and his father was a foreman in one of Rod's assembling plants. It was no secret that Rod was sending Mazzotti through college too. Sometimes it was hard to take, this hired-man feeling.

Brandt looked at his watch.

"Train leaves soon, governor. Think I'll run upstairs and say goodbye to Nance."

"You and Nancy don't seem to get along as well together as you used to, do you?" said Rod, looking at him curiously.

Brandt looked at him a moment. No,



Thousands of stricken eyes saw him swerve from the play, saw him ignore that hole and get flopped for a five-yard loss

Brandt bent over and shook the sleeping girl gently by the shoulder.

"Wake up, lady," he urged. "I have to dash."

Nancy took her straight little nose from the depths of the pillow and raised herself on an elbow.

"Good heavens," she said. "I was just *dreaming* about you." She stretched her white arms and then ran slim fingers through her thick, rumpled auburn hair. "Why the dickens I dreamed about you I don't know."

"Nightmare, Nance?"

She lay back on her pillow and laughed.

"Comedy, darling. . . . So you're off for college, are you? Didn't see much of you on your furlough."

BRANDT started imperceptibly. Funny that she should use the same word about his stopover on the way back from Ann Arbor with the squad that he, himself, had in mind. Furlough! Only the way Nancy said it there was an impression he was a jailbird given a day off to pick flowers in Central Park.

The house phone at Nancy's bedside jangled discordantly. She took the receiver off the hook and laid it on the table.

"Not interested, Nance?" he queried.

"It's probably Rod howling for you. I can tell by the ring."

He looked at his watch.

"Yes, I guess it is. We play Army at home next week. Last game of the season. You coming?"

She turned on her side and once more buried her nose in the pillow. "No, darling child. Have other plans."

He nodded down at her from his tall height.

"Well, so long, Nance."

"Bye-bye, big shot. Make lots of touchdowns, please. Rod's been swearing in his bath."

"I will," he promised.

"Thought you would," was the muffled answer. "You're a good, careful little boy. Keep good and you'll never be sorry." A drowsy hand reached partly out of the covers and moved a couple of fingers leisurely. That was Nancy's goodbye.

"Keep good and you'll never be sorry." The mocking words stayed with him. She wasn't the gay, loving companion he had known. She thought he was afraid to cross Rod even if he did hate his life at Price and felt it a waste of time.

He had wanted to go to M. I. T. He loved mechanics and hydraulics and things, and he had wanted to lay the foundation for a great career. But Rod Kingsley had been quick to capitalize on a break. Brandt could actually do something Rod was crazy about—he could play football. What difference did it make if he had set his heart on being an engineer, a builder, a fulfiller of dreams? M. I. T. didn't have a great football team! What was the sense of wasting a good punter and a world of cyclone speed?

And Nancy had watched him go obediently off to play football at a place he detested and her cool mockery had grown. He'd lost his individuality to a man whose name meant headlines and power. Kingsley Motors, Kingsley Trust Company—even in his hobbies the Kingsley credo was predominant. The credo was victory.

He closed her door behind him and stood there a moment, smiling slightly. Tall, blunt of chin, thin mouth—Price's "Hutch," a ripping, tearing halfback—and yet there was something of the dreamer in his steady gray eyes and high forehead, something that had once

caused him to vision far places and worlds to conquer and Nancy traveling along with him toward the heights.

Well, that was shot to smithereens now. And she'd never understand, which, and his smile became grimmer, was a bit of too bad because he'd have given his life for Nancy Kingsley.

WEST POINT! Regiments of gray-clad cadets from up the Hudson. Martial music! Tang of football, smell of struggle, a great concrete stadium turning black with the crowd.

Brandt slipped off the trainer's table and went into the dressing-room. Slowly and gingerly he experimented with the results of the trainer's handiwork. No good—he got a twinge every time he moved his shoulder.

Wilmer, the lantern-jawed head coach, came over to his locker and examined the job keenly.

"Your pads fit over that?" he demanded.

"They always have," Brandt told him.

"Let's see—" The head coach helped adjust the shoulder pads, working them this way and that, fitting them as snugly and securely as one tape-misshapen shoulder would permit. Then he stepped back and eyed Brandt thoughtfully.

"Hurt you?"

"Tender."

The trainer, Wilmer and Brandt all knew that his injury was a thing for which tape could not be used to balance time and rest. What was all this questioning?

ANOTHER reminder that people were going to watch them today—Rod Kingsley coming through the dressing-room, picking his way through crowded locker aisles, elbowing past men who struggled into jerseys, hitched up their pants, held their helmets dangling from their wrists. Rod, looking happy and handsome, smiling; smart camel's-hair coat and youthful snapbrim hat.

He paused and looked about him.

"Where's that boy of mine?" he inquired jocularly.

Brandt almost laughed. Sometimes Rod's attempts at the limelight were a little pathetic.

"Over here, governor," he called.

Rod waved to him and came over. They shook hands.

"See they've got you fixed up, old boy. What a wonderful day." Rod almost glowed in his excitement. "It even brought Nancy from the fireside."

Brandt looked up then.

"Nancy here?"

"Yes," said Rod. "Sent her best and made some kind of a crack about telling you to be sure to take your violin lesson. Crazy girl—" He laughed, and then quickly sobered. "You're all set, aren't you?"

"Probably won't start the game, governor."

"Oh!" Rod looked as though his western sales manager had just told him his quota wasn't going to be filled this year. "That's—too bad."

He turned to Wilmer questioningly. The coach nodded reluctantly.

"It's up to Hutch. I don't like to ask him to take the field. Shoulder's bad. But how we need an ace punter in there!"

Rod sat down beside Brandt and put a hand on his knee. So it was up to "Hutch," was it?

"This is your last season," he said a little tensely. "I want to see you make it good. Beat Army today and Price

(Continued on page 40)



he and Rod's daughter weren't the friends they had been once. But why rub it in?

"Good enough friends anyhow," he said evenly, "for me to say goodbye, I guess, governor."

He left, and Rod exhaled a cloud of blue smoke and looked speculative. He considered he had done a lot for Brandt Hutchinson and there were only two things he desired of him—to lead Price to a national championship and not to get serious about beautiful Nancy Kingsley. He was a lot more worried over the first, because Nancy didn't seem to have any such ideas about Brandt anyway.

"Would your aristocratic principles stand before the opinions of the press?" Rod asked ironically

Bewildering Lou

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

You have to have your heart in your job to break your neck at it. That's what Lou Little did, providing Columbia University with a football team. The neck is mended now, Columbia has her team, and Mr. Little is on top of the football world



THE first day you report for football practice you are greeted by a supercilious young man who is a sophomore and whose chief ambition in life is to be voted Man Most Likely to Succeed when he is a senior and the annual tabulation of collegiate virtues is made.

If fate and his fellow students are kind enough to grant him this distinction he is usually so tired by the efforts he has made to attain it that he immediately enters a state of permanent atrophy and when next heard from is apt to be holding down a preferred place in some well-upholstered breadline—often the one run by his father at the Old Homestead.

But when he is a sophomore he is quite a lad indeed and he is known to one and all as assistant football manager. He takes your name and he asks you what position you play. If you say "tackle" he then asks for the name and address of your nearest relative. Then you are promptly forgotten and if players on the opposing teams do their part, well, the nearest relative will in time be duly notified to come and claim the body.

In football the tackle is the poor sap who stands between the end and the guard just before three other fellows jump on him and hit him on the chin with their elbows, or maybe their knees—the distinction being merely a nominal one. That is to say that a tackle, even if he is a very good tackle, takes an awful beating and if the iron enters his soul and he nurses a secret but intense desire to get back at the world, why, you can't blame him.

So Lou Changed Jobs

And that, my fraaands, is why Lou Little wanted to be a dentist. Lou Little interrupted his University of Pennsylvania studies long enough to serve in France with the Fourth (regular army) Division and you'll remember that the Fourth Division took a prominent part in the gory festivities which were served on the Meuse and in the Argonne. Little then returned to Pennsylvania to continue his studies, which included the playing of tackle on the football team. Lou was a very good tackle—one of the best in the country. Then he graduated.

He had been taking a beating for a goodly number of years and he thought it was time to invoke the doctrine of vice versa. So with a grim light in his eye and a bitterness in his soul he sought entrance to the U. of P. Dental College. They

showed him the pliers, the drills, the forceps and the other gadgets of torture and Lou looked at them with mild surprise and said, "But these are all made for right-handed men."

"Did you think they were made for Siamese Twins?" the instructor demanded icily.

"But I am left-handed," Lou wailed.

"In which case," the instructor said coldly, "you had better am-scray out of here and seek some other career."

So Lou Little turned to the thing he knew best and today he is considered by smart football men to be, at a conservative estimate, one of the three best football coaches in the country. He started by playing and coaching with the Buffalo professional team and later took over the Philadelphia Yellow Jackets, at that time probably the best football team in the country. Yes, Notre Dame was very good during those years but I for one have always thought that a good professional team could spot the best college eleven in the country a touchdown a quarter and win without any trouble at all. But let's not argue about that.

It isn't easy to coach a professional team. To begin with, each player on the team has been taught a different style of football and it requires a lot of oiling to make a smooth-running machine out of several excellent but poorly fitting parts. Lou did it, however, and his Yellow Jacket teams were noted for the devastating power of their attack. He had big, powerful teams and he didn't try to make adagio dancers out of them. They were punchers—not boxers—and he taught them how to hit.

Then in 1924 he was called to Georgetown as head coach and when he saw his backfield candidates he winced. They were the cutest little things you ever saw, fast as hornets, elusive as leaves in a high wind—but so, so small. Lou knew that power plays wouldn't work with these youngsters. So he went to work on a blackboard.

Now there is an awful lot of nonsense written and talked about the various football "systems." Even many coaches think that a good "system" (such as the Rockne or Warner style) will, if properly applied, bring success to any team. Actually this is the bunk. The smashing style of play used by Gil Dobie at Cornell when he had such power houses as Pfann and Kaw carrying the ball wouldn't have brought Georgetown victory over a good prep school eleven. The Rockne

style of play would have given Georgetown nothing but headaches. The type of high charging play usually associated with the Western teams which use man mountains for guards and tackles would have looked sad if hung on the Georgetown team of 1924.

In other words, a system has to be adapted to the men—not the men to the system.

Made-to-Order Systems

So Lou, knowing this, evolved a flashy, bewildering, now-you-see-it, now-you-don't type of attack, employing a double wing back formation upon which he built spinners and double reverse plays and a lot of other devices designed to fool rather than to overpower. His backs weren't big or strong enough to provide effective interference for each other, so he brought linemen out to help.

If you were to ask Lou today what style of attack he was going to use in 1936 he'd tell you that he didn't know; that he'd have to see what type of players he had available for that season. He makes changes in his offense every year and if you ask him which system he favors he'll laugh and tell you that his idea of a good football system is two big tackles, two fast ends and a couple of good ball carriers who can block. Which must be a bit annoying to some of the football technicians who for years have clothed this fundamentally simple game of football with mysterious garments.

Little had remarkable success at Georgetown. During his six years as head coach, Georgetown won 39 games while losing 12 and tying 2, and while Little is not one to make those tiresome but mirth-provoking talks about "character building" I'll tell you that the boys who played under him at Georgetown were better for the experience and I'll say that they learned things on the Georgetown football field that the good Jesuits who teach there could never have taught them. And the good Jesuits, conscious of this, were very pleased with Lou Little and considered him to be a valuable member of the faculty. The Georgetown-Little partnership was a successful one, no matter how you look at it, and it was a partnership which paid excellent dividends to the students in the form of academic, cultural and physical benefits.

Now Columbia University was known at that time as the coaches' graveyard. Even the great Percy (Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY
LYNN BOGUE HUNT

Fighting Game

as told to
Henning Lawrence
By David H. Madsen

Wild animals must eat to live and they eat and live at the cost of other wild animals' lives. Hunger weakens, but, paradoxically, it also inspires extraordinary strength and courage. That's why an eagle will attack a wildcat—a fish hawk will catch and carry a five-pound trout home for supper. Mr. Madsen, an authority on wild life in the National Parks Service, describes some exciting nature bouts



A lithe body flattened, mighty muscles tensed—and then a spring that was a swift yellow rainbow. The buck bounded into mid-air

A START late in the afternoon inspired my plan to spend the night at a cabin in a lonely spot in Wyoming, where a friend of mine was proving up on a homestead. It was about ten o'clock when I arrived at the cabin, which was empty, but, as was the custom, unlocked. Since it was evident my friend was away for the evening and would return later, I simply moved in and cooked supper.

As I crawled into the bunk, the constant "caw-caw-caw" of crows came to me from the neighboring woods. I lay thinking not only of crows but of other marauders—birds, mammals and reptiles of prey; vicious, cunning fighters and plunderers who, because of the weakness of valuable species and our failure in the control of predatory creatures, dominate the wild life kingdom—are the true "survivors of the fittest" in their world, much to the disadvantage of man.

Once I heard a noted authority say, "Nature, while beautiful as a whole, is unmercifully cruel." I was to see a dramatic illustration of that the next day when I proceeded along the last ten miles of a road which wound through dense patches of mountain willow and open meadows. I arrived finally on the bank of one of the prettiest trout streams in the West. There was no

evidence of anyone having camped there for months.

Camp made, I started up the stream—a sheer delight. I did not need to hurry. No one was fishing ahead of me. Every angler recalls that feeling of satisfaction—a stream full of trout all to himself.

A few May flies danced over the stream, just enough of them dropping into the water to attract the trout, but not enough to satisfy their hunger. The water was clear, and for several miles the stream sparkled through jungles of willow and weeds, down through a comparatively level valley. There were large, deep pools and the fish were up and feeding splendidly.

It was not necessary to whip the stream by dropping one's fly in all the likely-looking places. There were enough fish in sight to keep the most ambitious angler busy, and I soon found that almost every one of them would take the fly I was offering, if properly placed.

Somehow, I didn't want to kill anything on this particularly fine day, and found some sentimental reason for carefully liberating every fish I caught. I had even slipped the hook out of the large, bony mouths without taking the fish in my hand.

I came out on a small sand bar at the

foot of a wide, shadowy pool—the careful choice of a big trout who had lived long enough to select and maintain this as a piscatorial baronial manor. I watched the pool where the stream entered in a riffle and then smoothed out to almost quiet and very deep water, just under an overhanging pine.

Suddenly a large, dark nose rose to the surface and took a floating fly. I made out another big fish, almost motionless, near the surface about three feet from the first one. I watched them closely and decided to take them. Before making the cast, I dropped my leader in the water to soak a minute. I had carried it for some time and knew it would be tested during the next few minutes.

A Trout with Queer Tastes

I glanced down. In front of me in the short grass lay a small water snake about two feet long. He was leisurely swallowing a trout about five inches long. My first impulse to put my heel on his head was stayed by the idea that it was quite a stunt for that small snake to catch a trout.

As I was thinking it over, the fish disappeared down the snake's throat. He buckled up his jaws and went into the water. He swam upstream toward

the two fish I was preparing to catch. I waited for him to pass them before casting, believing he might temporarily distract their attention from my fly.

The snake passed directly over the head of the fish nearest to me and to my utter amazement the trout struck him viciously. They started a mad battle on the surface of the water, turning, twisting and churning. The snake was helpless. Suddenly the other big trout joined the fray and fastened on to the snake somewhere near its middle. From then on it was a tug of war, the two fish writhing and twisting in the water, bumping noses, but neither of them releasing its hold on the snake.

Finally, one fish called it quits and when I could make out what had happened, the snake was half down the victorious trout's throat. In a moment he had vanished. The fish moved back to his original position and began looking for more flies. I experienced a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach, resembling the "morning after." I began wondering if that truculent trout would really take on some dessert. With a carefully directed cast, I laid the fly two feet upstream from where he was lying.

Both fish struck instantly and I set the hook. The fight was on! The fish

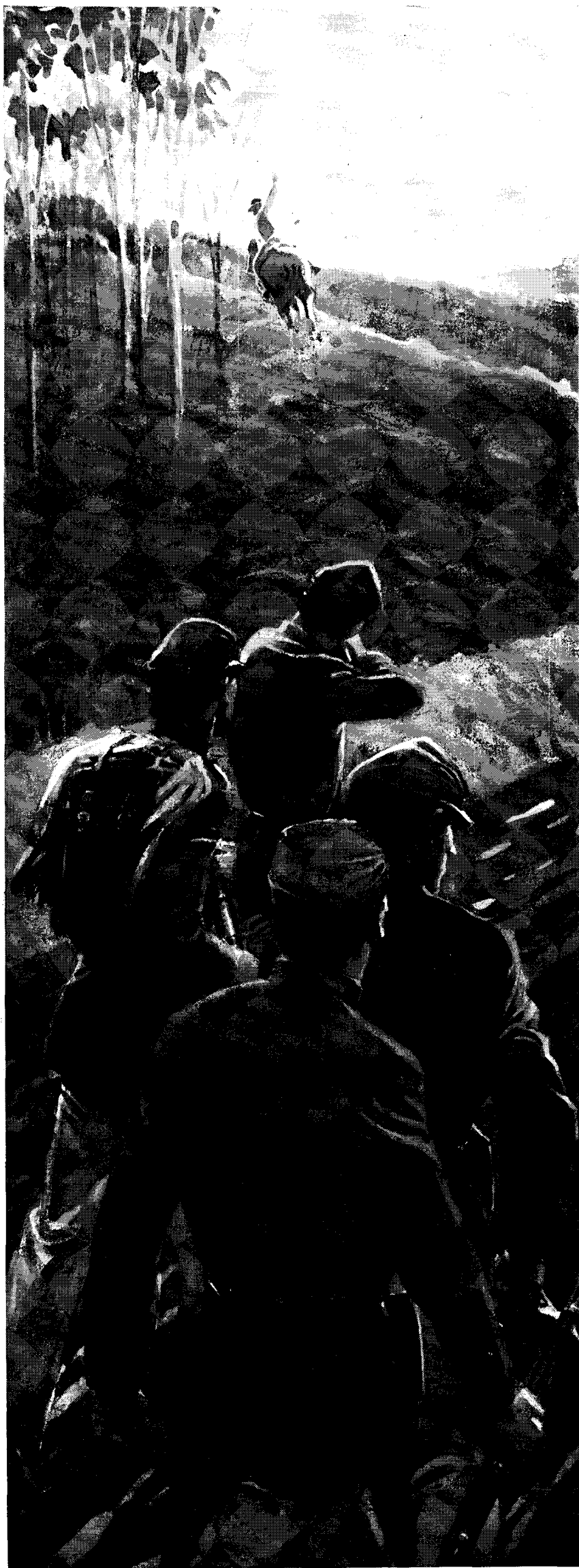
(Continued on page 53)

Armed Escort

She was a Northern girl. He was a Southern soldier. What happened one dark night in war-torn Virginia, when they met, matched wits, makes a memorable story

By MacKinlay Kantor

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Mosby pivoted his horse and dashed up the low embankment

IT WAS three o'clock in the morning. The heavy rain had died into a cold drizzle, and died once more into wet air which did not drip visibly and yet lay against the face like a moist hand.

Through the thick belt of leafless woods which bordered the Aldie-Middleburg road, four men crept toward the muddy sluice of the highway. As the half-sized moon lifted itself from wan swathings, its light touched momentarily the bodies of the men, moving silently across an open glade.

The moon could not reveal their uniforms: gray or blue, the mystery remained. Every soldier was shrouded in an oilcloth cape.

Behind them, in one of the million ravines which twist through Loudoun County, Virginia, they had left a fifth man in charge of five ghost horses—animals which stood without neighing or stamping, war horses seasoned by many ominous nights such as this.

A tall and shambling soldier, who nevertheless could move with the sly grace of a mountain animal, touched the leader's arm. "To the right, sir. I spotted 'em a while ago, just past the bend in the road."

"All right, Wiltshire." The leader was a thin little man to be so recklessly immersed in the tide of war. Perhaps he weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. . . . The moon fought free of clouds once more, and peered at his face. A sad, bony face—deep-eyed—with a hawk's bill for a nose.

He signaled his men. "Patterson and Digby, remain on this side. Wiltshire will cross with me. Approach the vedette quietly; let no man fire unless we are attacked. The usual signal."

He slid away, followed by a single glistening figure. The bushes muffled their shapes as if wrapped suddenly in black wool.

A HUNDRED yards away, in the center of the mushy road, a group of cavalymen, chilly and unhappy in their drenched overcoats, crouched beside a tiny blaze. Half-hearted flames were trying to chew their way through little blocks of damp pine, but it was a losing battle.

"Can't get it to burn."

"Ain't supposed to make a fire, anyway," chided one man.

"Sergeant Oakie told me to."

There was a jingle of bridles farther down the road. "You men keep that fire going," came the sergeant's gruff annoyance. "We want a little comfort! Easy to kick it out if an officer comes—"

A bird fluttered and cheeped in the nearest thicket. One of the men straightened, his hand on his weapon. "What's that?"

"Sparrow or something. Night bird. Set down, Burns. You act like a green recruit."

Burns crouched reluctantly. "Don't

mind me. No wonder I'm scairt, what with the Partisan Rangers gobbling men up like they was peanuts."

"They won't be this far inside the lines. If we ever got—"

"Or that new feller—"

"Yeager, you mean."

"Yeh, Yeager, but he ain't as bad as the other'n. They'd look nice at the end of a rope. Spies and bushwhackers, that—"

A voice spoke, calmly and close at hand: "Don't move. You are surrounded."

There was a quick scurry beside the fire. Private Burns wrenched at his revolver.

"Take care, Yanks. First man who shoots or draws a weapon is hog feed."

THE three cavalymen, long chilly and beaten by winter winds, were now bathed in a warmer moisture. Their hands crept above their heads. Two poncho-wrapped figures rose out of the bushes and sped forward. Revolvers screwed against perspiring heads.

"Don't shoot," a man gulped. "We ain't making a sound."

The smaller of the two captors turned away for a scant second, his gun still kissing Burns' temple. "Keep them both covered, Wiltshire." His words snapped along the narrow canyon. "Well, Patterson?"

"There's only one, sir," came Patterson's voice. "Digby rapped him on the head, but he ain't hurt no way. We'll bring the hosses."

Digby advanced, supporting a muttering sergeant who blinked stupidly into the dying fire as he pressed his hands against his head. "Sho," the guerrilla murmured, "you ain't hurt, Yank."

"Who are you?"

The leader's command crackled out: "Never mind that. You are a prisoner. Disarm them, men."

Patterson herded four horses up the road into the vague light as the surrender was completed. "Reckon we got 'em all, sir. Four good hosses, too—blame' good."

"Throw their sabers into the brush," directed the officer. "Worthless things. No better than an Irishman's shillalah. Each man take one revolver; we shan't be weighted down."

"This fellow was saying"—Wiltshire prodded one of the prisoners—"that hanging was none too good for Tawny Yeager."

The commander chuckled. "To which, no doubt, we must all agree. All right. Work fast. Countersign!"

With appalling swiftness each of the four prisoners found himself herded into a separate space of darkness, with a cold muzzle prodding his skull.

"Countersign. Give us the word! Whisper it. No lies."

After another moment the officer marshaled one man to Wiltshire's side

and thrust a cocked weapon into Wiltshire's hand. "Guard him while I compare."

The darkness fluttered with whispers. "Yanks." The officer cleared his throat. "We have four words, as follows: Washington, Monterey, Ellsworth, Bunker Hill. Three men are lying—perhaps all four. We shall ask you once more. If all answers do not coincide, we will be forced to execute one man."

The sergeant sobbed hoarsely, "Better give it, boys! It's Belle Island for us, anyway—or worse. Don't get yourselves killed trying to act smart!"

"Reckon I got the right word from you first crack," whispered Digby tolerantly.

THIS time there was no disagreement. The word came unanimously in four quivering whispers: *Ellsworth*.

"One more thing. . . . Your skein of cord, Patterson. Start binding them, men. . . . Yanks, we know that a paymaster is expected from Aldie before morning. I must know how large an escort will accompany the paymaster, and all other particulars known to you. Speak quickly and correctly, if you wish to live."

But little information was forthcoming. The troopers could not tell that which they did not know. They had been informed that a paymaster was abroad in the land—welcome news to any penniless cavalryman—and that he would pass that night. But beyond this fact their information did not extend.

"Apparently your spies are no better informed than ours," remarked the guerrilla grimly. "Very well. Conduct yourselves obediently and you will eat side meat tomorrow. Otherwise, water without bread. I regret that you must be gagged."

Turning to the forest, he uttered a soft, throaty warble. A night bird answered.

"Spaneel is approaching with our horses. Tie these Yankees in their own saddles, men. Patterson, you will guard them."

Within five minutes the limp rags of moonlight showed the road much as it had been a brief time before. Four captured Federals, trussed and gagged, had been led off into the woods on their captured horses. And four mounted men, glistening in muddy oilcloth, waited in the pasty muck.

The fire faded into a spot of cherry embers. Brown clouds rolled across the face of the low moon.

THE leader's voice was a steady whisper in the gloom. "Attention! We are now a vedette of the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Major Remy temporarily commanding. Give close attention to any development. Do not address me as an officer unless I assume that rank. For the present, we are merely Yankee troopers. . . . It is fortunate that non-commissioned officers often become frightened and talkative before they are gagged," he added with a laugh.

Wiltshire turned his head. "Reckon I hear a horse."

"Yes. . . . Only one. It won't be the paymaster."

Revolvers clicked—the solid *tok* of .44 muzzle-loaders.

"Move wide, boys. Wiltshire and Spaneel on the left. Digby and I on the right. I will challenge."

With no lantern to guide him or give warning of his approach, a solitary horseman rounded the turn. He came slowly; you could fancy that he was bending over his horse's neck, peering into the denseness ahead. . . . One man, and probably a very young man, for few older soldiers would have had the desire to whistle on such a night.



Margaret Ashbrook screamed, "Soldiers! Quick—that's Mosby"

The whistle, a shrill canary yodel, ran ahead of him. There were words to fit it, but he was not singing them. *O Buffalo Gals, won't you come out to-night, and dance by the light of the moon. . . .*

Wiltshire thought, "A rebel song. Ain't it outlandish, the way them Yanks take even our songs away from us?"

"Halt. Who goes there?"

The Yankee stopped, with a sigh. "A friend—a darn' wet one, too. Is this the vedette of the 18th?"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign." The little chief rode out of the blackness; he held a revolver toward the lone rider, and the newcomer laughed as he leaned forward.

Ellsworth.

He had his revolver against the youth's side. "Quiet," he warned. His left hand closed on the barrel of a carbine and pressed it down.

Other shapes gathered around; the man was pulled from his saddle. He said nothing for a moment, and when he did, he spoke with a shaky laugh: "I don't know who you are, but go easy. There's a young lady in Trenton who'll feel bad if I—"

"Talk truthfully," said the leader.

"Honor bright!"

"We shall see. Your name?"

"Sloan, Josephus. Corporal. Orderly to General Quister at brigade headquarters."

"What are you doing here?"

The soldier didn't answer. Wiltshire put his revolver against his temple. . . . Still the boy said nothing.

"Shall I fire, sir?"

"Go ahead," said the chief.

THE young Federal drew a long breath.

Wiltshire did not fire. . . . They were not savages: this was an old trick, but often it had brought results.

"Search him, men."

The captured youth swallowed dryly. "Oh, all right. I'll save time, since you'll find it anyway. It's in my cap bill. I guess it's nothing to get killed for. . . . glad you didn't pull trigger, Johnny."

They took his cap and found the bill split open. Spaneel spread the damp fold of paper and the leader popped a sulphur match.

"Due to activities of guerrillas on our line of communication, U. S. A. paymaster will not proceed as planned. Please pass Captain Wiggett and"—he chirruped—"and lady accompanying."

The men clucked in deprecation. "Shore hain't no place for a lady," remarked Spaneel. "Cold and muddy and all."

"It's signed by the brigade commander," said the leader, "and it would seem to be genuine. But where in time are Captain Wiggett and 'lady accompanying'?"

The moon showed again, and vaguely they watched the young prisoner chew his lip. "Well," he said, "they were at headquarters when I left. Likely they're close behind. She's—pretty as a picture," he burst out.

"In which case we should be delighted to make the lady's acquaintance," said the guerrilla. "However, since the paymaster is not to—"

Wiltshire's fox-hound ears had told him more news. "Horses, sir."

"Damnation," whispered the leader. And then, "Apparently we *shall* make her acquaintance. Put him with the other Yanks at once."

Before the muddled splashing of eight hoofs sounded clearly, the man had been gagged and laced across his saddle, and led away to join Patterson's silent squad in the bushes.

Round the abrupt bend of the road
(Continued on page 26)

Hideout

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Colin Martins

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

SID FELDER'S emergency savings were getting too low, after ten months in the hideout, for him to send Eddie Lipa out for rye as often as he needed it. The bottle he was opening was a birthday present from Eddie, a good kid who remembered old favors. Friends often forget a guy in the hideout, which is as well for the guy, since friends have been known to take a dollar that turns them into stool pigeons.

After a few shots of rye it wasn't so hard to stick around the same room all the time. A guy would begin to think of things that made him pretty good company for himself, say, like thirty-two thousand dollars' worth of gilt-edged bonds in a tin box under an old stone wall, not an hour's drive out of the city. Then he could think for hours about spending all that jack, especially the little things such as picking out the world's most expensive pair of yellow silk pajamas. It was good to think it all out in advance like this, when he had plenty of time.

He'd remember a lot of funny things, too—like Silent Marty Prince getting six years for a simple loft job. Marty was a right guy, but he thought slow. Could you imagine Sid Felder letting this Bellinger flatfoot tail him to a fence with a load of hot silk in the back of the car? Why, they'd had the picture of Sid Felder—the one the bank messenger identified—stuck on bulletins so long it was getting yellow. They had all the dope on him, and yet here he was drinking his rye, free as a bluebird. Pretty soon he'd be coming and going as much as he liked.

Time was serving him—cooling off his tracks. And Marty Prince was serving time. That's a gag for you.

The knocking—three fast ones, pause, two slow—was Eddie with the sandwiches.

"Have a shot of your own liquor, Eddie. Thanks, I'm havin' a swell birthday. What do you know, kid?"

"Nothin' much. I seen your old pal, Marty Prince."

"Ain't that sumptin'? Just thinkin' about him. How'd the old punk get sprung so quick?"

"He says good behavior. He asks about you and I says on the lam. I say I dunno where."

"LISTEN, Ed. I'd like to see Marty. Him and you is the only guys I can trust. Where's he stayin'?"

"King's Hotel."

"Lookit, Eddie, bring him around tomorrow night. You know sometimes I get lonesome in here. And, Eddie, bring me the latest magazines. I like to read. So long, and thanks."

So Marty got away with only four out of six. Yes, and what's he got ahead of him now? Sure as hell they'd put the guy away again. Was it luck or brains that Sid Felder had and Marty Prince didn't? Whatever it was, there's nothing in the world like being full of rye and knowing where you can lay your hooks on thirty-two grand and being a free man that the cops can't touch. No wonder Marty Prince had always looked up to Sid Felder. Who wouldn't?

You might say Sid Felder was practically sitting on top of the world. And everything is rosy now, hey?

Sid put himself to sleep thinking of the good times coming. He felt so good he didn't even have one nightmare.

Rye could make anything seem good. And seem bad next day. But that wasn't as much of a lie as the seeming

good. Because, down underneath, things were always pretty bad. Why, a guy could go nuts, like a feller that's been in the coop too long, like a stir bug, if he kept on thinking about his troubles all the time. Now why should a free man be thinking about stir bugs? Get out of here and your troubles are over. Are they, though? Sure—well, mostly, anyhow.

The chief had slipped the bump to every guy who had tried to cut him out of his one-third. But Dopey Toccatello had lasted a whole year, hadn't he? Sure—lasted in a hideout. What good had it done him? A year of having the shakes in an old flat with the shades pulled down.

NOW it was too late to come through with the cut. "This Felder," the chief would say, "give him the wagon. He ain't fit to live, the no-good heel. Be a lesson to the rest of you." The chief was a busy man with no time for an argument.

But you can't hide out all your life, too scared to look out of a window, to look at a mirror even. Couldn't last out another year of solitaire and throwing cards in a hat. All right, make a break. What do you get then? Worry, worry, worry—skirts making a play for your jack, every heel in the world

looking to make a dollar off you, dead or alive.

"What's that?" Even a knock gives you the twitches. "Lo, Eddie—didn't hear the knock right. Well, well, well, Marty! Boy, you're lookin' good. Sit down, you guys. Sorry I ain't got a drink for you. How's the world treatin' you, Marty?"

"I'm fixed all right, I guess, Sid. Grace and me is running a filling station outside of Kingston. And I'm dumb enough to like it. It ain't like the old life, but I guess there's nothin' for a guy like me to complain about."

"You got a break if you can't complain. What sort of a deal did they hand you in stir?"

"Not so bad I couldn't take it. Funny, ain't it, I kinda liked the carpenter shop. I ain't got your brains for the rackets, Sid, an' I had lots of time to get wise to myself. That's why I turned legitimate—I ain't fit for nothin' better, that's all."

"What do you mean 'nothin' better'? Why—"

"I mean gettin' somethin' out of livin'—like you. I'm married and settled down, out of the running, see? I just ain't got what it takes. How you hittin' 'em, Sid?"

"Marty, it's like this—I can put my fingers on thirty-two G's, only I can't."

An'—an' I ain't feelin' so good lately. I got the jumps sorta. You know how it is."

"Thirty-two grand! And you think you got somethin' to complain about."

"But you don't get me. What I mean is you're better off than me. You ain't got nobody on your tail all the time. You—"

"Aw, quit crabbin', Sid. You was always the guy not to know when he was well off. I'll never forget the night when you was bettin' the field in Basiano's joint. . . ."

"AT FIRST it looked screwy to me," the sergeant said to Bellinger, the plain-clothes man. "'Lock me up,' this Felder mug says to me. 'I want to be a free man. I can't stand it no more,' he says. 'I'm giving myself up for knocking off the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank.'"

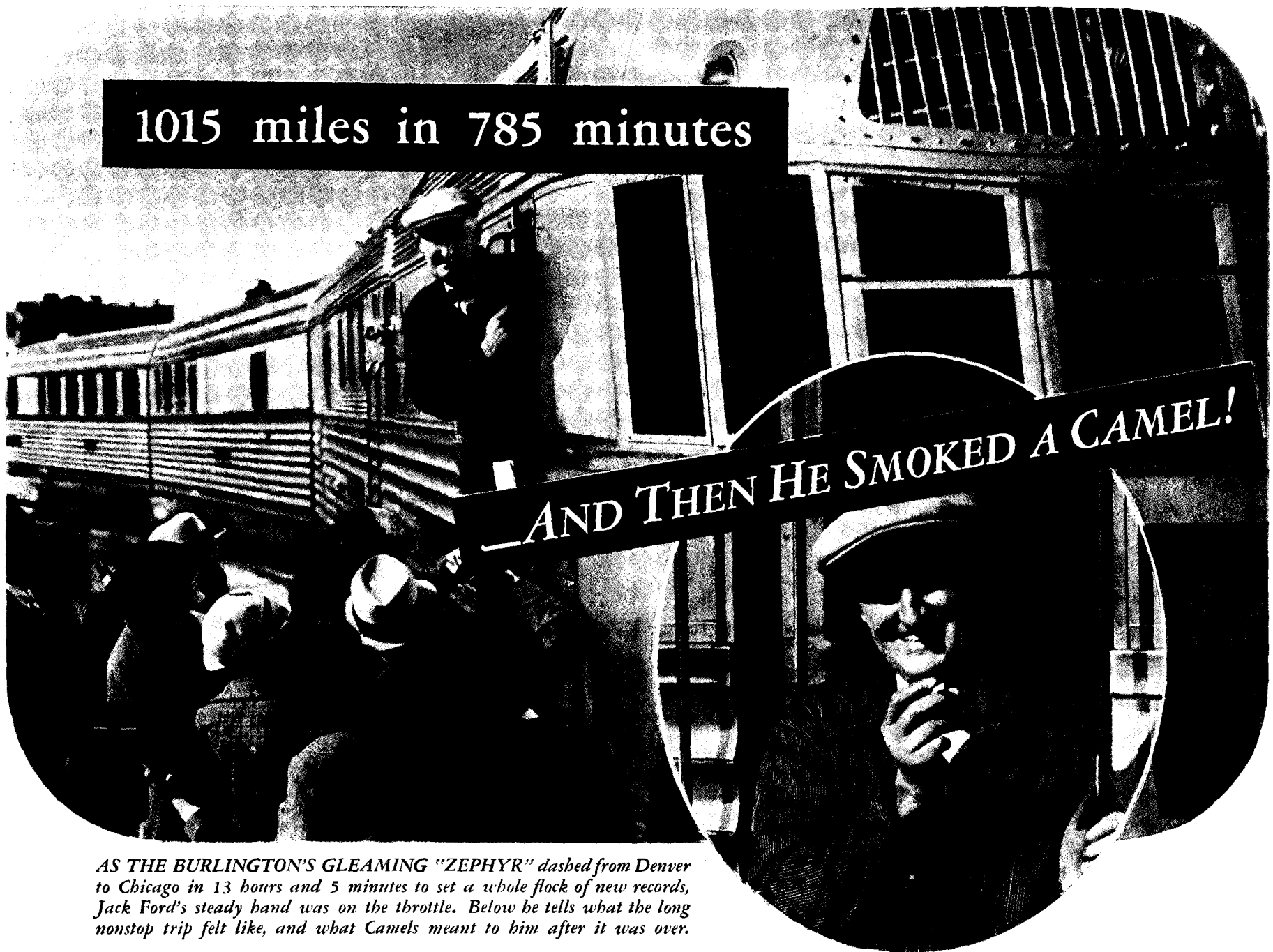
"I tell him to go sell his papers or I'll pull him in for the disturbing of my peace. But he keeps on singing and I send him along to headquarters, and there is his mug and prints that they got on him for some other job when the rap didn't stick. Hey, Bellinger, you was on the F an' M case, wasn't you? What do you make of it?"

"That case was frozen long ago," said Bellinger, "on account the bank messenger that identified him turned out to be not quite right in his head. Even the insurance company's quit and called it a day. Nobody'd never 'a' laid a finger on him if he hadn't 'a' confessed. I took a look at him yesterday and I wouldn't 'a' known him from Adam. He's aged ten years since I seen him. Funny, you know, he kinda looked to me like one of these stir bugs."



"Marty, it's like this—I can put my fingers on thirty-two G's, only I can't"

1015 miles in 785 minutes



AS THE BURLINGTON'S GLEAMING "ZEPHYR" dashed from Denver to Chicago in 13 hours and 5 minutes to set a whole flock of new records, Jack Ford's steady hand was on the throttle. Below he tells what the long nonstop trip felt like, and what Camels meant to him after it was over.

A PLEASURE

that drives away fatigue and listlessness!

Jack Ford, crack engineer of the Burlington on the "Zephyr's" amazing "dawn-to-dusk" dash, says:

"When the 'Zephyr' rolled to a stop in front of the 'Wings of a Century' stage at the Chicago Fair, I'd been through a lot of excitement and strain...felt pretty much used up. But a Camel quickly gave me a 'lift' and I felt O.K. Most railroad engineers prefer Camels. They can smoke Camels a lot with-

out affecting the nerves. Camels also help to increase their energy when they feel worn out. I've smoked a lot of Camels in my time, and that goes for me—all the way."

Everyone is subject to strain—whether physical, mental, or emotional. So it's important to know that Camels do release your stored-up energy.

Helene Madison, Olympic swimmer; Carl

Hubbell, ace pitcher; and Gene Sarazen, golf champion, all add the weight of their experiences to the suggestion, "Get a lift with a Camel." And the findings of a famous scientific laboratory confirm what they say about Camel's "energizing effect."

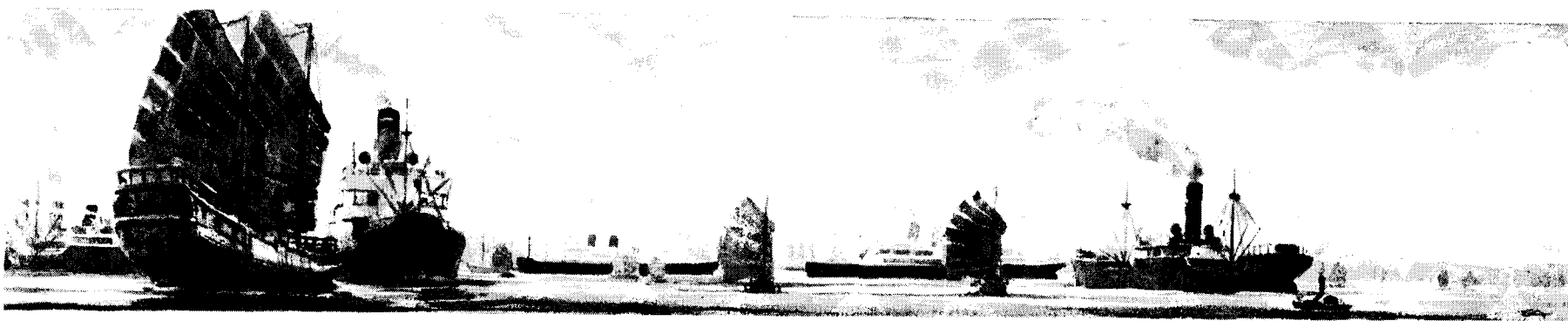
So begin today to enjoy Camels. Enjoy their delightful "lift." Enjoy their rich, good taste. Enjoy them *often*! For Camel's costlier tobaccos never affect the nerves.



● Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

**"Get a LIFT
with a Camel!"**

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



The Simple Heart

By Jacland Marmur

*Of one whose name is not listed
among the heroes of the sea*

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN



Old Jorge sat down on the forehatch. He could think better there

WAITING for the master of the *Astraea* to come aboard, old Jorge was reading a letter. He had read it several times, and knew its contents thoroughly. But he spelled out each phrase with great care again, pride and pleasure bubbling in his wide gray eyes. At length he wagged his head with an air of finality and tucked the folded paper carefully away in the inside pocket of his reefer jacket.

His life had been welded for twenty-odd years now to the bright-eyed girl who had sent that letter to him in Shanghai—the only daughter of the old sailor's brief marriage to a woman who had died many years ago while he was off at sea. Jorge took the grief of the abrupt death of that woman he had loved as he had taken everything else in his hearty life, stanchly, and with the courage of a simple heart.

Familiar sounds reached him from the foredeck. The *Astraea* was preparing for sea. Jorge's knobby fingers worked a little. He could not understand why he wasn't down there in the thick of the confused din, bringing order to the mates' foredeck out of the chaos left by a shoreside gang of coolie stevedores. He had been bo's'un in the ships of the company for many years now; he felt uncomfortable on a vessel's deck with nothing to do. But his orders were clear. He was to report to the new master of the *Astraea*. It confused him, but Jorge had obeyed orders all his life.

Patiently he turned his head toward the land. Beyond Taiping Road Jetty along the broad stretch of the Bund was China; the smell of the native city swept across the yellow water, teeming with the river life of the Whangpoo, where the high-pooped junks were moving uneasily with the tide.

Old Jorge's face, seamed and cracked like the bark of a very old tree, showed no sign of emotion. Until he saw the figure of a young man coming briskly along the quay. It stopped at the *Astraea's* stern and squatted abruptly down on its heels to read the vessel's after draft. That would be the master. Old Jorge straightened his coat while the new captain came quickly aboard, stopping to talk with his mate by the bulwark before climbing the ladder to the deck where he disappeared into his room under the bridge.

Jorge waited a few moments before knocking. Then, with his cap in his hand and the soiled gray shock of his head bare, he stepped over the weatherboard.

"I am transferred to the *Astraea*, sir." His voice was deep and severe. "I am ready to turn to, but there is a bo's'un on board already. They told me to report to you. Is there a mistake, sir? ... I am Jorge."

The captain shook his head. "No, Jorge; there's no mistake. We're going to take you home."

"But ... " Jorge peered intently from under shaggy brows at the lean young

man who was reaching for a uniform coat. "Mr. Hould!" he boomed suddenly, with a distinct note of pride. "By God, are you ... ?" He broke off again, twisting his cap awkwardly in his large horny paws. "I'm sorry, sir," he growled. "But it seems like only yesterday I ..."

THE trace of a smile passed quickly across Captain Andrew Hould's lips. It vanished at once, for he was a serious man, and he knew that these days not many men of his age were appointed to command. That extraordinary gift of fortune would have to be guarded jealously, and the realization of it was on his angular face.

"I know, Jorge," he said simply. "It seems like only yesterday you were teaching me how to steer in the old Nanking. And how to put a seamanlike splice in wire, and how properly to strop a block. I hope you did a good job of it, Jorge. But I guess I'm not the only boy

you helped drag through the hawse-pipe."

Old Jorge pursed his lips. "I used to call you 'Little Andy.' You've grown some in ten years, Mr. ... Captain Hould. It is ten years, ain't it?"

"Your back must be pretty tough. Jorge, the men who've used it for a ladder to climb from the fo'c'stle to the bridge. How many years you been at sea?"

"Lord, I forget." Old Jorge grinned. "Some men are rigged for skippers, sir, and some just for foremast hands. I helped sail wind ships around Cape Stiff, river boats up the Congo, and balancelles east of Gibraltar Rock. I done my best and I had my fun. It's a good life, sir, I've had. But I'm a little bit tired of the China Coast."

"Ay; I guess you've earned your rest."

"Rest?" Jorge was puzzled. His mouth and his eyes puckered. "I'm not tired; I don't need rest."

That faint suspicion of a smile played again over Captain Hould's lips. "You're going home with us, Jorge," he said.

"Well, I'm glad, sir. No mistake. Haven't seen my girl now in five years. I'll be talking Chinese soon, if they keep me out here in the feeder service much longer." He tapped his breast and twirled his cap. "Had a letter from her, sir. She's found herself her man, she writes. Seafaring man, but won't say more till I get home. Just like her, that. You'd know what I mean if you knew her, sir. She ... I don't see her often. Her mother died a long time ago. I been educating her." Old Jorge's face was screwed up, while the master listened with amused indulgence. "He better take care of her good, that man! ... Ay!" he said with severe dignity. "I'll be glad to be home again. Shall I turn to now, sir?"

Captain Hould shook his head again. "Where's your dunnage?"

"Why, in the fo'c'stle, of course, sir."

"Bring it along. You're to have the spare room amidships. I've a letter from the marine superintendent at the home docks for you."

HE HELD it out. The old sailor looked at it, and then up again at the new master of the *Astraea*. He was puzzled, and no mistake. A sense of catastrophe came over him. Marine superintendents didn't write letters to bo's'uns.

"What ... what does it say, sir?"

"You've been with the line for almost twenty years, Jorge, and they mean to retire you on full pay pension. Bring your sea chest amidships, Jorge. We're going to take you home in style."

"Retire ... ?" The old sailor's face was gray, as if with pain or fear, and he no longer twirled his cap in his hands. "You mean ... I'm not wanted any more?"

"Well, that's a funny way to put it, Jorge. You ought to be pleased. Don't you understand? You're not being fired. Your pay goes on the rest of your life ashore and ..."

"What will I do ashore?"

"Do nothing. Take it easy."

"Me ... ? Do nothing?" The puzzled look deepened on his face. "What've I done to ... ?"

"Look here, Jorge!" Captain Hould interrupted. "Dozens of men would jump at the chance. The letter here says the company is proud of your service and they want to show ..."

"Then why do they send me to the boneyard? Why ... ?"

"How old are you, Jorge?"

"Old?" Jorge seemed stunned by so simple a question. The thought of age and infirmity had never entered his head. He knew nothing of such things. "Old?" he repeated. "I don't rightly know. But ..."

(Continued on page 48)

HOW FAST CAN IT STOP?

ASK THAT WHEN ANYONE TELLS YOU HOW FAST A CAR CAN GO



MOST AUTOMOBILE ADVERTISEMENTS talk about speed and "pick up." But the next time you read an advertisement like that, remember this one.

It's common knowledge that fast going should be coupled with fast stopping. That's why Plymouth engineers gave Plymouth Hydraulic Brakes... the kind of brakes that high-priced-car engineers found to be the SAFEST!

No matter what your speed, these brakes stop you quickly, yet smoothly... and in a *straight line*. For they are self-equalized... which means they *always* take hold on all four wheels at once.

No other low-priced car has these safe, quick-

stopping brakes. And no other low-priced car has Individual (knee-type) Wheel Springing plus Floating Power engine mountings for greater comfort... and a Safety-Steel Body of steel reinforced with steel for your *extra* protection.

Ask any Dodge, DeSoto or Chrysler dealer to let you drive a Plymouth. And now that "All Three" leading low-priced cars cost about the same, don't make up your mind until you do compare them.

PRICES AS LOW as \$485 for the Standard Plymouth. Special Six \$560 up. De Luxe models from \$595. All prices f. o. b. factory, subject to change without notice. Time payments on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH \$485

AND UP
F. O. B. FACTORY
DETROIT

**IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED
LOW-PRICED CAR**

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR MARTIN FAWLEY, American adventurer, accepts a perilous secret assignment from Italy's master political mind, General Berati. He is present when a beautiful woman—the Princess Elida di Rezzo di Vasena, the niece of Berati's wife—attempts, unsuccessfully, to assassinate the general. From that moment on, the princess (exiled by Berati) is Fawley's shadow. He wonders why. He learns:

The woman is a spy. She is working in the interests of the daring Heinrich Behrling, who is struggling bitterly with Adolf Krust, powerful German monarchist, for control of Germany. . . . Following a series of weird adventures, Fawley finds himself in Berlin. Both factions are aware of his mission: to formulate a report for Berati which will cause Italy to ally itself with one side or the other: both sides strive desperately to win Fawley's support. But Fawley does not remain long in Berlin—he has other plans. While rumors that a devastating European war is imminent are circulating wildly, he slips away to London; and this time he does not send Berati a report.

Spies are on his trail instantly; and presently the princess arrives, finds him, warns him that the whole world is facing some frightful calamity. She then gives him another shock: His brother, Michael, third secretary of the American Embassy, has, she says, sent her copies of certain confidential diplomatic code messages sent from Washington. Fawley does not hesitate. He summons Michael to his hotel suite, forces him to resign from the diplomatic service. As they talk, the princess appears. Michael goes to a near-by room. A few minutes later, he reappears. Someone has wounded him with a revolver—someone who has, obviously, mistaken him for Martin Fawley.

Hardly has a physician taken the young man away, than Prince Pietro Patoni—Berati's secretary!—enters the room and announces that he is in London on Berati's orders—and that Fawley must return with him to Rome. Fawley has no intention of obeying the order. He says so, emphatically. He is deep in a colossal scheme, the tremendous import of which becomes evident when the Rt. Hon. Willoughby Johns, England's Prime Minister, conferring with him secretly, says: "Fawley, the President of the United States is going to adopt your scheme. Rawson is on his way with the signed agreement. You must avert trouble, prevent war, until he comes—at any cost."

Fawley listens. Then: "I must have a powerful plane waiting for me at Heston tomorrow at 6 A. M. I am going to Paris. Berlin—and Rome."

The Prime Minister extends his hand. "Fawley," he exclaims, "you are indeed a brave man!"

IX

FAWLEY, with his hands thrust into his overcoat pockets and a freshly lit cigarette in his mouth, walked briskly to the corner of Downing Street and paused, looking around for a taxicab, apparently unconscious that he was the cynosure of a dozen pairs of eyes. A private car was waiting by the side of the curb, to all appearance unoccupied. Suddenly he felt a grip upon his arm—not the sinister grip of an assailant but the friendly grasp of slender fingers.

"Do not hesitate for one moment, please," the slim figure by his side insisted. "Step into that car."

He looked down at her with a smile. He knew very well that he had nothing to fear, for there were shadowy figures hovering around close at hand.

"Am I to be abducted again, Princess?" he asked. "This time, I warn you, I have protectors at my elbow."

"It is nevertheless I," she declared a little petulantly, "who have to be your protector-in-chief."

He smiled but he followed her obediently into the car. One of those shadowy figures stepped into the roadway and whispered a word to the driver. Elida gave the man the address of the Italian Embassy.

"Alas, I must get back to my rooms," he told her. "Sorry, but it is really important."

"You will come out from them on a stretcher if you do," she answered. "Honestly, I sometimes cannot decide whether you are willfully stupid or whether you have that sort of courage which marches with luck."

"What have I to fear at my rooms?" he asked. "I can assure you that there will be no strangers allowed in the building for a long time to come."

"The man whom you have to fear is Pietro Patoni," she replied firmly. "I tell you this seriously, not as a fashion of speech. He has gone mad! I am sure of it. He believes—oh, I cannot tell you all that he believes about us. He also looks upon you as a traitor to his country."

Fawley was silent.

"Whose car is this?" he asked, after a time.

"It belongs to my uncle, the Marchese di Vasena."

"And your destination?"

"The Italian Embassy."

"Sanctuary or prison?" he inquired with a grim little quiver at the corners of his lips.

"I HAVE thrown in my hand," she told him. "I am no longer to be considered. It is sanctuary only which I offer you."

"But the trouble is," he explained, "that I must go to my rooms. I am leaving England early tomorrow morning and, to say nothing of my kit, there are one or two necessary papers—my passport, for instance—which I must take with me."

"I will fetch them for you," she announced. "You yourself—you shall not go. Please be reasonable."

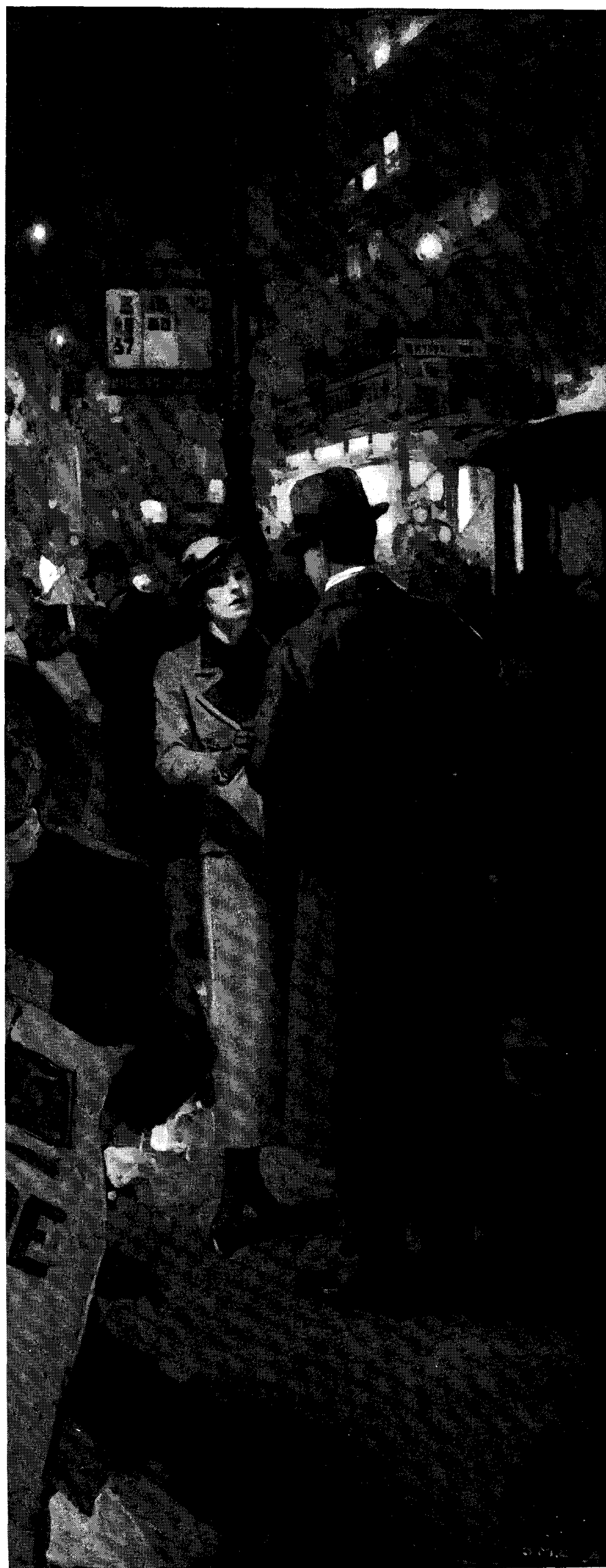
She leaned towards him. Some little quiver in her tone, perhaps the eager flash of her eyes, the closeness of her obscure presence, reminded Fawley that after all he was quite a human person. He took her hand and held it in his.

"My dear Elida," he said, "we have been on opposite sides all this time. How can I let you play around with my papers and learn my secrets?"

"There are no secrets to be learned from any papers you leave around," she declared. "Besides, you need not mind my seeing anything. I told you just now I have finished with the game. I have an idea in my mind that you are playing for greater stakes than any of us, that we must all seem like little pawns on the chessboard to you. I am content. I will help you if I can and, to begin with, let me convince you of this—Pietro is absolutely insane."

"Of course that might complicate

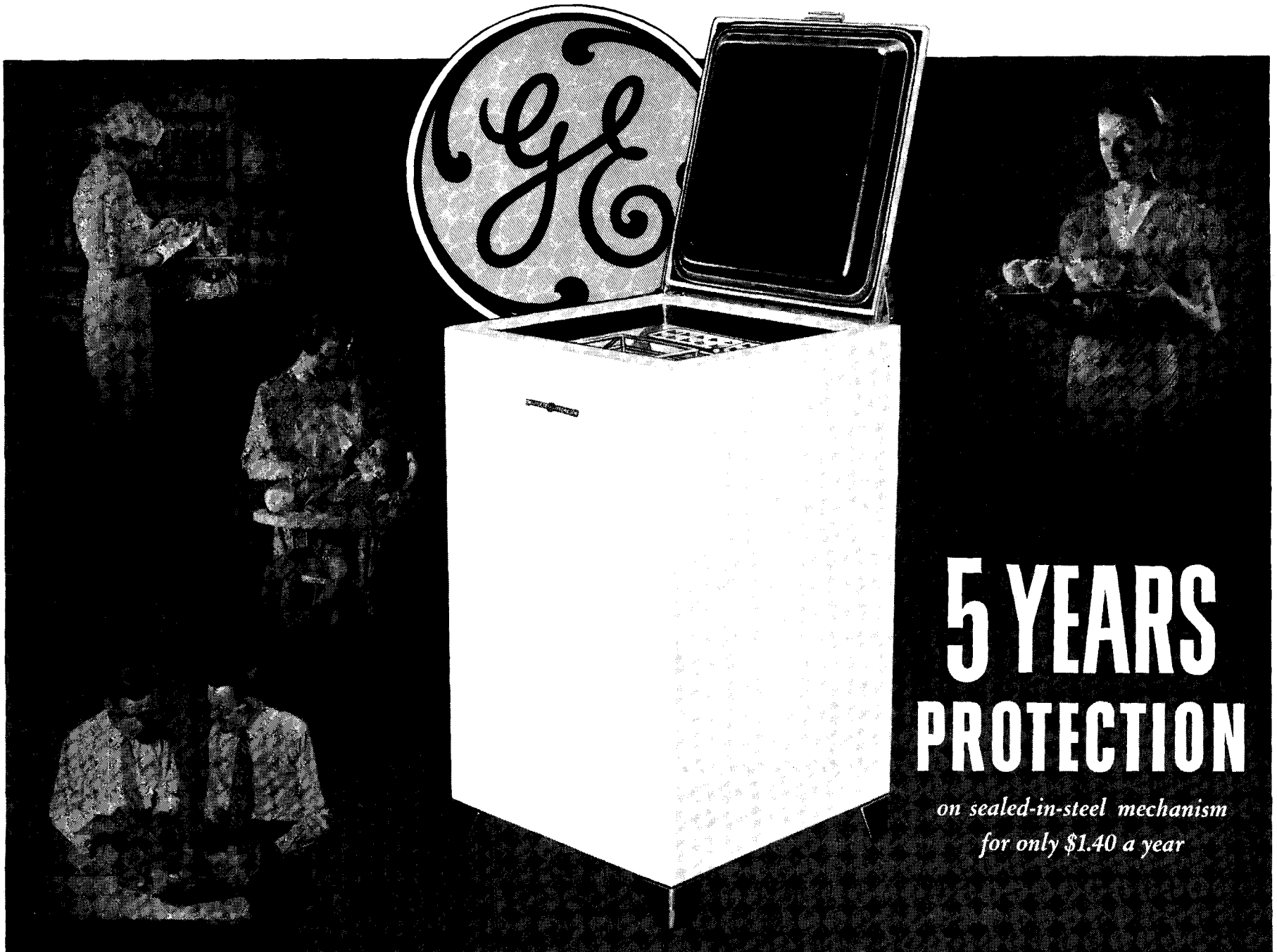
(Continued on page 55)



He looked down at her with a smile. "Am I to be abducted again?" he asked. "This time, I warn you, I have protectors"

NOW ALL THE CONVENIENCE AND ECONOMY OF A GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR FOR ONLY \$77.50

PLUS FREIGHT



5 YEARS PROTECTION

*on sealed-in-steel mechanism
for only \$1.40 a year*

NOW MODERN electric refrigeration is available to every family regardless of income! At the lowest price and easiest terms in all General Electric history, the sensational new General Electric Liftop refrigerator at \$77.50 (plus freight) brings the luxurious year 'round convenience of General Electric refrigeration within reach of every family, every income. Built into it is the same famous quality and dependable performance that has made General Electric refrigerators the world's standard of excellence.

Ample Food Storage Capacity

With ample storage space for the perishable food requirements of a family of four, the new G-E Liftop operates on but a fraction of the current needed for standard conventional type refrigerators.

5 Years Protection

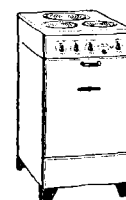
In addition to the standard one year warranty, General Electric offers four more years protection

against failure of the Liftop sealed-in-steel mechanism for only \$7 additional—\$1.40 a year.

Mechanism same in principle as the famous G-E Monitor Top

The G-E Liftop mechanism is the same in principle as the famous General Electric Monitor Top, and requires no attention, not even oiling. The cabinet is all-steel, built like a safe for lifetime service. Interior is stainless porcelain with exterior finished in gleaming white Glyptal-baked enamel that will not chip or fade. Rust-proof, chip-proof stainless steel quick freezing shelf makes 20 large ice cubes at a time.

See this amazing new refrigerator at the General Electric dealer's. You will find his address in the classified section of your telephone directory under the heading "Refrigeration Electric." General Electric Co., Specialty Appliance Sales Dept., Section C-101, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

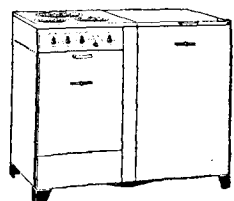


And a Companion Range at \$72 PLUS FREIGHT

This fully automatic G-E electric range was designed as a companion to the G-E Liftop refrigerator. It has ample capacity for a family of 8, and an extra large oven that readily accommodates a 15 lb. turkey. It is equipped with automatic precision temperature control and has 3 cooking speeds.

Both for the Price of One!— \$142.50 PLUS FREIGHT

Now you can have both a General Electric refrigerator and a G-E range at a price previously paid for one. Each is designed for separate installation or as one combined unit.



A GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT... MONITOR TOP, FLAT-TOP, LIFTOP MODELS

Armed Escort

Continued from page 19

came a beckoning gleam of dull orange. The lantern's feeble rays passed over the skirts of a long blue overcoat. . . . Darkness muffled the highway as the moon hid once more.

"Halt."

The peremptory order was followed by a startled splashing of the approaching mounts.

"Who goes there?"

"Friends. Uh—Captain Wiggett of General Meade's—"

"Advance singly, to be recognized. Hold your lantern up."

A fat, sleek voice fumed, "But I've got a lady here with me!"

"You may advance first, sir."

With much heavy breathing on the part of its rider, a wide-backed horse came sidling through the mud. The lantern was held aloft in a fat, white hand. Polished brass buttons twinkled in its gleam.

The lone sentry gazed into a round, soft face and shallow eyes. Water trickled from a disconsolate mustache, and the fat man cursed feebly as he brushed the moisture away.

"Ugly night, I'll warrant you. I could have been snug and warm in my quarters and—"

A revolver rose in front of his face. "The countersign, sir!"

"Eh?" The officer drew back. "Why, damn it, don't point that thing at me! I'm Captain Wiggett of General Meade's staff! I'm— *Hold on*. Damn it—the word—confound—oh, yes, to be sure." He tried to extend his short neck as he gulped: "Ellsworth. That's it. Ellsworth."

His challenger dropped his revolver hand all too slowly. "It is preferable to mention the countersign, Captain Wiggett, before you indulge in reflections on the weather. Someone might become hasty. Though I will grant, sir, that the night is abominable. Kindly request the lady to move forward."

Wiggett swung around. "It's quite all right, Miss Ashbrook."

THE second horse pushed toward them. The guerrilla reached quickly across and with his left hand removed the lantern from the captain's clutch. It showed him a slender girl, muffled in a heavy blue cloak, its woolen cowl drawn over her head. Little damp ringlets clustered along her brow. She had gray eyes and a tiny mouth, almost droll in its petulant roundness.

Captain Wiggett brandished a soggy paper: "Our pass, sir. I am Captain Wadsworth O. Wiggett of General Meade's—"

"—staff." The guerrilla finished it for him.

"Eh? Yes, of course. This lady is Miss Ashbrook, the fiancée of General McCann, headquarters at Middleburg. She is—uh—the wedding will take place at Middleburg tomorrow. My orders are to find Major Remy of the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry and request him to escort the general's wife—bride, I mean—to Middleburg."

The slim man in the wet oilcloth bowed. "You were looking for me? Major Remy, commanding 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry."

Wiggett chortled gleefully: "Then my job is done! Talk about fortune! I expected to be wallowing in this mud the rest of the night. Sorry I was so—so peremptory with you, Major. Didn't recognize the rank, you see. No insignia in sight."

"Not on a waterproof. Hardly."

The fat man peered into the gloom. "But where is your command, Major?"

Noiselessly moving brown wraiths, shapes began to loom up on either side. The pseudo-major glanced about. "All here, I take it. There are but four men with me. The rest are bivouacked in the woods."

"Then you are not the pickets on this road? I was told I'd find a vedette at this position."

"Possibly the sentries are a mile or two beyond. . . . Thank you, Captain. I shall consider it the highest honor. . . . Eh?"

"Sir, it is not often that one is called upon to escort the bride of a general. I am highly fortunate."

WIGGETT shivered. "Oh, no doubt, no doubt. Well, Miss Ashbrook, I'll say adieu to you. My respects to the general. I—"

The girl's voice was clear, calm. "Thank you, Captain. No doubt this has been a night of much misfortune for you. I apologize humbly for com-

cursed outlaws were anywhere near. Think that possibly you could—spare me a man or two?"

"As an escort, you mean?"

"Well, it would be a favor. I—"

The bogus Remy's voice was downy and sweet: "Of course I can spare you a man or two. You had a most incompetent escort on the outbound trip from Aldie, sir. Excuse me, Miss Ashbrook, but a general's bride is scarcely adequate escort for an important staff captain!" His tone changed abruptly. "Digby!"

From the wet blackness behind him:

"Here, sir."

"Spaneel!"

"Yes, suh."

"You will serve as an escort of two,

sharp. "Miss Ashbrook, I fear that you misunderstand the—er—motives of these guerrillas. They would not harm you, nor would they seize your personal belongings."

"One would. The most dangerous of them all. . . ."

"No, Miss. He would not. But—well," he admitted, "perhaps Yeager would. It is well that you have an armed escort."

Hoofs sounded, a medley of them squashing out of the drenched woods. Black shapes began to loom close at hand.

"Who's there?"

"Patterson and Wiltshire, sir. And the *squad*."

"You will fall in behind us, men. . . . *Hold on*—"

More hoofs sounded, around the turn toward the east. "Halt," rang the little man's voice. His hands crawled toward his revolvers. "Who's there?"

"Us, suh," called Spaneel apologetically. "The Ya— The captain decided he didn't need no escort. So Digby and me come back."

"Very well, Spaneel. You men will fall in at the rear of the column. Behind the *squad*. . . . Now, Miss Ashbrook." His hand, fumbling for her bridle, touched her damp little fingers. "We are ready. Forward!"

The moon loomed again, faintly enough, as the woodland fell away behind them. Miss Ashbrook turned her head when the little column emerged into the misty light. "We are a good-sized caravan," she said. Behind came a column of muddy horses, gigantic hulks in the dimness. "Some of the soldiers seem to be—"

"Riding low in their saddles?" supplied her companion promptly. "Yes. Asleep, no doubt. They'll wake soon enough if we have any difficulty."

"Then you expect to meet that demon—the Partisan Ranger?"

"I would not prophesy that."

THE girl shuddered. "He must be a beast."

"I would be the last to say that."

"But he's an outlaw. He kills men in cold blood."

"It is war, Miss Ashbrook. Men are killed in cold blood—or warm blood, which amounts to the same thing. And contrary to popular supposition, this man of whom you speak is not a brigand. He is regularly commissioned as colonel of the 59th Virginia Cavalry, by which number his unit is known among the Southerners."

She shrugged. "A rose by any other name—"

"But this man Tawny Yeager—"

"I had not yet heard of him. What—?"

"He robs friend or foe. Or technically, only foe, since he has no friends. Neither Yankees nor Secesh will claim him. He is a typical freebooter, a pirate who came over the Blue Ridge into this region some months ago. It will go hard with him," he finished, not unpleasantly, "if either the Federals or the Confederates ever get hold of him."

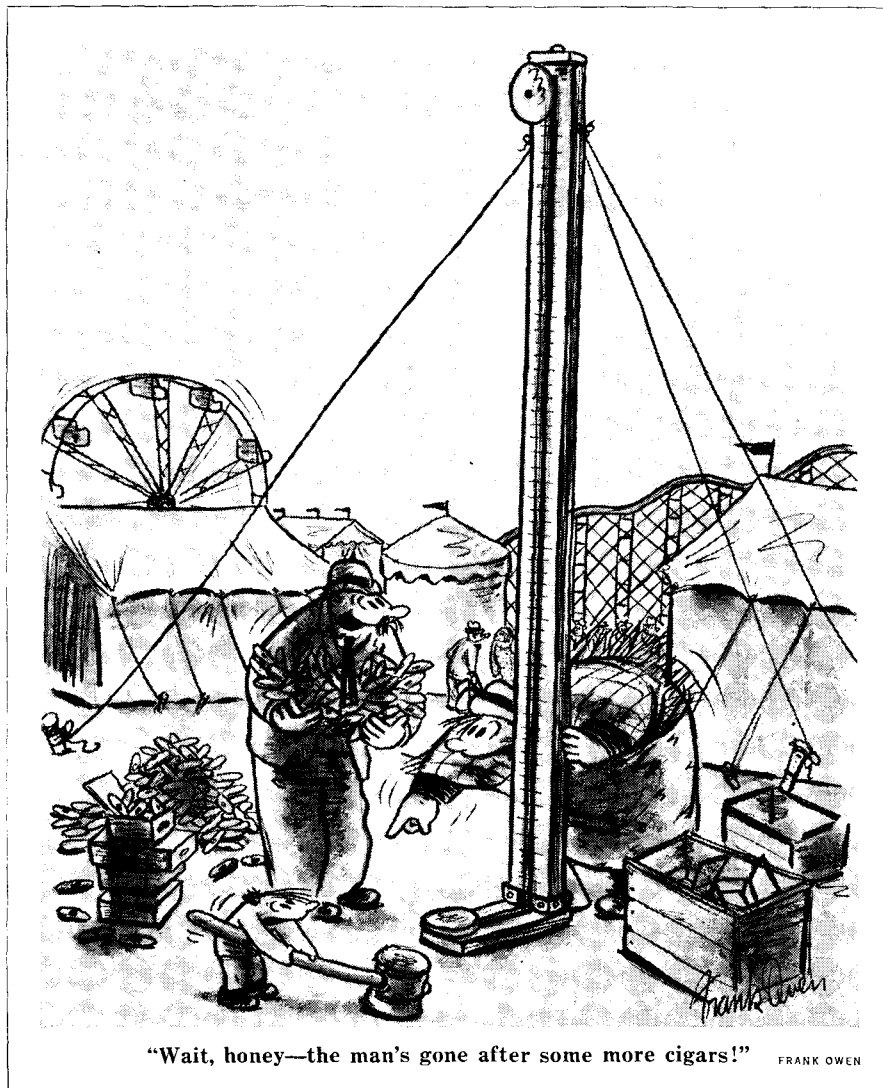
The column splashed silently after them. For a long time the girl said nothing. Then she lifted her face. "Are you quite certain that your information is correct?"

"Quite certain, Miss Ashbrook. He has a few villains with him and they prey off the helpless country people as well as off isolated groups of soldiers from both armies."

Her tender hand slid over and rested for a moment beside his. "Then I ask you to guard me well. Tomorrow—I'm to be married."

"Rest assured that you shall have nothing to fear from Tawny Yeager."

(Continued on page 28)



"Wait, honey—the man's gone after some more cigars!"

ing, however unintentionally, between you and your snug, dry slumbers."

There was an audible snicker from out of the darkness.

"Then it's good day, Major Remy. Good night, I mean." The plump captain nudged his horse around.

"One moment." The guerrilla's whisper was tense. "Captain, have you your side arms?"

"Eh? I have a revolver. But?"

"Tawny Yeager and a band of his outlaws are said to be within our lines. And there's no telling but that—"

The terrified Wiggett stammered, "Do you mean that—that—"

"No other! It's been whispered that—" and in turn he whispered a name.

The captain muttered incoherently.

"They say he's close at hand. He'd as soon scalp a Federal officer as look at him!"

Wiggett was silent for a long moment. Then, "Major, I have only my pistol. I—uh—didn't know those

for Captain Wiggett. No further orders should be necessary. Act wisely, bravely, but with dispatch. You know what to do."

They breathed, "Yes, sir." The two horses followed Wiggett down the road.

"Wiltshire!"

"Here, sir!"

"Fetch up a squad to accompany us. Patterson's squad. The—five men with him—will serve very well."

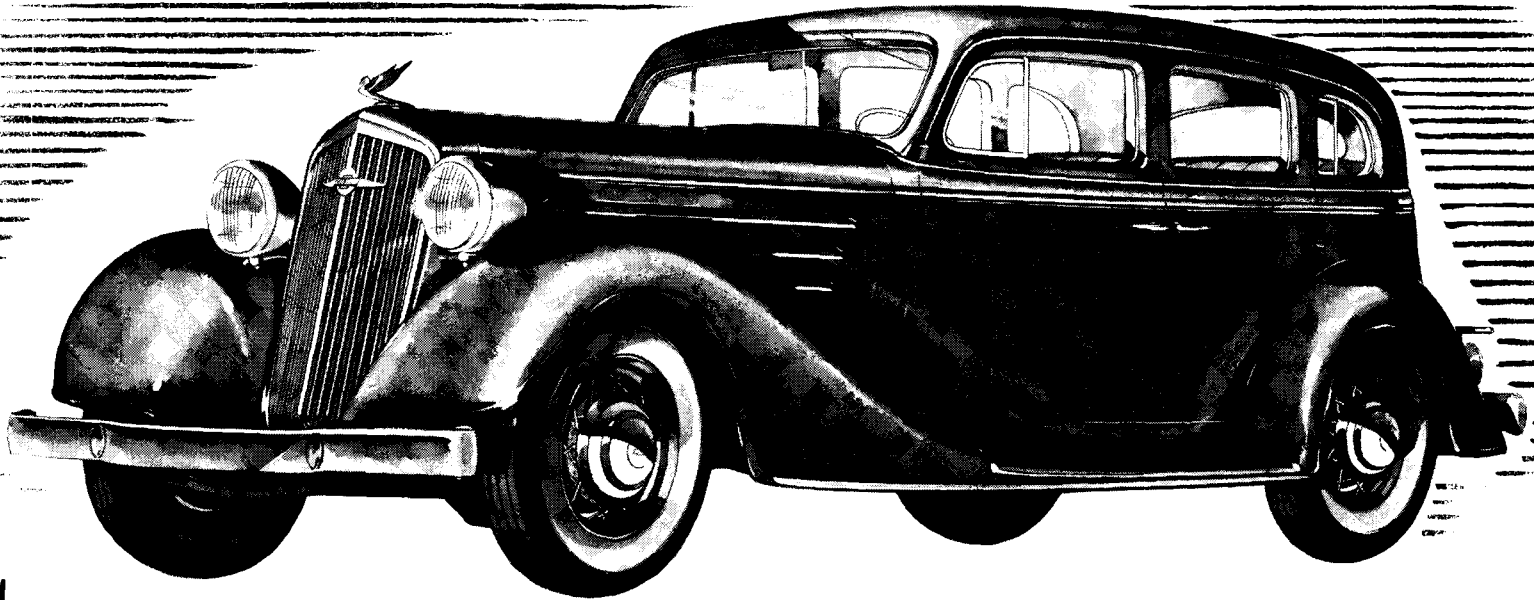
WILTSHIRE'S horse crackled away down the forest path.

Miss Ashbrook looked at the thin face of the man with the lantern. "You are leaving a post of duty, Major?"

"Since the paymaster is not passing tonight, I would seem to be relieved of further responsibility at this position. I can now accept the more pleasant task of escorting you to Middleburg."

The girl smiled. "Thank you. I should dislike to be captured by these brigands."

The guerrilla's voice was a trifle



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He snapped over his shoulder, "Wiltshire!"

From the rear of the spectral column a tall man rode forward and saluted.

"You will ride fifty yards in advance. Or slightly farther, at your discretion."

Wiltshire clucked to his horse. The animal rocked ahead and vanished.

"Thank you," whispered Miss Ashbrook.

The leader swung closer to her side. . . . The slow minutes dragged by; the column wallowed behind.

"How far have we to go, Major Remy?"

He seemed to emerge quickly from a trance. "Only a few miles, Miss. Middleburg lies only eight miles from Aldie, and we were well away from Aldie when you found us. But this mud makes for very painful progress."

"I think they could go faster." Again her glance swept the dark force at their rear.

"Some of the men are tired. I shan't hasten them to any uncomfortable speed. We will reach the picket at Middleburg by dawn."

"If we don't meet guerrillas." Again she shivered.

"You are safe, Miss Ashbrook."

FROM ahead sounded a sharp whistle. Instantly the officer's hand leaped to the bridle of the girl's horse. A muffled "Halt! . . . Halt!" came from the rear. The column waited in the narrow road.

Out of the gloom came a silent creature, its rider leaning low along the neck.

"Wiltshire," whispered the commander.

"Yes, sir." The tall youth bent close. "Just ahead there's a little draw across the top of the hill. I seen a man up on top of there—mounted. Seen him against the moon, sir."

The officer was an inky statue beside the girl. "What of the road?"

"Much firmer, sir. It lifts out of the holler just before you get to the hill. We could go at a loose gallop. . . ."

The leader seemed meditating to himself, though he spoke aloud. "One man . . . there'll be more. Perhaps we can ride through them."

"It might be a Ya—a picket, sir. One of our Union pickets."

"Not out here. There is none."

The girl said, "If I remember correctly, Major, you informed Captain Wiggett that there was a picket on this road, a mile or two farther on."

The officer laughed pleasantly. "I said 'possibly,' I believe. But just now I am confident that Tawny Yeager is ahead of us, and not a Federal vedette."

He issued a series of low-voiced orders. "Wiltshire, ride on the lady's right. Spaneel, on the left. Patterson and Digby, ride at the rear of the squad. I will lead. We'll ride through them."

With his drenched hat held on the pommel of his saddle, he bowed to the girl in the cloak. "In case of accident, Miss, I am taking this occasion to thank you for the pleasurable circumstance which brought us together. Do not be afraid; any one of us can see you safely to Middleburg."

"Wouldn't it be better to face about, and go back?" Her voice trembled.

"Most unfortunately, we cannot. I have considered that course, and it is wholly out of the question. Neither can we—the words came slowly—"permit you to return alone. So the only course is doubtless the wisest. Please—bend low. Place your arms about the horse's neck. Wiltshire and Spaneel, hold the

Armed Escort

Continued from page 26

reins on either side. Now—forward—"

Trained cavalry horses, they lunged as one. The girl tightened her arms around the wet neck in front of her and shut her eyes. Wiltshire and Spaneel had her reins, and with free hands they lifted their heavy revolvers.

Flakes of yellow began to snap from the embankment's rim.

Two guns in the guerrilla commander's hands echoed in a single blast. A high, wailing screech rose from five throats—it was not a Yankee hurrah, nor the cry of blue-clad cavalrymen rushing into action. . . . More guns began to spit from the cleft above; a heavy body came tumbling down the incline, thrashing and squealing as it rolled. . . .

Then suddenly the guns were silent; only the sodden thunder of galloping rose on all sides. The column swept down a long incline. . . . The girl glanced about her. The sky seemed graying softly. The two men in ponchos still rode beside her; Spaneel held his revolver hand against his side and muttered darkly to himself.

"We're through 'em, lady," said Wiltshire. "They'll never follow."

In the slow-lightening gloom the leader raised his hand. At the trot . . . the order echoed back from Wiltshire to the men in the rear. Then, "Halt!" Slowly the muddled column drew down into a walk and halted, pressed close together.

The guerrilla chief moved back along the line in fleecy grayness.

"We didn't lose a man," he said with delight. "Yeager's men are poor shots."

"I got raked in m' side, suh," grunted Spaneel.

"Seriously?"

"Reckon it cracked the best rib I had."

"You shall have first pick of the horses for that, Spaneel." He removed his hat and, motioning the other men ahead, he rode once more at the girl's side. The column moved in an easy trot.

They stumbled up to the summit of the next hill. . . . Clouds, splitting gently in the cold east, began to show a froth of pink. As the tail of the column reached the top, the commander uttered one word. Willingly the tired horses stopped where they were.

"We're above the Run," the guerrilla said to Wiltshire.

"Yes, sir."

"I will accompany the lady toward Middleburg. You men cross the fields to the south road—you know which road. We will rendezvous at Number Eight."

Margaret Ashbrook swung quickly around on her saddle.

"Let the prisoners have some breakfast, Wiltshire, if I do not arrive until later. And Spaneel shall have first choice of horses, because of his wound."

WILTSHIRE saluted. He gave an order. With four erect men marshaling them, the strange column began to turn off into the field south of the road.

Miss Ashbrook sobbed. Six men rode there, laced tight across their saddles, gagged and helpless. Six men, whose Federal blue showed vaguely in the dawn. And the sixth man, the fattest one, even swathed and ludicrous as he was, resembled no one so much as Captain Wadsworth O. Wiggett of General Meade's staff.

Slowly her hand crept to her throat. The young man beside her was no longer Major Remy of the 18th Pennsylvania

Cavalry; he had divested himself of the waterproof and now sat his long-legged horse with quiet assurance, a very correct figure in neat if shabby gray.

"Who are you?" She heard her feverish throat shaping it.

He inclined his head. "Some speak of me as a 'beast.' And—an hour ago—a lady—"

"You're Mosby!" she cried.

He touched her horse and the two animals started down into the valley. "Colonel John S. Mosby, 59th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A. At your service, Miss Ashbrook. If the end justifies the means, your intended husband will not be too aghast at the escort who served you willingly and appreciatively."

Her pale lips twitched. In the growing December dawn her face was suddenly colored with rose. "You lied," she said.

Mosby nodded, somewhat absently. Far along the road ahead, where the chimneys of Middleburg thrust out of clustering trees, he could see a little knot of dark figures. "The Union pickets, I believe, are immediately ahead. . . . Yes, Miss Ashbrook, I lied. I regret it. Often such a lie is necessary."

"But"—her voice was a satiny shudder—"you would not have harmed me. You will not take my baggage, even now?"

Hat in hand, he gazed at her. "Miss Ashbrook, I would not offend you by so much as touching any article you prize."

"You won't take this carpetbag?" she persisted.

"My word," he said, and smiled. "Now—I must beg leave. The pickets are watching us. Someone has started forward—"

THE girl's laugh was shriller than any flute. "Goodby, dear Colonel Mosby. Thank you! You're very brave; perhaps sometime again I shall have need of your escort. And this night"—her laugh again—"you've been most kind. Do not let that overdue paymaster weigh upon your soul. I had an idea, and I told the commander, and not even Captain Wiggett knew of it—"

Her slim hands caressed a huge carpetbag tied on the right of her side saddle. "Here are seventy-five thousand dollars in United States bank notes! I thank you for their safety, and for permitting me to act in the paymaster's stead. And"—her face flamed, even while her lips still smiled at him—"I hope our men catch you!"

Like a statue the secessionist watched her go. His eyes were bitter, but even in that first moment he began to laugh. The girl was plunging at a reckless gallop straight for the approaching squad of dark blue figures. . . . Mosby pivoted his horse and dashed up the low embankment beside the road.

Margaret Ashbrook screamed, "Soldiers! Quick—that's Mosby. Mosby—the guerrilla! Catch him—catch—" And then, as the bewildered troopers raced past her, raising their carbines, she began to sob to herself.

Up on the distant ridge a horseman whirled, silhouetted against the red sunrise. He lifted his hand. . . . The futile volley rattled out; bullets splashed in the grass, far short of range. Mosby vanished over the hill toward the south. But the general's bride heard his wail come faintly to her ears—the eerie, jubilant lift of the rebel yell—and she knew that she would hear it echoing and reëchoing when she was old and gray and the grandmother of General McCann's grandchildren.



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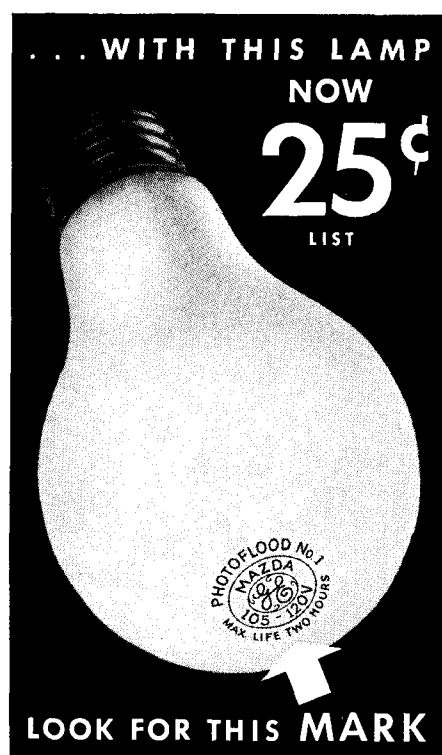
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"We're just bad children, hot tempered," she told him.

"That's why we get on so well together. Because we're both sorry afterwards. That's why we should marry each other."

She shook her head.

"I'm in love with Len," she said simply. "But I want to be fond of you, Sim. I want you to let me be fond of you. I hate to see you being less than what you really are. And I want Len to like you, and I want you to like him. Perhaps he's been a bad boy, too. But he couldn't help it. His money, his charm—women make fools of themselves over men like Len, and then people blame him for what he can't help. "But I don't want to lose you, Sim. You're the best, the most loyal friend a girl ever had."

"And the most faithful lover," he added.

"Don't say that. Just a friend, exactly as I'm a friend of yours. Isn't that the way you want it to be?"

She was close to him now; gently he put his arms around her and gently he kissed her lips.

"That's how it will be, Trenna. Goodby, my dear."

THE doorman outside the apartment building where Trenna Plaice lived held his whistle to his lips as he looked inquiringly at the tall young man whose black overcoat fitted so perfectly, and whose crush black hat was set at an angle so jaunty as to be the despair of the masculine half of Broadway.

But Sturdevant shook his head. He wanted the cool November night air to blow upon him. So he started south on Park Avenue and at Fifty-ninth Street turned west. As he walked he fought against a limp, and conquered it. What a rotten-tempered cad he was! And how quickly he paid for any loss of self-control. He shrugged his wide shoulders. Few people had a physical barometer which told them of their own spiritual pressure. Perhaps he was fortunate in having this disability. It enabled him to gauge his own temper and control it.

But he shouldn't have needed anything but his own good taste to conquer temper where Trenna was concerned. Only—and he frowned—Trenna was a little fool. Still, all women in love were fools, as were all men. But Trenna was so swell; she rated someone so much better than Haworth. He grinned at his own conceit. So he was much better than Haworth, was he? The smile left his lips as he pondered this question. Certainly he was better than Haworth. Haworth was low. Haworth was the kind that kissed and told. Sometimes he told when he hadn't kissed. And he was one of those men who considered Broadway a hunting ground. He was one of those men who possessed two attitudes: one for people whom he considered his social equals and the other for those who were, he thought, his inferiors.

Nevertheless, Trenna wanted him. And, apparently, Trenna was going to achieve the impossible; she was going to marry Haworth. He shook his head soberly. Rotten business. No good could come of it. There could be no happy mating between a free spirit and a slave. And slave was what Haworth was. A slave to his money, to what he considered his position, and to those mean aspirations which are part of snobbery. Haworth would be brutal,

Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 9

after the first flush of a honeymoon, to a woman who had not brought him social advancement.

Dispassionately Sturdevant asked himself if his estimate of Haworth was colored by his own misery at Trenna's final rejection of himself. But he had felt this way about Haworth before he dreamed that Trenna intended marrying him. No, he was not unjust to Haworth.

His pace slackened as he passed the Plaza. Inasmuch as he intended deliberately to get drunk, why not start here? Then he increased his speed. That oblivion which intoxication might or might not bring must wait upon business. Saunders Soap wanted a "name" on their program. They had wanted Inez Johnson, the star of the revue at Merrygoround, that gay café on Broadway. Old Saunders, at seventy-five, considered himself a gay blade and the Merrygoround enjoyed his patronage several evenings a week. The old boy was by way of acquiring a crush for the pert blues singer of the café. With difficulty Sturdevant had talked him out of Inez Johnson and induced him to engage Trenna Plaice. But now that Trenna turned down the Saunders offer, it was up to Sturdevant to engage the Johnson girl. He'd listen to her tonight, come to a decision and then, when business was over, would proceed to imbibe as much liquor as he could hold.

As he strolled along, his limp gone now, he reviewed his conversation with Trenna, the extraordinary telephone call that had occurred just before his departure. What an amazing way modern young girls had. Imagine a girl, as well brought up, as Lisa Bellwood presumably had been, telephoning Trenna and saying what she had said. Imagine a so-called nice girl calling up a rival and warning her not to break her heart over a man with whom the alleged nice girl was in love. There had been a generation, a great many generations, in which young women coyly waited to be asked, shyly confessed their love. But now young girls no longer waited passively; they actively pursued. Oh, of course this generality didn't apply to all young girls, but certainly it fitted the young women of the smart fast set to which Lisa Bellwood belonged. A lovely thing, too.

Sturdevant had spent a week-end last August at the same house in Westbury. A hard young thing, despite her brunette loveliness, he had decided, but with a certain engaging frankness and honesty. Then he forgot about her as he entered the Merrygoround.

"Alone, Mr. Sturdevant?" A headwaiter greeted him with unctuous warmth. "Expecting anyone? A table next to the floor?"

Sturdevant shook his head.

"I've seen all the appendicitis scars I can stand. I'll concede that your chorus have the nicest scars I know, but if I sit back I get the feeling that I'm at a show, not at a clinic. And will you send word to Miss Johnson that I wish she'd join me, if she has no other engagement, after her songs? Tell her it's business."

"Certainly, Mr. Sturdevant," said the headwaiter.

HE GUIDED Sturdevant to a table and the latter ordered a highball. Disinterestedly he watched the chorus go through their evolutions, then leaned forward as Inez Johnson sang her first song. She was good, very good. And the patrons of Merrygoround thought better of her than that; they thought she was wonderful. Well, perhaps she was. Anyway, Saunders liked her, and that was a help. If she wasn't a great success on the air, Saunders could hardly blame Sturdevant for engaging her.

A bottle of champagne was nicely chilled when, after her final song, the audience reluctantly let her go, and the blues singer joined Sturdevant at his table.

"Ooh," she trilled, "champagne! Are we on a party, Mr. Sturdevant?"

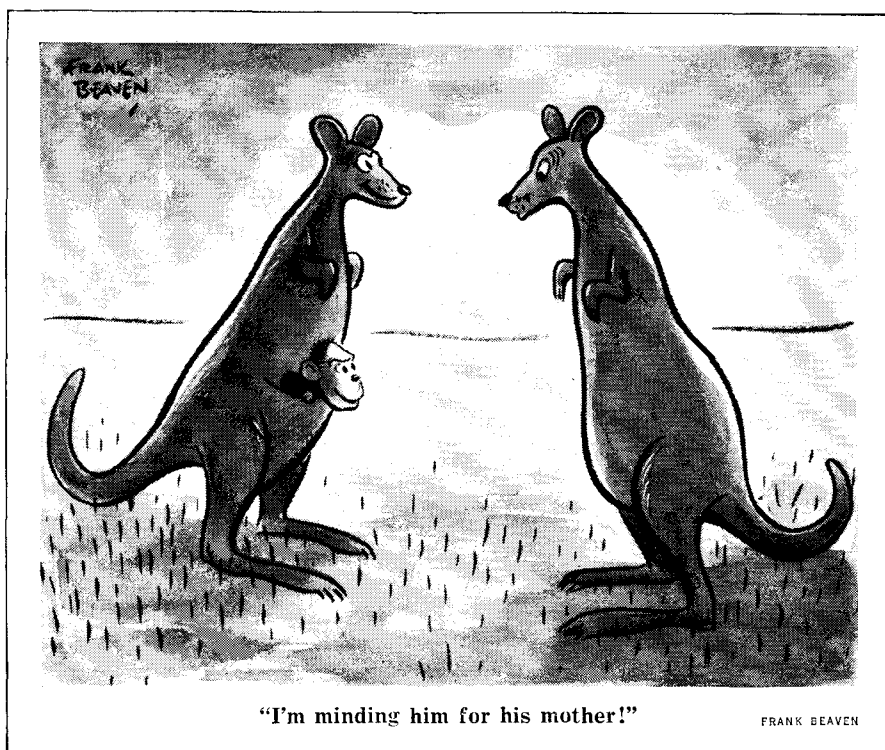
"I never kiss the hired help," grinned Sturdevant.

"Sometimes they're more attractive than the mistresses," laughed the girl. "So I'm hired, eh? By you?"

"Saunders Soap. On the big network. Seven to eight. Eastern Standard time, for thirteen Thursdays beginning Thanksgiving night. Three to six songs, with Dunton's orchestra. Fifteen hundred each week. Don't argue; say yes."

The girl's hazel eyes sparkled.

(Continued on page 32)



"I'm minding him for his mother!"

FRANK BEAVEN

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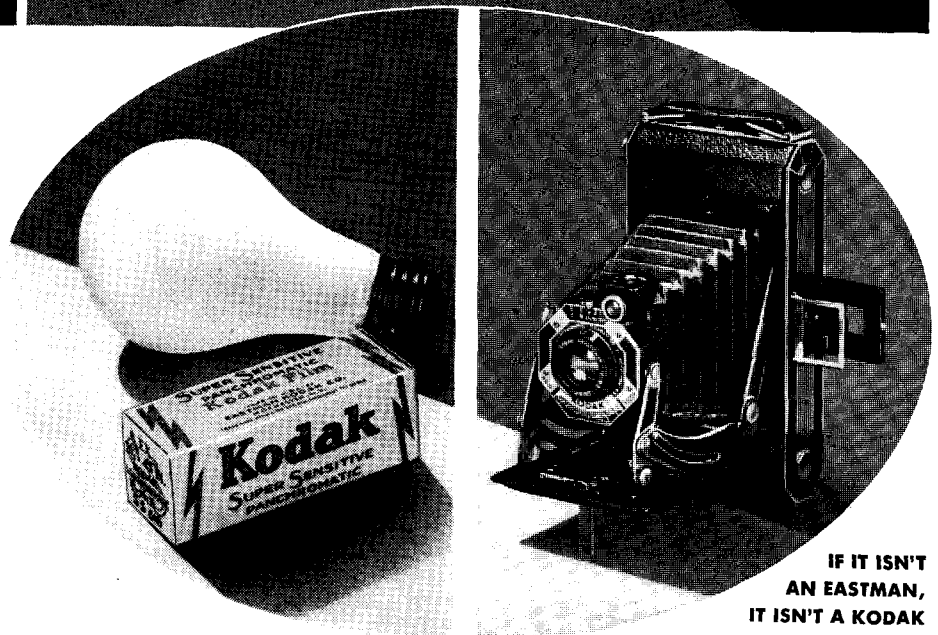
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FREE FOLDER... Complete instructions on indoor night photography. Photoflood snapshots... Photoflash pictures... all are covered in this free folder. At your Kodak dealer's—or write for your copy today. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.



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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 32

movements the more menacing, Sturdevant pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

"You prefer being carried out, do you? It'll be that unless you decide to walk," he said grimly. Oddly, the light of battle in his eyes softened his face exactly as the light of gayety did. Perhaps this was because battle and gayety were to him interchangeable terms.

Haworth moved forward. As his clenched hand raised, Sturdevant knocked him down.

"Holy cats," cried Inez, "you throw it just like Max Baer. Was that a sock!"

Unheeding, Sturdevant glared at his prostrate foe. As Haworth climbed shakily to his feet, Sturdevant stood poised. But Haworth put his hand to his bruised cheek.

"Don't fight with muckers," he muttered. As waiters rushed up, Haworth turned on his heel and staggered toward the table which he had left. As he reached the table and slumped into a chair, Lisa Bellwood arose. Sturdevant could see that she said something to the beaten man; then she came directly to the table where Sturdevant sat.

"Lo, Sim," she greeted him. "Mind shaking hands?" She smiled engagingly with her lips, although her hazel eyes blazed with rage. "I've been hoping someone would do that for a long, long time. May I join you?"

"Delighted, Lisa. You know Miss Johnson?"

"I love your singing," said Lisa to the actress. She sat down and drank the champagne which Sturdevant poured for her. Already excitement had subsided. Knock-down fights were not too infrequent in the Merrygoround, although seldom was a man of Haworth's wealth and spending capacity beaten. Waiters usually intervened before valued clients could get hurt, but this affair had happened too suddenly for prevention.

"HAVEN'T seen you since last summer, Sim," said Lisa. "Where do you keep yourself?"

"I'm a working man," smiled Sturdevant.

"Are all your business conferences as pleasant as this?" asked Lisa.

"Not all of them," Sturdevant admitted. "Not leaving us?"

"Have to rejoin my party," said the girl. "Just wanted you to know—and wanted Len to know—that I approved of what you did. He had it coming. And as he takes me home I'll tell him so plenty of times."

Sturdevant frowned.

"I wouldn't do that, Lisa," he advised. "Let him cool off."

"He's been cooled," she laughed. "I just wanted to congratulate you."

She turned and walked back to the table she had left, insolently indifferent to whispered comments in her wake. Inez Johnson looked after her wonderingly.

"I suppose that's class," she commented. "Me, if the man I was with got slapped down like that I'd be out in the ladies' dressing-room wiping away the tears of shame. You got to be hard to take it the way she did. She's in love with that gorilla. And she didn't even ask why he got socked. The tender debutantes are too tough for me."

"The mysteries of character are unsolvable," said Sturdevant with mock solemnity. "Maybe a little grape would help us to understanding."

The girl shook her head.

"Liquor never floated anything off a man's mind," she sagely stated. "And you got something on yours. You're not the kind to get cockeyed just for the fun of it. Why not lay off?"

"You were the one that wanted magnums," he reminded her.

"That was joking. Honestly, Mr. Sturdevant, I don't know what's on your chest, but didn't that little fracas with Haworth settle your nerves?"

"Maybe you're right," Sturdevant conceded. "We'll drink one more and call it a night."

AS HE filled their glasses he saw that the quartette of which Haworth and Lisa were members had left the table and was proceeding toward the exit.

"How do you suppose Haworth explained the brawl?" asked Inez. "Do you suppose Miss Bellwood knew that he was sore because I was out with you?"

"I wouldn't know," said Sturdevant indifferently.

"And what was that crack about Trenna Plaipe?" She looked at him curiously. "Broadway has it that you are carrying the torch for her. And I understand that Haworth, when he isn't trying to date me and isn't remembering Miss Bellwood, is rushing her pretty hard."

"Broadway imagines lots of things," said Sturdevant.

The girl nodded.

"True enough. I think I'll run along, if you don't mind. A singer, even one with pipes like mine, that are made of copper, has to take care of herself. Ask me out some other night, will you?"

"I'll surely do that. May I take you home?"

The girl looked at him with genuine amazement.

"But you don't kiss the hired help," she smiled.

"Maybe I don't want anyone else to kiss them," he retorted.

"You mean Haworth? He won't bother me tonight. He's gone off with the others. But that's an idea. He's no good. And yellow to boot. In front of two hundred people he took one on the chin and then remembered that his mamma didn't like him to fight. He's a baddie, and not just with the girls. He's just the kind to pay someone to trim you."

Sturdevant laughed.

"He wouldn't do that."

"What makes you think he wouldn't? It's the very thing he would do. I think I'd better take you home."

"My bodyguard," he chuckled. "You'd do better as a watch-fob."

The girl giggled.

"I'm little, but my heart is big. What do you do when the hired help kiss you?"

"I run," grinned Sturdevant.

"Some day I'll try to find out how fast," she threatened. "I won't let you take me home, but you're a swell guy to think of it. One of the girls in the show lives with me and we go home together. See you tomorrow afternoon. Thanks and three cheers."

Amusedly Sturdevant watched her as she crossed the dance floor, waved a gay hand to the orchestra leader, and disappeared in the direction of the dressing-room. A nice kid, even if she hadn't been to Sunday school since her hair was in braids.

Longingly he eyed the half-filled bottle of champagne. Then he shrugged. Why add a headache to a heartache? Inez was right. He signaled his waiter,

paid his check, and walked out of the restaurant. The November night was crisp, with a hint of an early snowfall in the air. He decided to walk home, to fill his lungs with the fresh, cool breezes.

He wasn't limping, he noticed with elation. The doctors had promised him that in time—they never said when—that queer result of a fractured skull would cease to exist. Well, he'd been through excitement at the Merrygoround. A few hours previously, emotional excitement had brought back the limp. Could he, somehow, have been finally cured in such a short space of time? He prayed so.

His mind drifted away from thoughts of self to thoughts of Trenna. Tomorrow, unless something happened, she would marry Haworth. And on the night before his wedding, Haworth not merely took Lisa Bellwood out to supper, but started a scene because a third girl was sitting at a table with another man. Baddie, Inez called him. He certainly was all that. He felt a temptation to call up Trenna and tell her of the evening's incidents. Then he shrugged. He would only appear a poor specimen in Trenna's eyes, telling tales on the man she loved.

He went to his apartment on Gramercy Park, looked tentatively at a bottle and glass and thermos of ice which his man had left for him, shrugged his wide shoulders and entered his bedroom. He adjusted a reading light, climbed into bed, and read himself to sleep.

THE light was still burning when the jangling of the telephone bell awakened him. Sleepily he reached out and lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello," he said thickly, "who's this?"

"Who else but your old pal, Reed Ryan? And how is the amateur light heavyweight champion this starry morning?"

"Did you call up to inquire about my health?" demanded Sturdevant angrily.

"Partly for the delight of hearing your dulcet voice, but more because the Crier would have information from you."

"What information does the Crier want from me?" asked Sturdevant. "And why the devil can't it wait until dawn at least?"

"Murder never can wait," said Reed.

"Murder?" gasped Sturdevant. "Who's been murdered?"

"You couldn't possibly guess, could you?" asked Reed.

"Certainly not. What makes you think I could?"

"You hit him on the chin about four hours ago," said Reed.

"Haworth?" Sturdevant cried. "Who killed him?"

"You're sure you didn't?" asked the reporter.

"Don't be stupid," said Sturdevant. "I'm no more stupid than the police. They're on their way to see you, boy. I thought you'd want to know. A good newspaper-man is sometimes a good friend to have. So you didn't bump him off?"

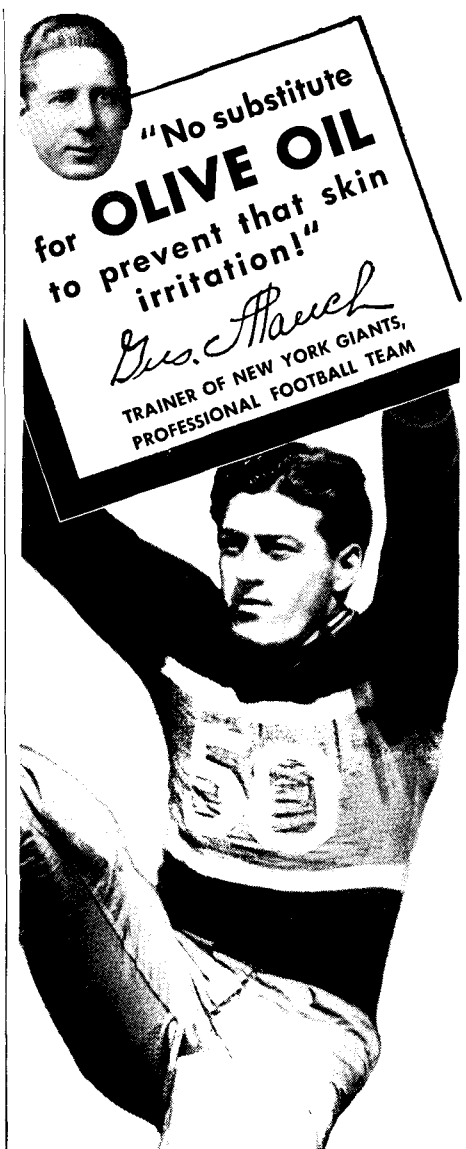
"Don't be an ass. Of course I didn't," replied Sturdevant.

"Then it must have been one of the lovely ladies," said Reed.

"What lovely ladies?" demanded Sturdevant.

"Lisa Bellwood or Trenna Plaipe. You pays your money and you takes your choice."

(To be continued next week)



NO AFTER-SHAVE STING OR BURN

with Palmolive... the Shave Cream made with olive oil

FOOTBALL players take it on the skin—plenty! But Gus Mauch, trainer of the New York football Giants, knows how to fix that! For he, like thousands of barbers, trainers and skin specialists, knows that olive oil is the finest thing there is for soothing a chafed irritated skin!

That's why olive oil, in just the right amount, goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream—to keep your face fresh and smooth, free from after-shave irritation!

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather (one inch of cream fluffs up into a full quart of lather!). This lather stands up for a full ten minutes—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, easier shave! Get a tube—today!

LARGE SIZE TUBE

ONLY 25¢



FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢

“and the truth

*Humanity has never gone forward in its conquest
of disease, save in the light of truth*

IN the beginning man suffered, and was afraid. He cried for help to the witch doctor. So Medicine was born—in magic and mystery. Slowly it tore away the veils of superstition. Slowly it found the truth—the truth that helps to free mankind from disease.

They say the age of magic is past. Yet many men believe they can free themselves from disease by charms and “cure-alls.” And there

are those who use false claims for the medicinal products they make, to profit by such belief.

We hold these things to be true: no man, nor any company of men, has the right to claim, for any medicinal product, a virtue which it does not possess; to create, in the minds of human beings who seek release from suffering, a hope that is built upon such claims.

shall make you free”

To every man, or company of men, who holds the trust of making medicinal products to safeguard health and well-being, there has been given a responsibility—to maintain the highest standards of quality, the surest controls for safety that modern science makes possible.

Those who hold such a trust can fulfill it

in only one way: by producing the finest medicinal products that can be made—and by providing them at the lowest possible price.

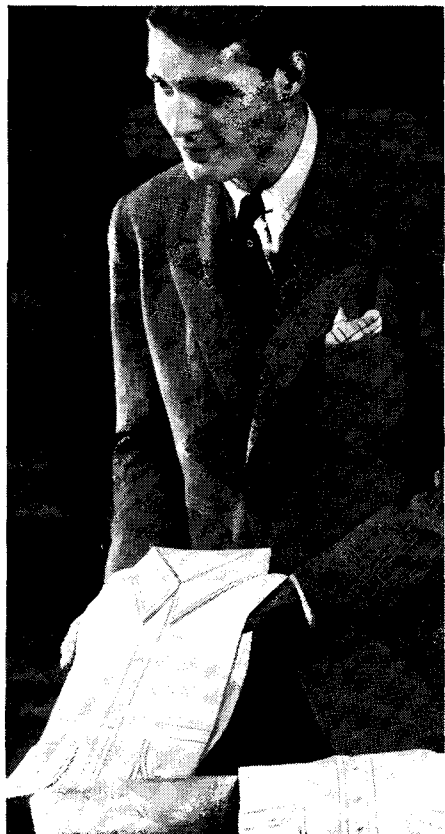
The House of Squibb is dedicated to these principles. We shall fulfill our trust to human beings with devotion to truth, so that the name of Squibb shall always be “a name you can trust.”

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

Manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

"No, indeed... it can't shrink



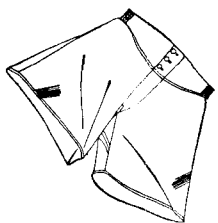
it's a LORD PEPPERELL Broadcloth Shirt"

[SANFORIZED SHRUNK]

And that isn't half of the story. The lustrous broadcloth is a superfine quality woven by Pepperell . . . the tailoring is beautifully done. Excellent colors to suit your taste . . . blue, gray, tan, green, or white (neckband model in white) . . . and the style is the sort that makes the well-dressed man well-dressed. Prices (incidentally) are a most attractive feature. Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 160 State Street, Boston, Mass.

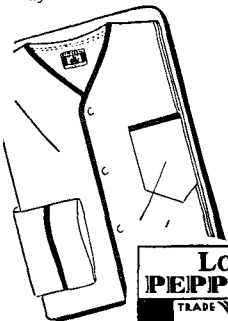
SHORTS, TOO!

This same excellent broadcloth makes up into swell shorts. More and more men are saying: "Lord Pepperell Shorts, please," because they are so-o-o comfortable. And (being Sanforized) they stay that way.



and PAJAMAS!

Handsomely cut and carefully tailored for perfect fit and restful sleep. You'll like these Lord Pepperell pajamas in several styles—and they'll last you many, many happy nights.



SHIRTS

SHORTS

PAJAMAS

Votes for Victuals

Continued from page 11

is probably just as well that drought had burned up the money crops of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and the Dakotas. The corn would have withered in the field anyway, he said, for the want of harvesters. A police chief told me that nowhere in the West were they picking up vagrants as of yore.

"We ain't even picking up the ones who look suspicious," he said. "The most we could do with the majority of them would be to ask them a lot of questions and then turn them loose after feeding them, keeping them overnight and then giving them their breakfast. And we'd have to have a jail ten times the size. Besides, the states and the counties are broke and they've cut down our appropriations. Some of the cops haven't been paid for six months. That ain't so bad, though. Any cop worth his salt can get by in times like this. In ordinary times you'd raise hell with a cop who grafts off the butcher or the landlord or the grocer, but what are you going to do in times like this?"

A New Graft

"About vagrants? Well, maybe they ain't vagrants—just men and women and boys on the loose. Nothing to do back home, so they just start out for nowhere in particular. We direct them all to the government offices. The government takes care of them. Or the state does with government money. Listen, we had a riot at the government relief station a couple of weeks ago and we arrested nineteen. Turned all but two loose in the morning, but the point is that of the nineteen only four were from this part of the country. They came from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit and places like that. Oh, sure, the government fed them and gave them clothes but they were rioting because they wanted dough. The two we didn't turn loose were telling them the government owed them dough and not to quit until the government came across. Somebody put up twenty-five dollars cash bail for them and they took it on the lam. They won't be back."

In Oklahoma we found the inevitable racketeer flourishing in what, to us, was an entirely new graft. His base of operations was a filling station. If you are equipped with the normal amount of curiosity, you'll be bound, before you've gone far poking about like this, to wonder where this ceaseless caravan of relief-seeking wanderers gets its gasoline money. Here and there, of course, the government supplies orders for a tankful, the principal objective of the relief directors being to keep the parade moving.

Two or three years ago it was the policy of the railroads to pay no attention to rod riders and freight jumpers, the government requesting that this be one of the privileges of the unemployed: Keep moving.

But there just weren't enough freight trains, and inasmuch as the government has taken over so many private functions, the railroads have elected to let it pay the transportation of the current crusades. At any rate, the motor cars get gas and the procession fills the roads. As for this Oklahoma racket, the operator holds forth, as we've said, at filling stations. Among the first things the transient unemployed will ask for is the address of the nearest government relief. Or the practiced eye of the racketeer will spot them, making so few errors that his record is practically perfect.

"Government relief in the next town, folks," he says, "but an awfully tough egg's in charge. How are you fixed?"

The answer is not always accurate. But if anybody in the car should admit that he didn't need anything or that a handout of some sort would not be appreciated, everyone within hearing would probably drop dead.

"Well," says the racketeer, "I'll tell you. There's six of you. Let's see—got three dollars, fifty cents a head? Okay. Got two and a half? Hell, you are traveling thin, ain't you? Tell you what—got two bucks? Okay—two. This relief guy in the next town's a tough baby and he ain't handing out a thing to transients, see. But if you want to put up in my barn a mile up the road, I'll see what I can do. I kinda fool around with politics, y'see?"

We didn't investigate the man—didn't have time. Anyway, the country is full of government investigators looking into such things, trying to link up local politicians with a tremendous variety of political rackets involving government funds. They discovered, for example, that Bill Langer, as governor of North Dakota, had been levying assessments upon Federal Emergency Relief employees and found, too, that North Dakota wasn't inclined as a whole to regard that as a vicious crime. They were wandering over Minnesota, Missouri, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Colorado and the rest of the western states. They maintained an owl's silence for the most part, those we talked to bidding us to "wait until after election" if we wanted to hear something good.

But what we did hear and see convinced us that the patriotism of the ten thousand and one office-seekers is not so profound that they are above making relief headquarters their own. The great majority of these aspirants are not asking for food and shelter of course; just votes. But in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri, Colorado, Nevada, Idaho and California you are informed that some of the candidates for minor local office are themselves on relief and are making political capital of the dreary fact. "Meet me in the bread line," shouts one. "That's where I live." And another: "A vote for me is a vote for Roosevelt and bigger relief. The government's supporting me and my family. Support the government."

Platform Promises

However, there seems to be no present indication that any of these impoverished gentlemen are destined for high elective office. All the prominent candidates I saw were palpably well-conditioned, riding in smooth motor cars, quartered in modern office buildings, and quite well padded with campaign funds. And they were all in more or less constant communication with relief headquarters, spending whole afternoons adding names of possible supporters to the already endless list of relief recipients.

Their pleasant offices are forever besieged by applicants for relief. In Los Angeles we sat in the office of a candidate who was in the throes of assuring a prospective constituent that the first thing he would do when elected would be to demand of Congress a complete reorganization of all relief agencies. It seems that his caller had refused a job of lawn-mowing and handy man and had, therefore, been cut off the relief rolls. The squabble was quite complicated, but the relief administrator had stricken his name off, adding in-

sult to injury by calling him a bum.

"Just because a friend of mine," explained the candidate, "declines to become a slave—is that any reason why he should be refused food and clothing in this land of plenty? No. This good man has a wife and two children. Can he support them on the niggardly wage of lawn-mowing? He cannot. What right, therefore, has a government relief agency, living as it does on the fat of the land, to sentence this free-born citizen to starve?"

It's No Secret

"How much was he going to get for being handy and mowing lawns?" we asked.

"I don't know and I don't care," said the candidate. "We have no right to inquire into a man's private affairs, and I for one never will."

We soon learned again that a relief administrator's life is not a happy one. He or she may be morally above reproach. It may be the aim of the local administrator's life to be rigidly honest, rigorously fair and to treat the underserving with nothing but relentless and high-minded scorn. But more than half his working hours are frequently absorbed by politicians seeking relief for the ineligible, additional relief for this constituent and that handy man. The administrator is seldom a person of independent means and his job is his job—something to hang onto in days like these. Therefore, he may not incur the displeasure of the powerful, particularly if he is the political creation of the powerful. Thus, frequently one finds long lines of relief seekers, standing for hours in the streets and thronging the outer offices, while officeholders and seekers after offices crowd the administrator's room making demands, upon the success of which depend their chances in the approaching elections.

This state of affairs is not, of course, peculiar to the federal relief offices alone. The situation is fearfully complicated. Here, for example, is the office of the FERA. A block or two beyond you see the headquarters of city or state relief, both of which are doling out federal moneys—loans to the states from the federal treasury and only loosely supervised by Washington. On the FERA relief rolls there are upwards of 10,000,000 beneficiaries of one sort or another. Just how many more are obtaining relief—food, clothing, rent and money for such sundries as medicine and household furnishings—from local agencies we don't know. Politically speaking, this is no time for the investigators to make public their reports, but you may take the word of one quite prominent candidate for governor (he swore us to secrecy, saying that his chances of election wouldn't be worth a last year's banana if we were to identify him) that thousands are receiving relief from both federal and state agencies. And it's no secret.

Of course, to receive relief from both sources you would do better to be on the side of the political machine or power which controls the state or city funds. It is not unlikely that to accuse any of these political almoners of using public moneys to finance their personal campaigns would outrage them to the extent of physical violence; but it is nevertheless true. And the investigators from Mr. Ickes' Department of the Interior, from Mr. Hopkins' relief bureau and from various other branches of the government have bales

(Continued on page 38)

"This newly discovered Yeast is much *quicker-acting* ... it's amazing Doctors!"

states DR. R. E. LEE, Director of Fleischmann Health Research. It corrects constipation, stomach and skin troubles far faster. (Rich in hormone-like* substances)

DR. LEE, noted authority on Yeast for Health, is in constant touch with famous scientists all over the medical world.

"Never before such results from Yeast!" report 25 Great Clinics...

IN 25 famous clinics, "XR" Yeast was tested on hundreds of patients. "Constipation, indigestion, skin troubles corrected twice as fast," doctors reported. "It is astonishing!"

Secret of new yeast's quicker action is its hormone-like* substances which make digestive juices (see chart) flow fast and strengthen muscular action of the digestive tract, correcting chief cause of constipation, indigestion, etc.



DR. ROBERT LATZEL, the noted clinic head, reports: "'XR' Yeast twice as quick-acting, due to amazing effect on digestive juices and muscles—by my own tests."

NEW, STRONGER "STRAIN" of fresh Yeast, discovered in great U. S. medical college, speeds flow of digestive juices, strengthens the digestive muscles astonishingly

JUST announced, yet already the news has cheered millions . . . has amazed doctors everywhere!

Hundreds of questions have been asked. Dr. Lee answers some of them:—

1. Just how is this new yeast different from former yeast?

It's a totally new type of fresh yeast—an entirely new "strain." Far stronger. It acts *much faster* inside your body!

2. How was it Discovered?

By a famous bacteriologist in a great American medical college. He had been studying yeast's action for years!

"THIS NEW YEAST is quicker," writes Barbara Evans, Ridley Park, Pa. "Some time ago I was 'run-down' and Yeast helped me a lot. Lately I again lost my pep—tried the new, 'XR' Yeast. I felt better within two days."



3. How was it "Tried Out"?

By well-known doctors throughout America and Europe . . . on hundreds of their most stubborn cases of constipation, indigestion, skin troubles. Results were the "talk" of the clinics!

4. How do Doctors explain it?

As doctors now know, the reason most people get constipated, have stomach troubles and related ills is—their digestive juices and muscles have *slowed up*!

*This new "XR" Yeast (that's the scientists' name for it) is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators") which speed

up these juices and muscles all through your digestive system *amazingly*!

5. Why does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?

Because it makes your digestive juices flow faster and muscles work harder *all the way from the stomach on down!* Food is more quickly softened, digested, passed along and out of your body. You soon can eat things you haven't been able to eat before—without experiencing that "stuffed" feeling, indigestion or constipation.

Isn't that better than harsh cathartics? "XR" Yeast actually "normalizes" you.

6. Does the Skin clear quicker?

Yes! Skin troubles (usually) come from poisons that aren't thrown off by the intestines. "XR" Yeast corrects this self-poisoning—makes your blood purer—skin healthier. Pimples, boils, etc., soon clear up.

7. Will "Run-down" feeling go?

Usually! Patients often feel better almost at once! You should start immediately to get more "good" from your food—have fewer headaches—better appetite—much more vigor.

After 40, especially, people need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing of digestive secretions occurring rapidly after that age. It also helps often in rheumatism.

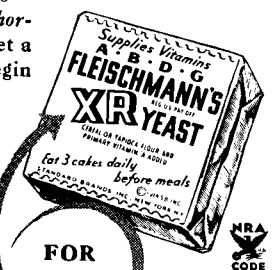
8. Will it help reduce Colds?

Yes—by "cleansing" your system and supplying newly-added Vitamin A, the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is also rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . four important vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY:—

... plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Keep on after you've begun to get quick results—until you feel *thoroughly* well. Get a supply—and begin right now!

(As good as ever for baking, too!)



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS AND SODA FOUNTAINS

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

Your Boy Needs LIVING PROTECTION



Another Candle . . . another wish and your boy will be a man before you realize it. But it takes serious planning to make wishes come true.

Is the new family budget going to stand the strain of his college education?

Why not split those four heavy years into months and start now? That's easier. That's a surer way to raise the money. Say to yourself, "My boy shall have *Living Protection* to assure his education and his living future. He's worth it." Thousands of parents are doing this for their children.

INVESTORS SYNDICATE LIVING PROTECTION

Founded 1894

Offices in 51 principal cities — Representatives throughout United States and Canada. Affiliated Companies: Investors Syndicate Title & Guaranty Company, New York — Investors Syndicate, Ltd., Montreal

COUPON

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C410, Minneapolis, Minnesota, or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in a plan whereby I may regularly lay aside a small part of my income for a specific purpose.

Name
Address

Votes for Victuals

Continued from page 36

of testimony and evidence, and here and there proof.

"There isn't a candidate for office," said this yearner for the governorship, "who dares to tell the truth about the relief situation. Because a job's a job and lawyers, bankers, teachers and even clergymen are as eager to grab jobs today as any mechanic or clerk, no one is willing to protest against the political manipulation of relief funds. If you're looking for office today you center your attention and your thoughts, to say nothing of your campaign oratory, on relief. And the only feature of relief you need worry about is more relief. It's not a question today of the best man winning. The votes are going to him or her who has quickest access to relief moneys and who is willing to complete the bankruptcies of cities and states and contribute to the possible bankruptcy of the federal government. It is a much more serious situation than England's with her dole because it's much bigger."

Poverty on the Move

The farther we wandered the more corroboration of his doleful words seeped into our ears. A few examples ought to suffice. For instance, here came a woman declaring that the relief her family had been getting would have to be doubled for six weeks—a little more than doubled, in fact. The federal relief administrator assured her that this would be impossible but that he yearned to know why anyway.

"Well, yesterday," said she, "my brother and his wife and their three children came to visit us. We haven't seen them for four years. They came out from East St. Louis."

"How did they get here?"

"They drove out," she said. "They have been on relief there for six months and being that work's slow, with no signs of picking up till fall, they decided to come out for a vacation. So I got to have double orders from now on till they go back and my brother's wife needs shoes and the children soon will."

It just happened that the lady's family represented six votes, but the federal administrator, not being a candidate, remained firm. She left him in a hot dudgeon, warning him that he needn't dismiss the matter from his mind. Within an hour, two candidates had called him up, roundly denouncing him for his inhumanity. Being a bit stubborn, he refused to argue. But the matter was straightened out nicely before the day was done; the lady was put on the books of the state relief agency, from which she is now drawing enough to provide for her guests while her own family is being taken care of by the federal government. Both candidates, seeking the six votes her household represents, claimed credit for the noble achievement. The least they expect is three votes each.

This Administration, long to be celebrated for its daring and precedent-shattering experiments, has undertaken nothing more defiant than a census of the roving unemployed—not simply an enumeration but a searching inquiry, with names, numbers, reasons and similar intimacies. Nevertheless, it is attempting to do it. And to make the job all the harder, the numbers are increasing. They naturally would in the open season of summer and fall. But as it is, no one seems to have much of an idea how numerous the endless procession may be. They camp in the open fields, in the woods, beside dry creek beds, on the outskirts of towns.

Here you meet a family of six in western Missouri, who came all the way from Maryland in a wreck of a car that is actually bound together with wire and rope. The radiator steams like a locomotive. The two rear springs are broken. There are only two fenders, fortunately, for the riders, both on the front. The top has been patched in ten or twelve places and the patches are seldom alike. There were the father and mother and four children. One kid was less than a year old. Another was less than two years. The other children were about ten or twelve. They all looked reasonably healthy, perhaps because they were so tanned. But they were woefully thin.

"The babies ain't never slept in a regular bed in a house," said the father. "Both were born in the open. The little fellow there, he was born in a woods. We didn't have no doctor. The other—she's a girl—was born at a bus station. I ain't had no work—no regular work, except a job on the road now and then—for three years almost. But we don't do so bad. Everybody's pretty kind. A government doctor says my wife ought to have an operation, but we ain't starving by a long shot. My wife's getting kinda tired of hitting the road. The older kids, they kinda like it, but my wife says they ought to be in school. We got a joke, too. My wife was saying suppose one of the boys grew up to be President one day and wouldn't he have something to work on then. Hot, ain't it?"

All this, of course, is of very little value if you seek the answer to what to do about it. And the answer is all the more elusive when you get down into the mazes of local relief agencies—state and city. In these offices more than in the federal you behold the unsavory results of political manipulation. Most of the state bureaus are so heavily populated with political appointees that there is scarcely room for the relief applicant to move about. And if you're merely a seeker after information you are completely out of luck. Here you see relief dispensing in its most inefficient form. In Illinois, for example, (and Illinois is considered by Washington to be one of the most efficient state organizations) the state relief personnel has grown to the absurd figure of 9,000. At least 3,000 of these job holders have jammed themselves onto the pay roll for no better reason than that they have sufficient political influence. And these 9,000 employees receive aggregate salaries of \$642,000 a month.

Relief and More Relief

Since March, 1933, the total number of families on state relief in Illinois has decreased by 46,000. Yet the number of employees has more than doubled. In Illinois the government contributed one dollar to every three appropriated by the state. The state gets the money through special bond issues, a common procedure. But Illinois, like the other states, has just about reached the limit of its borrowing capacity and the local politicians, as elsewhere, are assuring the taxpayers that there must be no further bond issues. In other words, the entire burden must, in the future, be borne by Washington.

Here and there, in widely scattered precincts, you may see the battle lost or won on the straightforward and uncomplicated issue of the New Deal. Personally, we did not run into any such pleasant scenes, although we may not be accused of having failed to look for such

gratifying contests. You will be told, after election, that this champion of the New Deal met defeat because his public had sickened of Roosevelt policies. You will be told that that opponent of the New Deal was horribly beaten because he dared call the New Deal wasteful of the people's money and liberties.

Accept none of such reviewing until you have looked into the matter yourself. It's likely you'll find that the victor talked louder, in more honeyed phrases and more convincingly, of relief—more and more relief. Your business man may weep when he thinks of the day of reckoning, of the time when he must pay for it in taxes, but the unemployed, the drought-withered farmer and all the rest of the relieved are perfectly willing to let the business man do the worrying about tomorrow. Relief is the watchword—and damned be he who first cries, "Hold, enough!"

And another thing you mustn't forget in this doleful situation: Only seven of the forty-eight states paid into the United States Treasury during the past twelve months as much or more than they have received from the government in relief funds, gifts and loans. They are: New York, Illinois, Rhode Island, Delaware, Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia. While Washington was doling out \$3,500,000,000 in one form or another to the forty-eight states, it received in taxes from them about \$2,650,000,000. And this three and a half billion does not include loans to states, counties and cities for public improvements and the like.

Upton Sinclair's Views

In the West—the Rocky Mountain region where we did so much rambling, in New Mexico, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and Wyoming—the government is spending in relief very nearly ten times the amount of federal taxes paid by those states. So you needn't waste your time wondering why candidates do not conjure up other political issues.

"The citizens of the state of Nevada," said one of Carson City's most vociferous politicians, "cannot and will not be saddled with the expense of the relief of our unemployed. Our unemployed must be cared for, of course, but it is the federal government's job, not ours. We are not a rich state."

In California—particularly Southern California—the relief situation is made the more acute by the lamentable condition the "retireds" find themselves in. A huge portion of Southern Cali-

fornia's population consists of elderly people who have retired to that gentle climate on what in ordinary circumstances would be a sufficient income to carry them through the rest of their days. The stock market collapse left them with but a fraction of their capital. And now that's gone.

The only man I met in California who had any idea what might be done for these economic refugees was Upton Sinclair. And somehow his theory failed to give you the impression of permanency. Mr. Sinclair says that if he is elected governor he will pay off the unemployed with scrip, which will have purchasing value in California, where virtually everything the unemployed may require—even work—will be manufactured or grown. Moreover, he proposes to pension all persons of sixty years or more, giving each of these fifty dollars a month.

"Which will mean a tremendous migration to California," we said.

"Of course," said Mr. Sinclair. "But the federal government will have to take care of them. We shall take care of our own."

Which puts us right back where we were, you see. Perhaps it was a Seattle politician who led us nearer to the truth than we had been before.

"Of course," said he, "we have to grant that there's not much we can do about the drought except make the best of it. The victims of that visitation must be taken care of without question. Similarly, the unemployed whose misfortunes were not caused by the drought must be fed and housed. There's no avoiding any of this responsibility. Moreover, we shall have to keep right on supporting the unfortunate until better days arrive. The thing we have to think about is not who is to get relief, but who is going to pay the bill."

"We've heard something about that," we said. "Who?"

"Easy," he said. "The industrialists, most of it. Their employees the rest. Taxes, you know."

"And if they can't take it?" we suggested.

"Then we'll have to think up some other scheme of things. Or wipe off the slate and start all over again—clean."

"Would that mean a new system of government?"

"Well," he concluded, "isn't that the substance of the Roosevelt philosophy?"

Whereat I returned to my hotel to try to make sense of all the things I had heard. And on the way I ran smack into a beautiful riot in front of relief headquarters.



"Stick me and see if I'm awake. I think I just speared a ten-spot!"

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WALK-OVER SHOES

The Boy who Sold Himself

Continued from page 15

gets first national ranking. My old college on top of the world. This is a great team, Brandt, and it's built around you. Bring them through against Army; this is the day I've been waiting for. We're going to be kingpins."

Brandt looked at him a long moment. Then he patted him reassuringly on the arm.

"Anything you say, governor. We're off—hold on to your hat."

WHEN they piled out in the sunny stadium Brandt trotted along upright while the others hit the turf in somersaults and tumbles to loosen them up. Time enough to give that shoulder a workout when the going got tough.

They spread out in kickoff formation while the stands roared a spontaneous hybrid cheer and the band leader raced through the last few bars of a march.

Daley, Army's star back, took the kickoff, tucked it under his arm and came steaming up the field behind a perfect screen of interference.

He had reached midfield before the stands realized he was getting away. After that it was merely a wildly cheering mass of cadets and a stunned throng in the east stands that saw him whirl down that field. A touchdown on the first play of the game! Against Price! Against a team that sold every yard so dearly!

The big Army team fought down the desperate charge of the Price forwards and converted the point after touchdown. Seven to nothing.

Brandt rubbed his shoulder. On the very first play he had felt a sharp stinging shock that had now settled into a dull, leaden throbbing.

Another kickoff. Another surge of lines. Army fighting to push over another score. Price in desperate fear of the stands.

Whistle!

Renewed bursts from the crowd. Two teams coming up to position around the ball that the referee stood astride like Tarzan with his foot on a dead gorilla's chest. The white shirted Tarzan waved toward the Price goal, blew his whistle, and got out of the way. He was wise.

Daley slashing through tackle. Daley ripping off long gains, running Price ragged. Brandt backing up his line and trying to fight through interference that smothered him like a blanket, the pain in his shattered shoulder deepening so that he was in agony when he tried to raise his left arm.

"Dead on their feet," snapped Rod Kingsley, and gave a yank to the brim of his hat. "Throwing the game away like a bunch of old women. Why the hell doesn't Brandt get loose—?"

"Give me a cigarette," said the slim girl in the immense fur coat at his side. "And don't make so much noise, darling. You'll have apoplexy."

ANOTHER Army touchdown a matter of minutes. Daley coming through to lead the attack on diabolically fast, clicking plays. Harrigan starting to swear.

"Daley," Tony Mazzotti, squat, belligerent tackle, muttered, tightening his wrist strap. His voice was flat and deadly. Brandt heard him and was suddenly ashamed. He didn't know just why.

Daley came through the center of the line and Brandt, coming up fast, saw his face suddenly twist agonizedly. Mazzotti had hit him on one side and Harrigan on the other. Daley didn't have a chance—something more than calculated drive and timed side-splitting force had hit him—something that once lived in the arena at Rome, the palace of the Borgias, the tents of Attila.

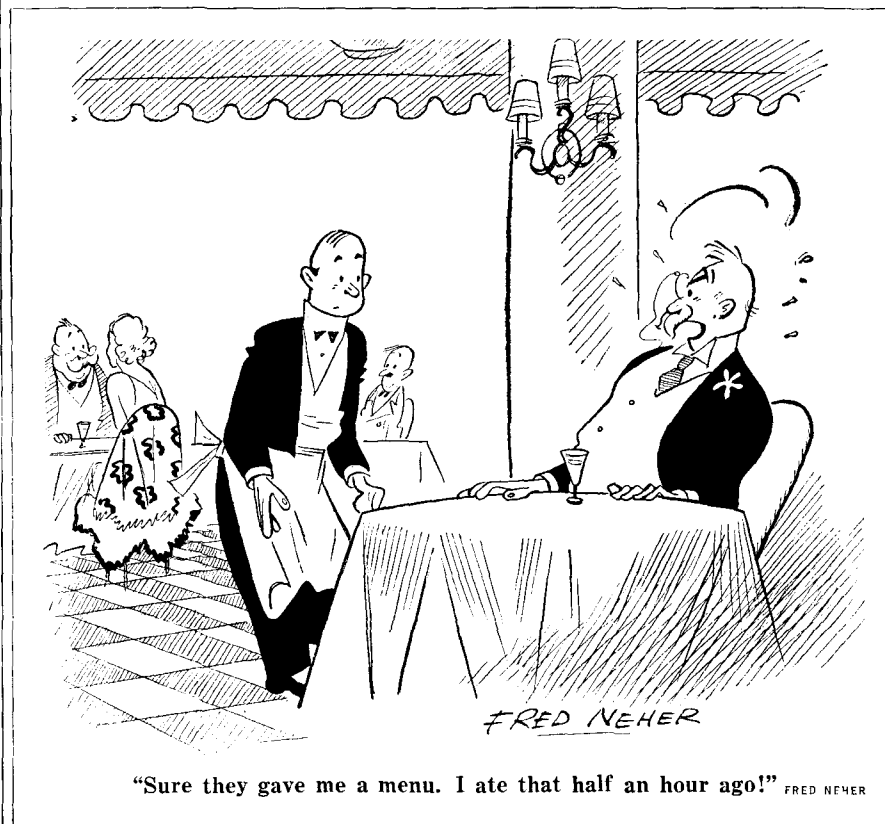
They carried him off the field. It was the turning point.

"Let's shove," yelled Morgan.

Twisting, sprawling, charging, battering. Price shoved! Everything brain and muscle had. Frantic stands, people coming to their feet in a grand unison of thousands, a symphony of excitement from countless throats. The roar of the crowd!

Harrigan knocked out. Taken off the field. LeGendre coming in to take his place. Poor devil—making his appearance in the midst of a Price drive!

(Continued on page 42)



"Sure they gave me a menu. I ate that half an hour ago!" FRED NEHER



OPEN: One quick sweep of the slider downward . . . all the way to the bottom of the jacket . . . and the fastener separates.



CLOSED: Just bring the two sides of the garment together, insert the pin into the slider, and gently pull up on the slider.

Watching . . . Playing

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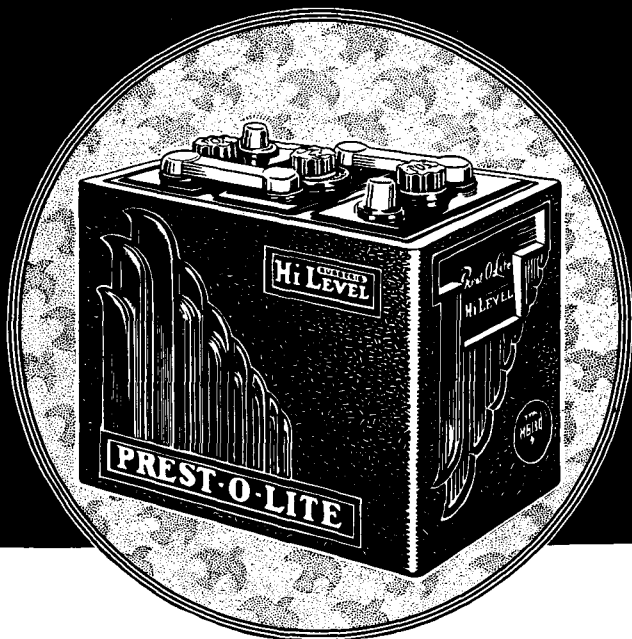
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BATTERIES



The Boy who Sold Himself

Continued from page 40

Morgan dropped down beside Brandt. "Hutch, can you stick number 27?" Brandt's face was white and his forehead beaded with cold perspiration. The pain of his shoulder nauseated him—he felt actually dizzy.

"Yeah," he said.

Morgan was surveying the Army team that was lining up.

"O. K. Here goes."

27! Good heavens! Speed, speed, speed.

One-two-three-four—hip!

TRUMBULL had the ball. Brandt raced ahead of him almost blindly, swung wide, took a lateral pass over his shoulder, and cut in sharply. Speed, speed, speed. Speed and precision! The gods of football riding on the back of a racing boy with twisted, unnatural expression. Like a bolt he tore down the middle alley while his mates swept aside an Army defense that had been drawn out of position.

He swung free and screaming thousands applauded his flying feet. A blur enveloped him—like rushing headlong into a tunnel—the figure of the Army safety man rushing for him—last man—the great Daley out of the game—for God's sake, Brandt, this is Price's chance.

He knew what he had to do. Rivet a straight-arm to the tackler's chin. He tried it and his shoulder released ten thousand stabbing devils that had bet on Army. His mind worked quickly—he bent nearly double sideways—his hips swerving out and his left shoulder low—his feet still pounding.

His arm was grabbed, he pulled away in desperation, spun nearly around. His shoulder nearly came off with the terrific effort to break free. He was stopped—no, he wasn't—he wrenched free and, scarcely knowing where he ran, sprinted on, hit from behind on the two-yard line, but lunging ahead, flinging himself over the goal line, to turn completely over on his neck.

"Touchdown!" Somebody was hugging him.

"Heavenly days, let go of me, Rod," Nancy said weakly. "Go hug a boa constrictor."

"Now they're working," her father said jubilantly. "Brandt isn't fooling around any more—oh, Lord, they missed the try for point. Seven to six."

"It strikes me," Nancy commented, "that you want an awful lot for your money."

THE strains of the tremendous Price band came to their ears down in the dressing-room between halves. Bill Trumbull, water dripping off his chin and his hair a drenched mass, strolled over to Brandt as he lay on the trainer's table.

"We'll get 'em this half. They've shot their wad. Tough game, huh?"

"Yes," said Brandt leisurely. "Damn' tough."

Trumbull laughed.

"We should worry. Your punting saved us a couple of times and you'll pull us through yet."

Brandt closed his eyes and thought of a slim, auburn-haired girl who had a cool, mocking humor and a lovely laugh. He could almost hear her say: "A few more touchdowns and Rod will probably change your name to Kingsley."

"Let's go!" yelled Wilmer. "Everybody out."

Brandt was the last man out on the field, but the cheers were still swelling in volume.

"Daley isn't in there," Mazzotti said with satisfaction. "They won't let him come back. Afraid he'll aggravate his injury. Tough, isn't it?—oh, yeah, mighty tough."

Mazzotti! Brandt and he both going through college on Rod Kingsley's money. Earning their way through college—that was a laugh. But he really thought it was tough about Daley. The Army team was a bunch of good eggs. They played hard, but kept their mouths shut and took the breaks as they came.

Again the kickoff. Again crashing a rushing, close-knit flying wedge. Impact—crash—fall. The stands drumming impatiently with their feet while Tony Mazzotti was revived. He jumped up with a murderous, ugly look at the Army line. He said something. Going to be trouble.

Army had caught their second wind during the intermission. Daley or no Daley, they came through Price like a knife. Tony Mazzotti going crazy slowly. All-America tackle, the sports writers said.

"Stop 'em!" Trumbull yelled.

"Low, line, low," roared McAvoy.

"Shift with them," screamed Morgan.

Price finally stopped the Army drive in the shadow of the goal line when, on a fourth down, Brandt diagnosed a fake buck at center and met the ball carrier head-on coming through tackle. There was a terrible shock all through his body, a blind shattering procession of colored lights, and then—darkness.

"HE'LL be all right," Rod said, and blew out a cloud of cigar smoke. "Nothing can hurt Brandt."

Nancy took her knuckles away from her mouth. The marks of teeth showed in the texture of the glove. She was impersonal again.

"How do you know? Have you tried everything?"

He came to and found the trainer sloshing him with water. Morgan was kneeling beside him.

"Stopped him with six inches to go, Hutch. How you feel?"

"Swell, thanks."

Morgan looked scared.

"Can you punt us out of here? We haven't room to breathe."

Brandt got up. "Sure—my right leg's still good."

Whistle!

Back came the ball from McAvoy at center. He balanced it quickly, stepped forward and got off a long high boot that chased Army way upfield. The stands let out a sigh of relief. Hutchinson was playing the game of his life.

A tough defensive struggle, minutes flying—Brandt rallied for every play, hanging on by his teeth. LeGendre went out, so did Morgan, Hollowell, Canning and Culver. Punting duel, surge of lines, furious blocking, and the game was ending. Army moving through to glory with a one-point lead. Goodbye to Rod Kingsley's national championship. Chagrin, rage, prayer, even tears. Damn Army.

Army fumbled and Price recovered. Beswick, the tricky little back who had replaced Morgan, threw a long last-ditch pass which Bill Trumbull hauled down on the Army ten-yard line. Price hacked their way to within one yard of the goal and stopped with the timer's whistle very close.

Numerous people shutting their eyes and wishing they were back by the radio where, at least, they wouldn't have to see this crisis. The cadets rolling a

deep massed cheer across the field. The world stopping while thousands waited tensely and wriggled about as if they were sitting on hot bricks.

Brandt clenched his teeth and swayed a little. But even though fatigued and battered he was still Price's "Hutch"—the man to put all their blue chips on in a crisis.

"Take it over, Hutch," snapped Beswick in the huddle. "Ride through, Mazzotti. Let's go."

One yard to go. The Army team dug in grimly, big, silent, formidable.

The ball was snapped back to Brandt. He tucked it in his stomach, his legs beginning to churn like pistons, his eyes on Mazzotti's tackle. For a split second the two lines were locked immovably together and then Mazzotti cleared a hole through tackle you could have driven an ice wagon through. It was a sure touchdown and victory. Follow Mazzotti.

But in that flashing split second Brandt had seen the way that hole was made. Bring up your knee south of the stomach and if you do it fast enough you get by the officials. Mazzotti knew the trick cold. He did it so well that the gap in the Army line could be seen by even the uninitiated up in the stands.

Follow Mazzotti? To hell with Mazzotti. Thousands of stricken eyes saw Brandt Hutchinson swerve from the play, ignore that hole, and get flopped for a five-yard loss. He could scarcely breathe under the pile.

They hauled him to his feet. His teammates' faces were grimy studies in disgust and despair, and the groans that went up through that stadium sounded like an immense foghorn.

Mazzotti was nearly wild.

"What the hell happened to you?" he snarled.

"Bring them through—" the thought drummed in Brandt's head. Rod Kingsley wanted this game and he owed it to Rod. Bring them through—the last installment on an old debt.

Beswick was indecisive in the huddle. He was losing his nerve.

"Angle's too bad for a kick," he said nervously.

Brandt's voice was sharp and commanding.

"27." Give it to me. Let's go, there isn't much time."

They stared at him. 27! All their chips on that wide-open play? No; all their chips on Price's "Hutch." Beswick nodded. They pounded back to their positions, panicky before the timer's ominous steady stare at his stopwatch.

27! Famous 27! This one's for you, Rod.

Once again he swung wide to take a lateral from Trumbull. He raced wide, dodged a plunging Army end, then cut in sharply, pounding through an opening that was beginning to close up. He squirmed free, sidestepped, then hiked into the open. They tried to pocket him, his jersey was ripped half off his back, but nobody was stopping Brandt Hutchinson now. The last game of his career. He drove for that goal line like a thunderbolt. And more than muscles carried him across.

Thousands roared deliriously as the referee raised his arms high over his head. They joined the company of two Army men who had climbed on and rode with Brandt as he stormed across the line. He'd brought them through.

OUTSIDE the window he could see the lights of the Row shining through stark trees and hear the sound of music from one of the fraternity houses near by. Celebration!

"I still can't figure out," Rod was saying uncertainly, "why you went haywire on that tackle play. Flopped for a loss when there was a hole you could have scored through walking backward. It might have lost the game."

Nancy was looking at him, sitting carelessly at ease in a great leather chair, her chin on one white-gloved fist, a silken ankle swinging idly. Her dark eyes were inscrutable.

Brandt let go a deep tired breath. In his battered condition he suddenly felt very young and very lonely. He felt the need of somebody like Nancy, who had been such a swell companion. He had come a long way alone.

"It's only fair to tell you, governor," he said calmly. "I did it on purpose. I deliberately ran into a stone wall."

There was a deep, shocked silence. He had to look at Rod—almost hypnotically.

"Mazzotti gave his man the works," he said tensely. "All afternoon he'd

(Continued on page 44)



"I met it at a party!"



...This delicious coffee that doesn't keep me awake!"

"THANK YOU, Mrs. Holton! Thank you, Mr. Holton!"

"I won't forget your party in a long time—for it was there I met Sanka Coffee and learned how to combine two of the things I like best—fragrant, full-flavored coffee—and a good night's sleep!"

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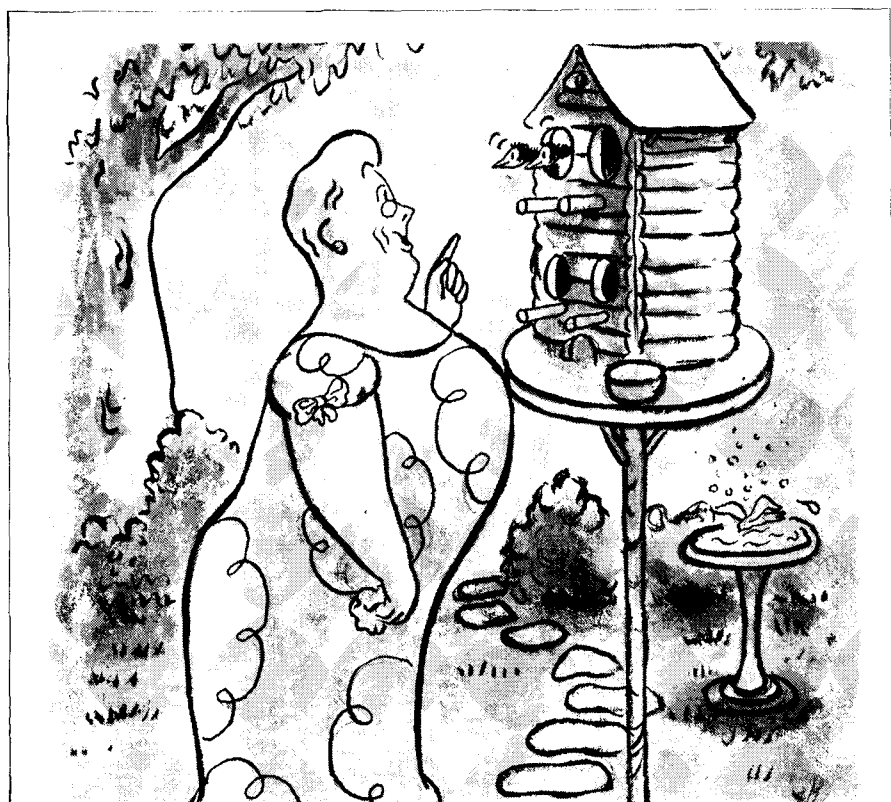
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Saraká is now on sale in most drug stores in large and medium size and in the 10¢ trial-size. If your doctor has not given you a trial package, get one from your druggist or mail the coupon below. See what a safe and pleasant way Saraká is to gain relief from habitual constipation.



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I'd like to try Saraká. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover postage and mailing of trial package.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 43)

been looking for the chance. We should have been penalized half the distance to our goal line. I'm no lily and I can hit as hard as the rest of 'em, but somehow I couldn't have stepped across that Army man doubled up in agony for any number of national championships."

Why didn't Nancy say something? Why didn't she even move? Rod stared at him with an incredulous expression.

"You actually gambled your team's success!" Rod Kingsley sounded a little choked.

"No," said Brandt quietly. "I gave all I had the whole afternoon. But I tried to play Army's game, not Mazzotti's. I put the job across for you, governor, because that was what you wanted, but I did it my own way. You can follow some plays just so far and then, oh, hell, I don't know—self-respect, maybe—"

ROD KINGSLEY still stared. Several times in the past he had dallied with the idea of changing Brandt Hutchinson's name to Brandt Kingsley. Now, he knew that he never could do it, not even if he wanted to. Strangely, the glow of the football victory in him changed to a queer little sense of defeat. He hated the feeling.

"Self-respect in a football game!" he exclaimed, that amazed flush still mantling his cheeks. "You would have let me down." He paused and was very silent for a moment. Then: "Does Wilmer know?"

Brandt shook his head.

"Would your aristocratic principles," Rod said ironically, "stand before the opinions of the squad, the campus, the press? Would you like me to tell them that you deliberately ruined that play?"

"Would you like me to?" returned Brandt. "Say the word, governor."

Rod drew on his cigar. It was dead and he took it out of his mouth and stared at it fixedly.

"The perfect aristocrat," he said satirically. "Trying to dress a grandstand stunt with feathers you never had. Swell! Come on, Nancy!"

Go on, Nancy. Brandt stared out the window. An automobile's lights flashed quickly across his lean face and were gone. Getting very dark. Rod couldn't stand being crossed. Time to turn on the lights.

"Go ahead," said Nancy. "I want to see Brandt for a minute."

Her father shrugged and went out, closing the door behind him. Nancy stood up. He didn't look at her. Somehow he wouldn't have been able to.

"Brandt, look at me."

He turned his head. There was some-

thing strange about the girl's eyes—they seemed to be searching for something.

"Rod's furious. After he's blown off steam, however, I think he'll calm down."

"I don't care," Brandt said. "He can tell the world. I still don't care. But I want you to understand this before you go, Nance. Your father saved me from an orphan asylum and I'm not ungrateful for what's been done for me, but there are different ways of showing gratitude. The governor wanted me to play football in this hysterical place. Well, I did, but football is over now and although it's a little late I'm going to show him real gratitude."

He smiled tensely.

"I'm going to M. I. T. Oh, I may have to go it alone, work my way through. I'll do it somehow and it won't take me long either. I've been studying and working toward it at odd times. And I'll make good on my own line, show the governor he's been harboring no alley cat—" He stopped, for Nancy had laid a finger on his lips.

"You're not afraid," she almost whispered. "You never have been."

Her voice was almost wondering.

"And during these past few years I've thought you were under Rod's thumb, losing all your fight and ideas and chance at your own life, when you've really been playing such a steady, decent game. You're right—you can follow some plays just so far. Darling, the boy I fell in love with when he was eight years old hasn't lost a thing of himself."

"Nance!"

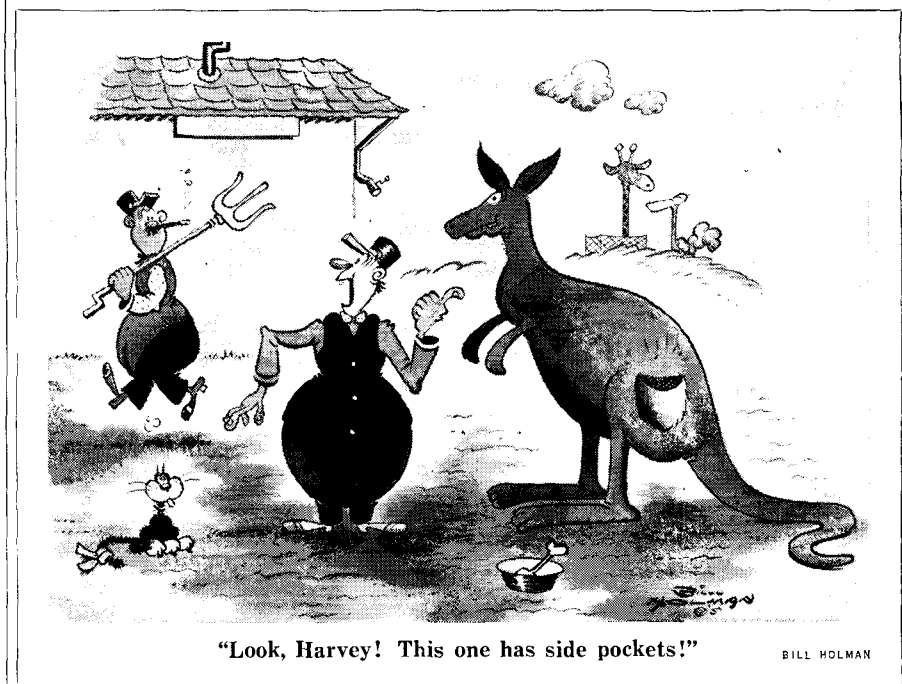
She sat down on the arm of his chair, one slim hand stealing up around his shoulder.

"Whenever you want me," she said a little tremulously, "just yell." She smiled at him. "We'll go to China maybe—and while you build a railroad from Mongolia to Moscow I'll sit on a trestle and cheeree like hellee and read you Selections from Confucius—unless perhaps you wouldn't want to have such a blind bat as me along—"

"Want you along!" He grinned. "With you along I could build a railroad from Mongolia to Moscow with my teeth."

"Darling," said Nancy, "would you reassure me on that point with some significant gesture—just any old gesture you might have in mind?"

Brandt's gesture necessitated, among other things, the all-inclusive sweep of a very tired shoulder. But he didn't feel a single twinge, which must be ranked as an addition to the list of triumphs of mind over matter.



"Look, Harvey! This one has side pockets!"

BILL HOLMAN

Six o'Clock Star

Continued from page 13

New York and sent the bigger executives up the next night. They, too, got excited. After the performance they went back stage and asked her to take a screen test. They knew she could sing, that she had acting talent and that she was good to look upon, but they didn't know that Kitty Carlisle had the one thing without which all those other talents never succeed for long—that is, the courage and ability to do a good job under difficulties. It has more significance for her future than the mere fact that the picture producers saw her then. They would have seen her anyhow when she repeated her triumph in October on Broadway.

And then came the picture test and a contract for Hollywood. The play ran on Broadway till the end of January and she went to Hollywood the first of February. Four days after she arrived, she was on the set for *Murder at the Vanities*. Immediately after, in fact overlapping that, came *She Loves Me Not*—teamed up with the celebrated crooner.

The Way People Act

All this does sound somewhat like a Cinderella story—a tale of a young girl's dream of fame. But it is nothing of the sort. There was never a pumpkin coach in Kitty Carlisle's life, unless you want to refer by that name to some transatlantic steamships and the planes of the United Airways.

She started using the steamships at the age of nine. Up to that time, so she says, she hadn't accomplished much. She seems to be rather critical of herself about it. According to her mother's report, she showed a marked lack of interest in the mystery of the unknown quantity equaled by x in mathematics, and upon being approached on the subject, simply withdrew quietly into the dreamland of her own imagination or a book. There was some debate as to whether this was willfulness or indifference. No one, including Kitty Carlisle herself, ever found out. But she developed a distinctly keen interest in the various unknown quantities and qualities in human beings that made them do the things they did. This was probably the root of her interest in acting, though no one thought about it at the time.

She had spent these early years in New Orleans. Her father was a doctor there. Her mother, although an accomplished violinist, was occupied chiefly with the society life of that city where people do know how to have a good time. Upon her father's death, young Kitty and her mother went abroad to live. It was when she was transplanted to school in Switzerland, where she had to learn everything through an entirely new language, that the little girl unaccountably developed an avid interest in all the subjects she had ignored up to that moment, and made up for lost time. She became very much aware of everything that was going on. Languages were especially easy and she learned two or three extra ones. Finishing that school, she went to Paris, where she got the rest of her education through special tutors.

The mother was earnestly training her daughter to take her proper place in society, and when she showed signs of having a good singing voice, felt it would be a graceful social accomplishment and sent her to the best teachers. But about now, Kitty took a hand in things herself. Society was all very well—she'd had a fairly good glimpse of it with her mother in various European capitals and playgrounds, inter-

persed with occasional trips to and from America—but it did not satisfy something in her that wanted to do other things. She found that she wanted to use her voice professionally, to go on the stage.

"It wasn't anything that happened suddenly," she says, "I just realized that the feeling had been coming on for a long time."

With characteristic thoroughness, she dropped everything else. She studied acting as well as singing and became more and more interested in it. In Paris, she studied with the famous Dullin; in London, with Kate Roarke. She tried a school of acting in London, but not for long. She found individual work under a really good coach much more satisfactory. Cigarettes and cocktail parties were out. They are still out.

"You can't go in for those things and keep a voice in order or yourself in good condition for acting," she explains. "You have to choose one thing or the other and stick to it."

But she has a good time. Make no mistake about that! An extremely good time. She works hard and she plays hard. She swims a lot and she likes to dance. She enjoys the theater from the audience viewpoint as well as from the other side of the footlights, or Klieg lights. She has a passion for good acting and she goes to see it when she can.

But we're getting a bit ahead of ourselves. After the final training in London, she and her mother came back to New York, and then one afternoon Kitty went home and explained that she'd taken a job.

"What kind?" asked her mother apprehensively.

"Well," said Kitty a little hesitantly. "It's—it's a leading part."

"In what?" Her mother was more apprehensive than ever.

"In a tabloid version of a musical comedy with thirty weeks of traveling," replied Kitty, and added determinedly, "It'll be good discipline and experience for me. There are four shows a day in some of the places, they tell me, and we move every week. It'll be a change."

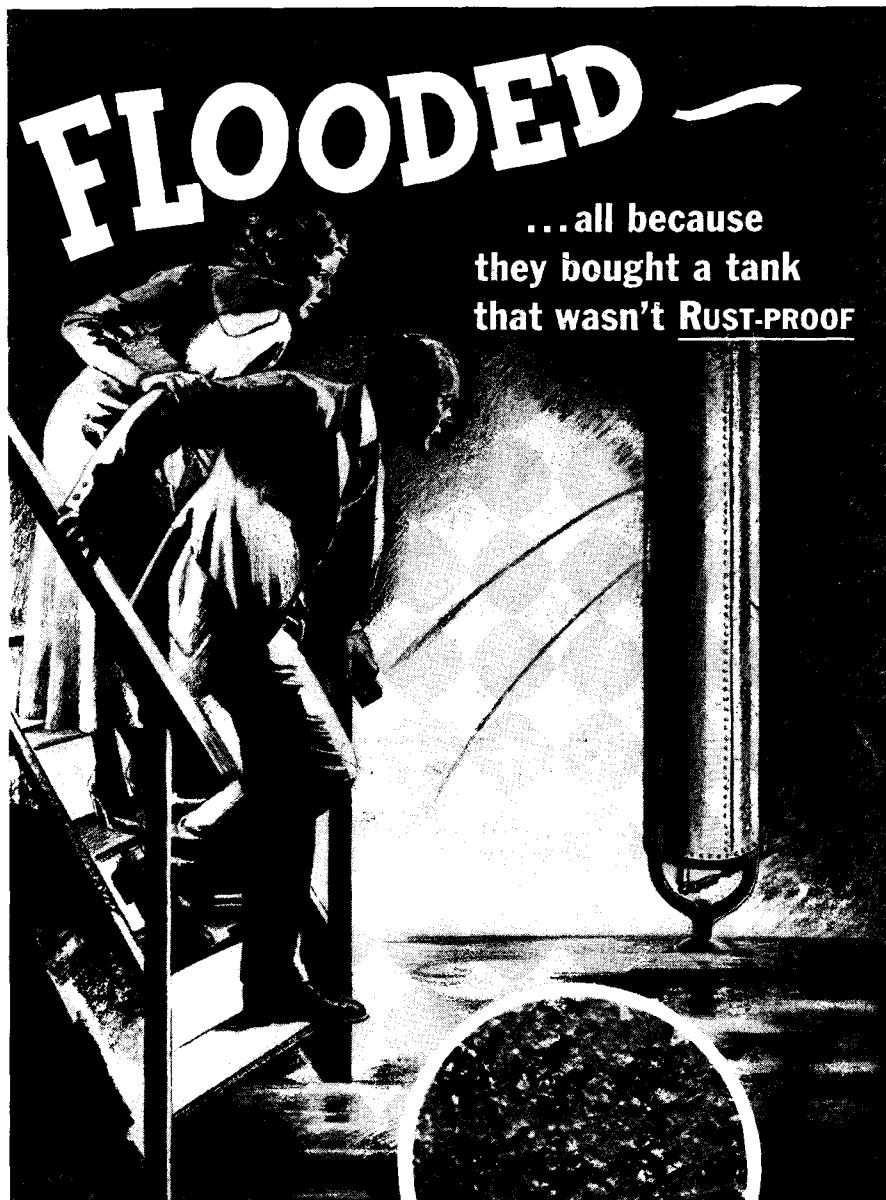
Her mother looked out of the apartment window and up and down Park Avenue. She thought of Paris and London and the Riviera and then of this project of trouping—trains at all hours, stage doors down unfamiliar dark alleys—"Yes," she answered, "it *will* be a change."

But she went along. When you have a daughter as quixotically determined as that upon unnecessary work, the only thing to do is to see her through it. They returned to the seemingly "normal" in the late spring.

Singing Bouts

That was the only part that Kitty Carlisle had played professionally before the event in the summer theater in Connecticut, where she got the second rôle of her life and the first one in a full-length play, the one from which she bounded into pictures and stardom. But she had had her training. To be sure, she had taken part of it in hard and wisely directed study before she went into the theater instead of starting in green and getting it all by the usual trial and error methods. But what that period of trouping did for her can best be imagined by hearing what a couple of frank chorus girls in the company thought about it.

On the day of the opening rehearsal of this condensed version of *Rio Rita*, (Continued on page 46)



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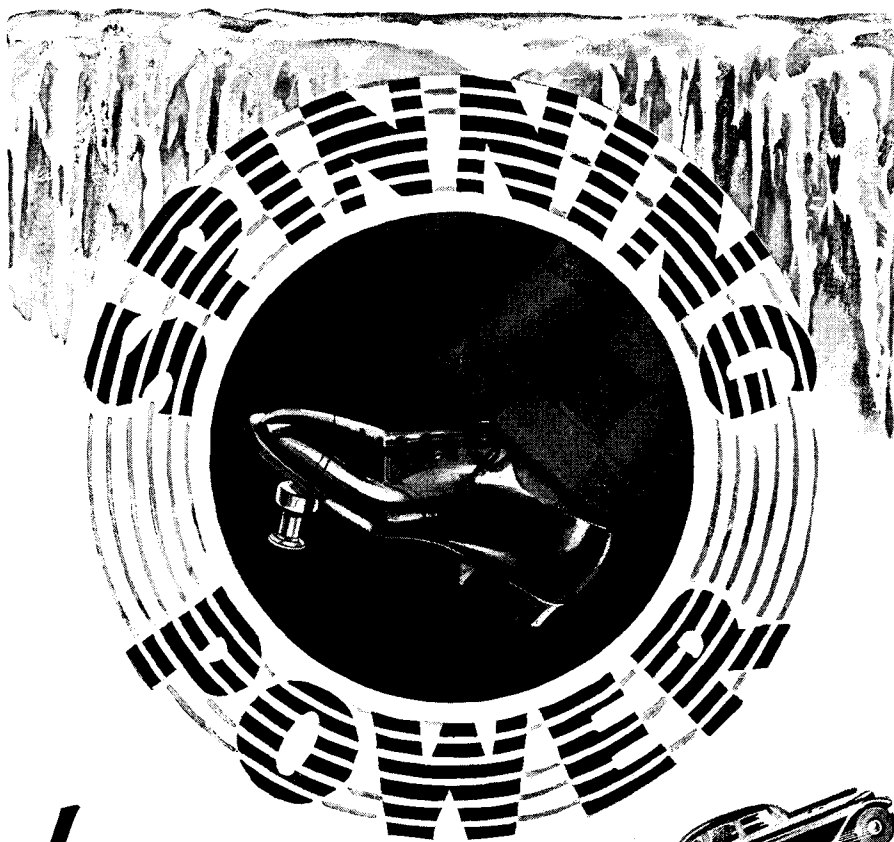
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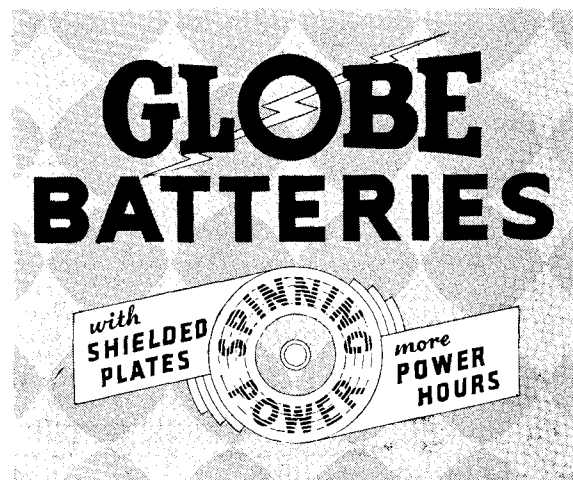
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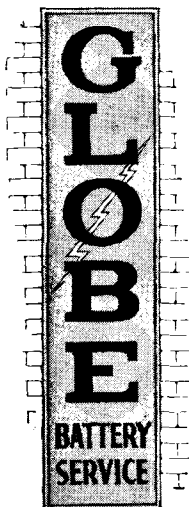


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(Continued from page 45)

the ambitious but bewildered young prima donna was quite obviously on the stage for the first time in her life. The other principals were veteran vaudevillians. The hard-boiled, experienced chorines watched her critically as she nervously tried to take abrupt, professional direction.

"She can't act," muttered one.

"Maybe she can sing," said another hopefully. After all, if the unit didn't make good, salaries stopped. The leading lady was important.

Nervousness—stage fright—constricted her throat.

"Nope—she can't sing," they decided. "How'd she get the job?"

Her background being different from theirs didn't predispose them in her favor either. So they stood back and practically dared her to make good with them. It was a tough assignment. They all thought the management must be crazy. They looked her over carefully. She didn't wear as much make-up as they were accustomed to on the street. Probably she didn't know how to put that on either, they decided. So rehearsals went on. Naturally, she was conscious of their feeling. Not until the dress rehearsal did she come to life, and then suddenly her previous training and the new experience clicked. After the first performance, they knew their salaries were safe for the run. But they still reserved judgment on her personally.

No one guessed the answer to that until it was discovered that every morning young Miss Carlisle was leaving earlier than necessary for the theater. She offered no explanation. Finally, someone got there in time to see what it was all about. She had always vocalized before the day's opening performance. The investigator found about half the chorus vocalizing with the prima donna, an unheard-of thing on the stage. One by one they had recognized the training behind her voice and had diffidently offered a compliment and a wish for a little help and she had seen no reason why they should not take advantage of what she had been taught. They became the best singing unit on the circuit. It was after this that one of the old-timers came through and told her how they had felt about her in the beginning.

"But," added the chorine, referring to the somewhat matey singing bouts, "you can't go on this way. You'll have to learn to behave like a prima donna if you want to get anywhere."

Nothing Average

At the end of a thousand performances, Kitty Carlisle had sung and acted before every kind of audience in the country. If a musical play runs for twenty-five weeks, it is called a hit. At eight appearances a week, this means two hundred performances. Consequently, if experience is counted by the number of appearances and variety of audiences, this young lady had concentrated into thirty-five weeks of the four-a-day about the equivalent of five hit shows. No wonder she came to her first full-length rôle in Champagne Sec with the poise of a veteran! And the early hazing had been good for her too.

And it is with this strenuous interlude that we debunk any resemblance to the Cinderella legend.

So far she has deserved everything in pictures that she's got. There has been no question of pull, no devious tricks to wangle good parts. It is true that, in addition to making good artistically, she has again demonstrated the other great advantage—that people who work with her like her. She can take it. She is serious when it is necessary, and she laughs easily. She has a good sense of

humor and a nice wide smile to express it. The youngster who was interested in finding out what made people do things has grown into a young woman who understands them with unusual keenness of insight. And she is, consequently, a considerate and reasonable person. If this does not sound like the description of the average film star—well, who wants to be average? Perhaps it is better to be sensible.

But she is no paragon—this young lady who has jumped so quickly to stardom. She has the usual quota of redeeming faults that make her human. Success is rarely achieved by paragons. People just don't like them. They are not comfortable to have around.

Although, as has been indicated, she gets along well whenever necessary with a great variety of people, she will not, in her private life, be disturbed by those who do not interest her, whatever their qualifications may be, social or otherwise. She picks the few that she wants for her friends. The others are met with a decided courtesy that forms a barrier all the more impassable because it is polite. She will go far for those she likes but there is no Pollyanna "softness" about her. Though she did not take the advice of the chorine, it is true that, in the affairs of life, she will go about the annihilation of a disturbing element with the same concentrated thoroughness that she uses to develop whatever else she likes. Her firmness is perhaps deceptive because it is so quiet.

Enjoying Success

Just before starting work on *Here is My Heart*, she flew East for a vacation. Everyone was anxious to see her again. Had Hollywood changed her? Was she excited about stardom that had come so quickly? What had it done to her?

For the first week, photographers popped up from all directions. Every time she entered the apartment, she tripped over another waiting camera or over a coil of electric cord attached to a photographer's light. The hotel laid in an extra supply of fuses for those that were constantly being blown by impetuous cameramen. People tried to interview her on a strange variety of subjects, ranging from the movement to keep the movies clean for the children to the problem of keeping the children clean for the movies. Eminent modistes, attracted by the same values in her slender figure that had occasioned the Connecticut boy's earlier comment, begged her to wear their clothes. Her small wrists and tapering fingers brought an avalanche of requests from a long line that began with bracelet designers and culminated in serious sculptors. The telephone rang a steady serenade.

We waited to see what would happen. Out of it all emerged Kitty Carlisle, serene, alert—frank as usual. "Certainly I'm enjoying it," she laughed, "why pretend anything else? That would be foolish. Of course I like it!"

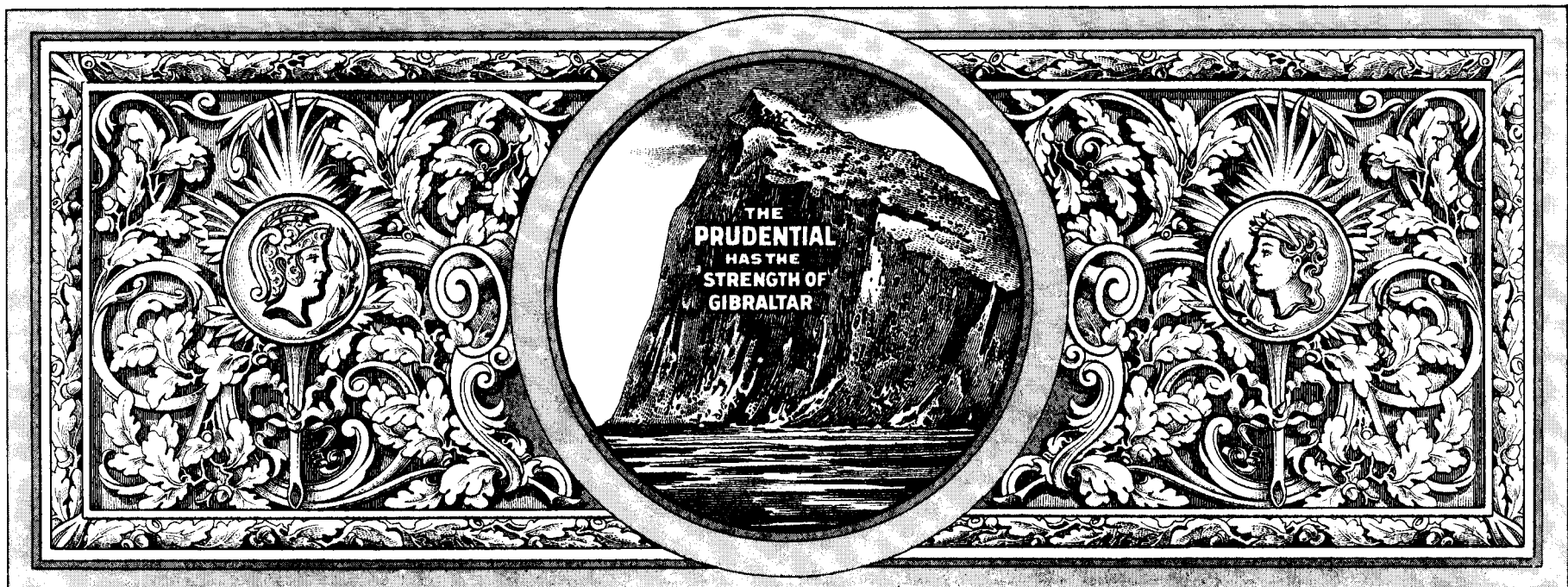
And then she immediately asked about a new special course in theatrical make-up that she'd heard about and a fine acting coach. Perhaps, she suggested, in addition to having a good time she could also get in some lessons before flying back to the Coast. Still working, eh? No, apparently success hadn't spoiled her. It had merely made her happy—and more alive to new possibilities, which is as it ought to be!

A modern Cinderella? Not a bit of it! Just a grand young lady with a great deal of talent, plenty of sound sense and a personal harmony as clear as one of her own songs.

"So—a new star rises!" I said to Kitty Carlisle.

"Yes," she answered, "usually at six in the morning."

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OF 100 PERSONS PRESENT AGE	THIS MANY WILL LIVE	
	TO 60	TO 65
20	71	60
25	72	62
30	74	63
35	76	64
40	78	66
45	80	68
50	84	71
55	90	77

Endowment policies written to mature at these ages are paid in full to those who live, or to the beneficiaries of those who die. Of those who survive to these ages, how much longer will they live?

On an average they will live as follows:

RETIRING AT AGE	WILL LIVE AFTER RETIRING	
	MALES	FEMALES
60	184 months	213 months
65	149 "	175 "

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Green and ugly, with foaming beards the running seas smashed aboard and gutted her deck

"You've been signing ships' articles as bo's'un for at least ten years now at the age of fifty-seven."

"I'm sorry, sir. When it comes my turn to sign, the commissioner always looks at me and says, 'How old are you, Jorge? About fifty-seven?' And I say, yes, because I don't rightly know; and that seems all right to me. I didn't mean no wrong."

"Well, you're getting along, Jorge." Captain Hould smiled faintly. "You don't have to worry. You're pensioned for life. Here's your letter, Jorge. Any man can be proud of what it says."

THE white-headed sailor rolled forward a pace. From the foredeck he could still hear all the familiar sounds of that craft in which he had been cradled and reared. The creaking of booms; the slap of a rope coil hitting the deck; the brass-throated crying of men hauling a topping lift home. In the river a steamer hooted. A wash of water sent the Astraea creaking against the dock fenders. The mate's whistle skirled aft somewhere, and old Jorge's face twitched.

"What's the matter with me?" he demanded hoarsely of the youthful commander of the Astraea. "I lived in fo'c'stles all my life. I don't sleep good on shore. I'm not old!" he cried suddenly in a deep bass that struck the panels of the master's room and came booming back in his wrinkled face. "Look!" His clenched fist came up quickly from his side, hard and brown as a mallet head as he struck himself savagely on the chest. "What's the matter with me?" he demanded again. "Sound! Sound as a bull! I don't want to retire. You tell them . . . !"

The Simple Heart

Continued from page 22

"Come along now, Jorge," Andrew Hould soothed. "You're taking it the wrong way. You'll see it differently by and by. The line's doing well by you. Bring your chest amidships. The steward'll fix the spare room for you. You don't even have to make up your own bunk. Here. Take your letter."

He held it out. Dazedly, old Jorge reached for it and his arm dropped back to his side, the envelope crumpled and swallowed in his fist.

"I don't even have to make up my own bunk," he rumbled dully in his chest. But at the last moment, fifty-five years of discipline overcame him. "Thank you, sir," he growled, and turned away.

Instinctively, he went forward to that part of the ship that was his traditional home afloat. Old Jorge was not comfortable amidships. He didn't belong there. In the forward well deck he stopped by the iron bulwark close to the ladder leading to the forecabin head. Here he stood, peering across the bubbling water to where the gunboats of half a dozen nations lay at anchor off the Bund. Lights began to wink at their gangways. Dusk was creeping upon the Whangpoo. The junks ghosted by with mast sails set, like ugly bats liberated at the end of day.

Men hurried along the deck behind him, climbing to the windlass, where steam hissed as the hawsers came winding aboard. Old Jorge was not conscious of all the clattering and crying, and for the first time in his life he had

no part in it. Square and solid as a block of stone, he stood in motionless bewilderment as the familiar confusion of a ship's sailing swept over him unheeded, leaving him stranded there like a tide rock at low water.

The Astraea's engine turned as she fell off from the quay and, straightening out in mid-channel, she throbbed quietly down the river toward the sea. The low land slipped by, a ribbon of winking lights moving slowly past old Jorge's vision.

"Old?" he muttered once with his eyes and his lips all screwed up. "Old . . . ?"

Then he looked down at his large paw in which was clutched the reward of his life's service. But he realized that in it was no answer to his confused and bewildered rebellion, and he put it away in the pocket of his reefer jacket without reading it. He took out instead the letter from his daughter Jobyna, who was named after the woman he had loved. He grinned forlornly as he looked at it in the fast gathering darkness.

She was in love, she wrote. He knew the letter by heart. Jorge would have to come home soon and meet him, because he was a seafaring man and Jorge would tell at a glance how fine he was, because Jorge understood sailors. He nodded emphatically. There, at least, was something to hold fast to. He had done his best by her. His level best. Brought her to womanhood as well as he could out of his bo's'un's wage, and

even learned to write to her from the China Coast. Five years now. From the pictures she sent she had grown more lovely than ever in that time. A girl to be proud of. Wasn't anything else left. He had better take care of her good, that man, whoever he was. Ay! He had better take care of her good.

Old Jorge crossed the deck and sat down on the forehatch. He could think better there, about the ships he had served and the fo'c'stles he had known . . . and the woman he'd loved and the girl she'd left him. He realized quite suddenly that it was a pitch-black night. Captain Hould was a vague smudge on the bridge of his first command. The ship lifted and fell now, lifted and fell. The sea swell had her. She would be over deep water soon. Old Jorge felt comforted . . .

CLEAR of the land, the Astraea settled into the monotonous routine of a cargo steamer's voyage. She held fine weather, a smooth sea, and gentle, variable winds. Old Jorge puffed his pipe on the forehatch, patiently surveying the hazy horizon. On the fourth day a long, heaving swell set in from the west. Jorge eyed it. The mile-long, sleek rumps of greenish blue undulating toward the rolling vessel from over the rim of the earth. They came gently, with no suspicion of the monstrous power stirring the ocean depth, but they sent the old Astraea heeling and tossing in sudden lurching motion.

A cirrus haze crept across the heavens, heavy and clammy and oppressive. The sun had no power to dissipate it. Old Jorge stood up and tamped down his pipe. He was not surprised when

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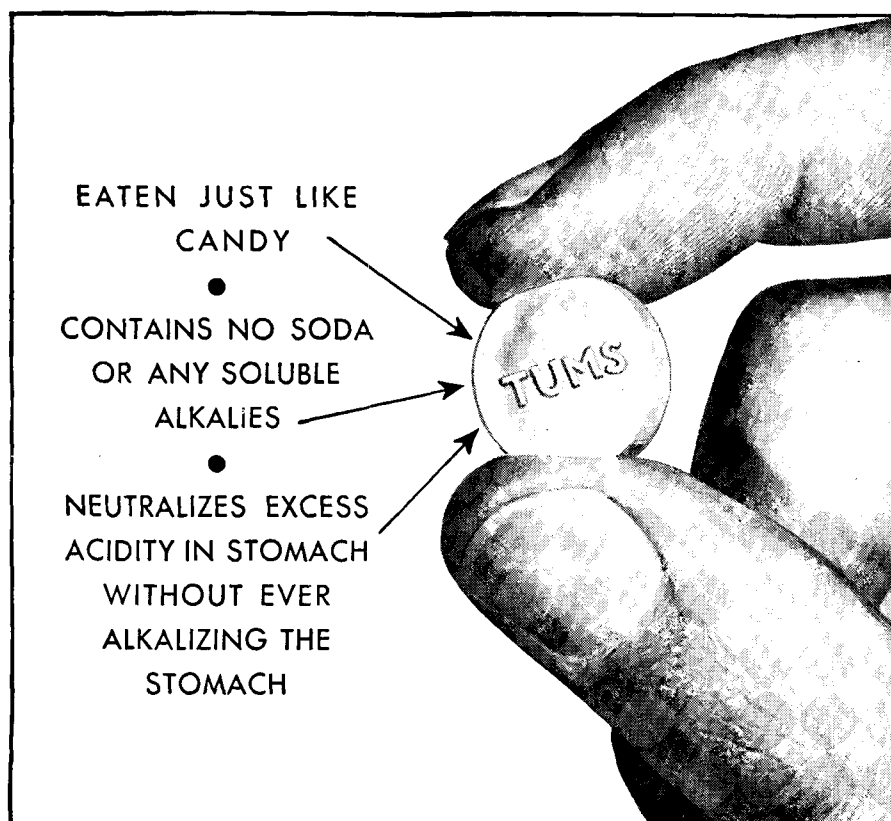
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The Simple Heart

Continued from page 48

the mate came along to put extra lashings to the boats. Jorge didn't need the wireless to explain the aspect of the sea and the sky to him. Something strange was happening in the eastern board. Dark clouds piled up innocently, sprawling his head to the south and west from where would come, he knew, the first sign of the true weather.

A weird twilight replaced the day. The distant hummocks of the sea stood out with distinct clarity in the breathless air. On the bridge the faces of Captain Hould and his officer, swinging with the ship, were etched distinctly above the canvas dodger, gray and a little drawn in that unnatural darkness. The sense of vast depth under her hull became acute in her hissing rolls. Rags of dark vapor tore loose from the upper pall, and the lower clouds took on a swift and unexpected motion, racing with frightening speed across the sky. In the southwest the true typhoon cloud appeared, black and sinister. Old Jorge climbed out of the well deck. A fine, mist-like rain fell and passed away. Behind it came the first shrieking squall of the cyclone, thick with torrential rain and wind.

THE *Astraea* rose at last from under its battering weight. The sea was snarling now, white-fanged, and the wind moaned in the rigging. The *Astraea* soared and dived, trembling with each impact. The squalls grew more intense, recurring with greater rapidity, and hauling steadily after each succeeding blast to the east. There was no light left in the universe. By midnight sea and air and sky were one, one wild mass of chaotic water in the midst of which the ship spun dizzily in blackness. Old Jorge, hanging to a stanchion, stood against that wind that was like a hard fist smashing at his face.

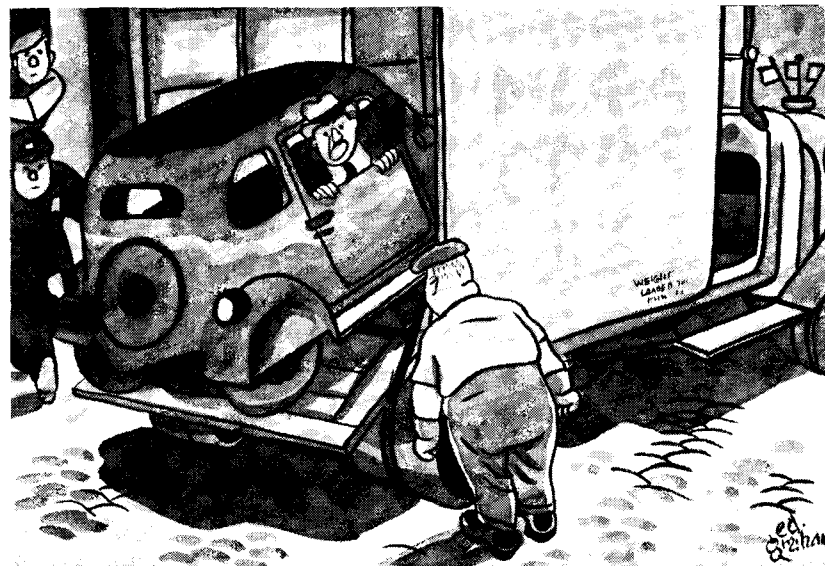
For the first time in his life the complete desolation and terror of it overpowered him. For he stood alone. He belonged to no watch. Other gales had had some meaning and some sense to him. Something to overcome; something to outlive; something to pit his strength against, under an officer's leadership, with all his simple courage and the accumulated skill of his craft. He had thought nothing of them. But he was alone now, completely alone in the midst of fury. There was nothing for him to do. He cursed aloud, not

blasphemously, but as the plain expression of his confusion. He had lost his cap. Water, matting his white head, drained steadily before his wrinkled face. The gale came like a solid wall, hurling rain and sea before it. Above the crash and thunder of the confused seas it howled in the battered ship's shrouds, strong and deep like a chant, wild and terrible like a clashing of barbaric cymbals from the very beginning of time.

In the chart room Captain Andrew Hould, tense and haggard-eyed, stood hanging to the table, peering down at the wet, open pages of a Piddington's Horn Book. He sought, in that terrible time, some consoling word from that simple mariner of an older day, some sign on the tattered page to give him an inkling of his disaster. There was none. Nothing but a calm and passionless record of a dead sailor's precise observations on gales and cyclonic storms and barometric phenomena. The lamp shot dizzily back and forth over his head, flinging shadow and light across his face. Sea water drained from his oilskins to the wash on deck. The slashing rain and spindrift rattled the windows like bursts of machine-gun fire. The typhoon reached a crescendo of culminating fury.

Andrew Hould staggered into the wheelhouse where the darkness was made more ghastly by the upflung glow of the binnacle light on the frightened face of the helmsman. Strange, mad thoughts danced in the young shipmaster's brain. His first command driven mercilessly toward the central eye of the storm. It had found every weakness in her. Her movements were wild and uncontrolled under his feet. He felt her stagger and stumble and fling herself terrifyingly about as each mountain of water broke aboard.

He had forgotten all about old Jorge. The *Astraea* was making water badly. She had fallen into a deep port list and no longer rose with the eager soar of buoyancy. Green and ugly, with foaming beards the running seas smashed aboard and gutted her deck. She had no power to free herself. She wallowed sickeningly in the sudden shifts of wind. And always, in recurring blasts, there was the high outlandish wail of the typhoon's strength, unforgettable, like the sound of no other wind, deafening and dreadful, an unending whine of enormous power.



"Why didn't you put out your hand if you were going to stop so sudden!"

ED GRAHAM

When it passed at last, recurving to the northeast, the *Astraea* was a helpless, waterlogged wreck.

Captain Hould stood with sagging shoulders on what was left of his bridge deck, staring bitterly forward. The mate and the chief engineer were mustering their crowds. The master turned away and spied old Jorge.

He was on his knees by the wooden work boat, a caulking mallet in his fist. He seemed wholly unconcerned with the proximity of the sea or the fate of the ship. Stolidly he worked at the seams.

"Will she do, Jorge?" Andrew Hould asked dully.

"Ay, sir. I make her tight."

"Who put you to that job?" The master looked down at him out of hollow eyes. He spoke mechanically. His mind was dizzy with other things, haunting, secret things he had to be careful to keep from bubbling to the forefront of consciousness. He was deadly in earnest about his profession. Something at the back of his brain kept whispering he would never outlive this. The loss of a first ship is a cruel thing. His eyes flamed suddenly, and then died. "Who put you to that job?" he asked again.

"No one, sir." Old Jorge grinned. "But I feel better now."

THE young shipmaster started. He remembered quite suddenly that Jorge was supposed to be on his way home to an old age of ease and comfort on a pension. It staggered him, the bitterness of the jest. Or perhaps it was that frank and guileless stare in the old sailor's eyes that took him aback. He turned silently away to inspect the only other boat left whole in its chocks. They hadn't long to waste. He knew that by the sodden lift of the hull under him. He was lucky enough to have been able to hang on this long. Two hours earlier they could not even have launched a boat. The mate came up with a log book under his arm, and the chief engineer, followed by the crew, a motley crowd of red-eyed men darting fearful glances at the rushing seas so close to what had once been a ship.

"Four men gone, sir," the chief officer reported. "Three of my crowd, and an oiler." He hesitated. The ship gave a slow, dead lurch. "She won't do much longer, sir," he added in a whisper.

The master nodded. His voice was terrifying in its calm as he gave his last orders. The wind still skirled through the ragged gear. The wash of water was ominously loud. An iron door clanged somewhere, and the sound was amazingly clear.

"Chief, you and the second mate will take the lifeboat." He turned his head to the first officer. "Take the work boat, Mister. She'll want some handling. Watch her. Eight men will have to go in that. Jorge's made her tight; she ought to do. Sparks got a position out before the wireless antenna came down last night. I want the two boats to hold together if possible. Do you understand, Mr. Raskin? No knowing how long before you are picked up with the leeway we've made in . . . in this. It will be dark soon." He looked aloft at the flying tatters of the lower clouds. "All right. Launch it."

The boat was swung out, lowered. She took the water with a distinct slap. "Haul off!" the mate shouted down. "Get clear!"

Then he went to the little work boat. Old Jorge stood up by the after falls and put his pipe away. The rest of the men were already aboard. The boat teetered between the davits. The *Astraea's* fore well-deck rail sagged lifelessly under, lipping in the sea. Captain Hould stood frozen-eyed, watching the last feeble struggles of his first command. He started at the sound of Mr. Raskin's voice.

"All ready and waiting. Better come away now, sir."

The master waved his hand. "Lower away," he said firmly. "Lower away and stand off. I've some papers I want to get."

"But she . . ."

"Lower away!"

The mate frowned. God! the old man took it hard. He was young, and defeat hurt cruelly. Mr. Raskin knew that. The master was pacing deliberately toward his room under the wreckage of the bridge. A dollop of spray leaped up and spat at the chief officer's face. It brought home the closeness of the disaster. The men growled anxiously. Mr. Raskin gestured with his hand.

"Get in, Jorge."

The old sailor was staring after the captain's back. The men in the work boat snarled at him. The expression on his face did not change.

"Get in, Jorge!" the mate ordered sharply again.

"I go get him," Jorge said simply.

Mr. Raskin knew that he, too, understood. He hesitated an instant, then he waved his hand. The boat shot down to the water and shoved clear. Old Jorge remained alone on the steep incline of the deck.

For a moment he squinted across the space of tumbling sea to where the *Astraea's* two boats swung clear of the sinking hulk. He nodded his leonine head as if in approval of the manner in which they were handled. Then he picked his way through the wreckage to the master's room. The door was hooked open. Captain Hould stood stiffly before his desk, staring blindly at the bulkhead in an attitude of abject and bitter defeat. There was nothing youthful about his face now. His cheeks were hollow, drawn with haggard lines, and his eyes burned dully.

"The boat is standing off," old Jorge called quietly. "Will you come away now, sir?"

The master turned his head with a short, quick movement.

"Clear out of this!" he cried violently. "I'll take care of myself as I please."

"Excuse me, sir. There's no disgrace in being defeated by . . . that."

"Clear out!"

OLD Jorge's arm, swinging in a slow gesture embracing the whole wild tumult of the ocean, remained poised suddenly in mid-air. His face went gray, his eyes wide and staring. He stepped savagely over the weatherboard and flung his hand down. It pointed to a photograph that had jammed awry against the book rack on the master's desk. It was the first time in his life he had deliberately disobeyed an officer's command.

"Where did you get that?" he cried hoarsely.

"None of your damned business! Clear out, I said!"

"That girl!" The old sailor's voice was deep and vibrant. "What's her picture doing in . . . ?"

"I was going to marry her"—Andrew Hould's voice rang hollow with bitter mirth—"I was going to marry her when I got a ship of my own. It's funny. It's . . ."

"Ay, sir; it's funny. She's my daughter. That's Jobyna's picture."

"Your . . ." Captain Hould stiffened. His hollow eyes burned in their sockets.

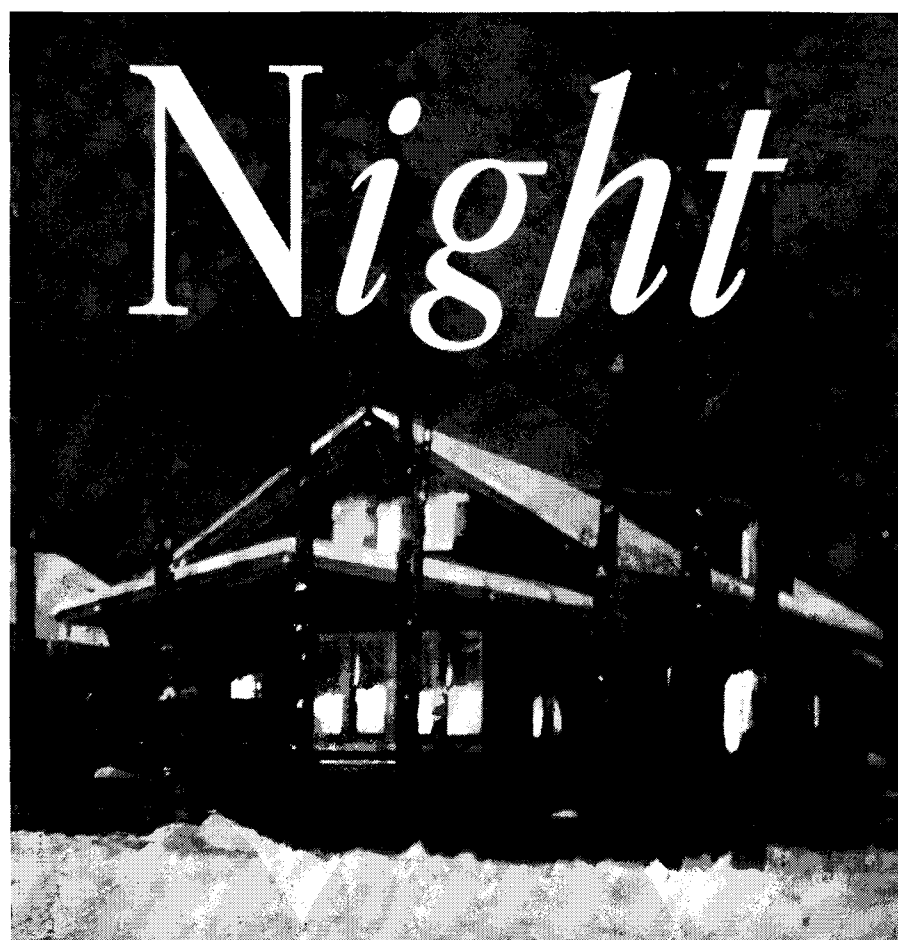
"God!" he gasped. "I didn't know. I never . . . no one ever thought of you as anything except just . . . Old Jorge."

The sailor's face twisted in a painful grin. "Come away now, sir," he said quietly. "The ship won't last fifteen minutes more."

The master shook his head stonily.

"I'm not going. Tell her it couldn't be helped, Jorge."

(Continued on page 52)



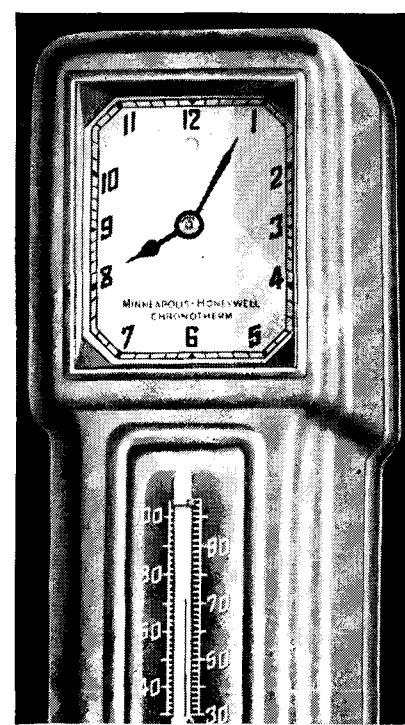
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(Continued from page 51)

"You..."

"Clear out!" His voice was dry and tortured. "I tell you I'm not going!"

Old Jorge looked at him, and then at the girl's face staring out of the bright, assured eyes of youth. In that instant of silence the sea hissed loudly, and the faint shouting of the men in the boats reached his ears above the low whine of the wind. The ship heaved down with the sick feel of death in her motion. He squared his shoulders.

"Ay, sir," he said simply and with the utmost clarity. "I will tell her."

Then he stepped swiftly forward. His huge fist swung up from his side. He let out a low grunt as it caught the master flush along the chin. Then he sprang clear, lithe and agile as a cat for all his weight. A startled look came into Andrew Hould's eyes. Then the light went out of them and he collapsed to the deck. Jorge looked down at his hairy fist, absently rubbing it in the palm of his other hand.

"Old?" he muttered dully. "Old, am I?"

Stooping quickly, he caught the master under the armpits and hauled him on deck to the shattered rail. He reached for a rope's end and stood upright, waving the mate's boat in with his arm.

"She flung him down and knocked him out," he shouted down. "Stand by below, sir! I lower him away to you."

"For God's sake, hurry it up! Her wheel's clear already. She's going, I tell you!"

OLD Jorge lowered away carefully, untroubled by the terrible incline of the deck or the ominous roar of water that could be heard very plainly as the ship settled deeper by the head. His seamed and wrinkled face was set in a calm and stolid dignity. He felt the strain of the rope relieved, and looked over. They were cutting him loose in the boat now. The thing was done. Old Jorge grinned faintly. Then his old eyes hardened.

"Look after her, sir," he growled quietly down to that inert form they were hauling aboard the work boat. "You better look after her good."

"Run for'ard, Jorge!" Mr. Raskin was screaming up at him. "The rail's under water there. Quick! We'll pick you up. She's going. I've got to shove clear! Jump, Jorge!"

Old Jorge smiled and turned away. The wind was strong and wet on his cheek. He looked into the eye of it. It was good. Fresh now after the typhoon's frenzy, the clean, hard wind of the middle latitudes. There was no unnatural pulsing and throbbing under his

feet any longer. The Astraea's fires had long been drawn. Nothing but the wind now, the wind and the darkening sea, glinting with running foam. That was the way he understood ships best. It took him back to his youth, to his youth when there was no machinery in a vessel's guts.

His eyes flew aloft, as if seeking the familiar sight of canvas and string-tight gear over his head. He thought of many things, old Jorge, as he went stumbling and staggering down the ladder to the well deck where the water boiled knee-high. He moved to the bulwark. He would have to swim for it. Quickly. There was no time to waste. Strange, but he felt no hurry. A sense of fullness and completeness. A deep and honest satisfaction at a task well done. He clawed for the submerged rail... and the Astraea, heaving her stern violently upward, sent him hurtling forward against the twisted iron fore-castle ladder before the weight of tons of boiling water.

In the work boat, when she rose to the crest of the next roller, Mr. Raskin let out an honest sailor's curse that was more like a gasp of dismay. For he saw old Jorge hanging feebly now to the fore-castle ladder. That was where he belonged, old Jorge, by the fore-castle ladder that had been the steps to his home for fifty-odd years. A dark smear of red was on his cheek. The sea could not wash it away. Nothing but a stern old head, white-haired and calm above seething foam. Mr. Raskin saw it very clearly in the last light of vanishing day. A band of crimson flamed in the western board below the dark dome of a ragged sky. In the east, in a pool of clearing sky, a single planet glittered with startling brilliance. But that solitary figure, fascinating in its clarity before the Astraea took her final plunge, appeared feebly to wave an arm. You could not be sure at that distance and in that treacherous light. Dignity... pride... farewell?

Captain Andrew Hould, lifting his head in the stern sheets, was just in time to see him go. He alone knew why he was in the open boat. He alone knew of those two letters in the pockets of old Jorge's reefer coat, old Jorge who wasn't rigged for the after guard. One was from a girl named after the woman of his life; the other from a mariner superintendent who wrote of retirement and pensions, such meaningless things as Jorge could not understand.

Only for a brief, searing instant Captain Andrew Hould saw him before he vanished, obscurely as he had lived; stanchly, and with the courage of a simple heart.

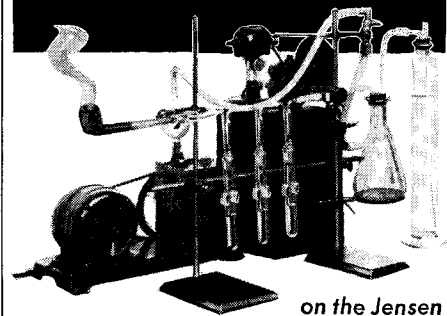


"The pilot doesn't encourage the passengers to fly kites, Mr. Wilhite!"

DAVID GERARD

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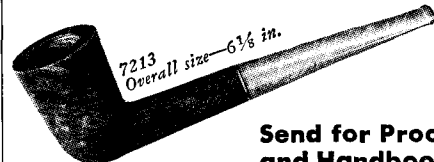
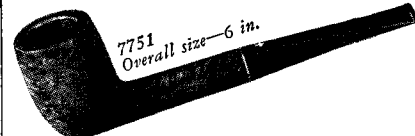
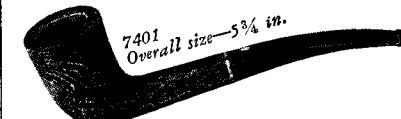
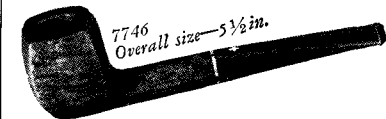
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Fighting Game

Continued from page 17

I had hooked was battling for his life while his unhooked relative seemed convinced that here was some delicacy which he hoped at least to share. I eventually worked my catch down the stream to a shallow gravel bar and brought him in.

He was a beautiful male, weighing a good three pounds. Snakes or no snakes, I decided to keep him, so popped him on the head, dressed him carefully and put him in my basket. But I found his diet had been only normal trout food.

Curiosity brought me back to where the two fish had been feeding, and in his favorite spot lay the snake-eater, placidly awaiting further adventures. Now I really didn't want that fish, but I certainly wanted to take him for a ride. As I was standing waist-deep in some short creek willows, I heard a terrific roar.

Bad Boy Rex

Before I could raise my eyes, something struck the water in the immediate vicinity of the big trout. Whatever it was it disappeared immediately. Soon the tips of two wings appeared above the surface of the water. They gradually grew longer. The owner emerged, a beautiful osprey—a well-known bird of prey—in full plumage, eyes flashing and strong beak striking at the head of the trout. For a few seconds the fish hawk wafted his wings gently to dry them for the final lift and adjusted his hold on the fish so as to carry him head foremost.

Then with a violent whipping of his long, strong wings, he brought that four- or five-pound trout to the surface, into the air, and started home. I watched him soar toward some near-by ledges, then, mentally applauding the unexpected show unintentionally put on for my benefit, automatically reached for my pipe and called it a day.

"Survival of the fittest" in wild life is not as admirable as it sounds. I have seen too many tragedies, too many bloody kidnappings and murders, and have heard far too many innocent song and insectivorous birds and useful mammals crying and screaming for help when their young have been seized and torn to pieces by predatory pillagers.

I shall never forget a bright day in early January, when we were at an elevation of eight or nine thousand feet. The Rocky Mountains at this time of year and at this altitude reward with unusual quietude and beauty those with the stamina and determination to enjoy them.

We were out to take a census of the game. We noticed the tracks of a catamount, or mountain lion, and were sure they belonged to the somehow colorful cat we had christened Rex. His case history is interesting.

Rex had been a not-to-be-disciplined cub. Despite repeated cuffs from an anxious mother, he would venture forth from the den, his brothers waddling timorously after him—round, furry little cubs huddling together for warmth and blinking in the sudden light. When sensitive nostrils warned the renegade of his parent's return, he quickly herded his followers back into the lair.

Far more daring than his brothers, he earned his mother's admiration and what truly might be termed the "lion's share" of devotion—for he was much like his great father had been. So Rex grew apace in size and sagacity and one day padded silently from the den, not to return. . . .

The winter sun painted the snow-clad

Rockies cold gold. A strong wind blew from the north, rode like the Valkyries down the mountains and combed the snow over the ridges into fantastic plaits as though some invisible sculptor were indulging his frozen fancies.

On the south slopes, where the weather was less severe, elk and deer were browsing on mahogany and juniper. Some of the elk had bedded down in the snow, unmindful of the fine, stinging particles that drifted over them. The game moved about without alarm. No hunter had invaded their haunts for some time and they were no longer on the alert for man.

I swung my mule straight down on the side of the mountain. We were on the north slope now and our feet were dragging in the snow.

A small band of deer started down the slope, through snow that came well up on their sides, crossed a ridge and disappeared, heading for a deep, well-protected canyon that provided an abundance of winter feed. A scene of white quiet, a beautiful sanctuary where the deer might feed leisurely.

The fine, big, four-point buck brought up protectively in the rear, and slightly higher up the mountainside, of the three does and four fawns browsing contentedly on wild gooseberry and other shrubs. The hillside was practically barren of large brush or trees; but out of sight, behind the ridge, brilliant eyes glinted occasionally to observe the movements of the peaceful little group.

Rex had trailed the deer for some distance, but was too wise—as any good hunter—to follow their tracks. Instinct and experience have taught animals who rely on fleetness for safety to keep a sharp lookout on their own tracks.

A Certain Victim

The big cat had maneuvered adroitly to keep from being seen, and to circle so no wind brought his scent to the unsuspecting deer. If patience were the price of his meal, Rex would surely have it, for several places on the ridge showed where he had crouched until his pliant, warm body melted his outline in the snow. Rex was fulfilling his cub promise of cleverness.

The depth of the snow and the slope of the mountain favored his intended victim's escape. A cougar travels as fast as a streak, but only for a comparatively short distance. To capture a deer, he must do so in ten jumps or less, and then only if the pursuit is downhill. No animal can overtake a healthy adult deer up a mountainside.

So Rex's motionless, yellow figure deepened the pallid gold of the sun's artistry. Waiting, waiting . . . remote instinct assuring him that, if undisturbed, the deer would sometime offer him his opportunity. The tawny hunter crouched in solitary quietude. His forepaws rested on the very edge of a rock, his head flattened between them.

Not for a fraction of a second were those glowing eyes taken off the deer. The buck was full grown and in excellent condition, although not fat. They continued to feed, unaware of danger—and the sun dipped farther in the west.

Slowly the deer moved up and immediately below the big cat. Rex remained absolutely immobile, although within three jumps of a well-fed fawn—a certain victim!

The buck, something of an epicure, loitered at a particularly succulent

(Continued on page 54)

"DANDRUFF CHECKED —HAIR HEALTHIER"

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Thanks, Mr. Polivka. No, we don't claim the Scalptone method will grow hair. No one can guarantee that for any method or course of treatment.

But, in 9 cases out of 10, doctors trace thinning hair and baldness to dandruff. And the combination treatment with Packer's Tar Soap and Scalptone (as directed below) is the simplest, surest way we know of to check dandruff.

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The Scalptone method puts unruly hair neatly in place, too—without a greasy, plastered-down look, because Scalptone is adjustable. (You make Scalptone more or less oily to fit the condition of your own hair.)

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① . . . a few minutes each week
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Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piny lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

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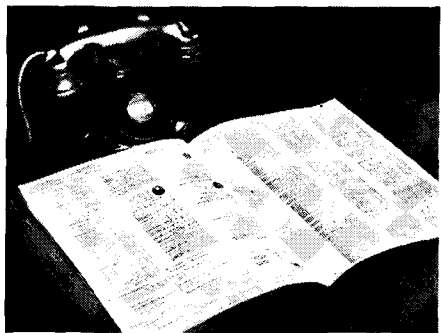
And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's adjustable. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature. You add just the right amount of oil to the tonic to have your hair the way you want it. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

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"WHERE TO BUY IT"

(Continued from page 53)

bush, as the rest of his little company passed below the cat and up the hill. The leading doe raised her graceful head, looked up the canyon, across, and finally back to the saddle on the ridge; then moved slowly toward the saddle to cross at that point.

Rex's guessing had been uncannily correct. The buck moved deliberately on up to rejoin his band. Splendidly framed in white and gold, he paused, now about one hundred feet below his furred enemy. A lithe body flattened, mighty muscles tensed—and then a spring that was a swift, yellow rain-bow. The buck saw the cat instantly and bounded into mid-air.

But Rex had known the deer would attempt to cut the hill and try to get above him. His first leap was above the buck rather than at him. Then the powerful body was gathered for another leap, and the deer had not traveled a hundred feet before two hundred pounds of hungry mountain lion crashed squarely on his shoulders and under his sharp antlers.

Valiantly, but futilely, the buck endeavored to shake off his assailant. Plunging and struggling, he lost his footing, sought desperately to regain it; then down, down the slope rolled both, Rex clinging tenaciously as a trail of deepening crimson in the virgin snow marked their deadly descent.

In two minutes the tragic fight was over. For a last despairing moment the buck struggled in the snow, but was unable to rise. The lion sat above him with his paws on the deer's side. When the efforts of his victim subsided, Rex raised his magnificent body and, for the first time, lifted a proud head to survey the countryside.

One slender doe glanced back—the rest had vanished over the hillside—stopped, then bounded on. Perhaps a farewell glance as an epitaph and tribute to their erstwhile defender.

The Aim of an Eagle

We changed our deer count from eight to seven, picked up the reins and started down, having witnessed another example of the brutal law of the survival of the fittest.

While there are seasons that are by law closed to the hunting and fishing of useful game and fish, the whole year round, unfortunately, is an open one for predatory killers. So fiercely intent are they in their quest for murder that they slay not only species that are helpful to man but prey upon species which are themselves predatory.

I have particularly in mind an episode that happened in the great southwestern desert, where the country is a physical contradiction—deep canyons, broad level plains and high mesas which sometimes rise to a height of eight thousand feet and more.

In the walls of these mesas are caves, eroded from the solid sandstone by wind and waters, in which several distinct races of people, known as Cliff Dwellers, lived for hundreds of years, and some centuries ago mysteriously disappeared.

Among the most beautiful of these areas is Mesa Verde National Park, in southwestern Colorado. The great flat top of this mesa rises to a height of nine thousand feet, and is some twenty-five miles long and fifteen miles wide. It is surrounded by towering walls, hundreds of feet high, and cut deeply by many canyons equally as precipitous and impossible of ascent.

A crew of 150 workmen with modern machinery were carving a winding road along the cliffs and up a knife-like ledge of rock to the top of the great Mesa Verde. Though practically the only feasible route had been selected by

careful engineering, the road rose in a series of sharp, hairpin curves, each one carrying the traveler higher and higher over steep grades.

So sharp are these turns that a stone tossed from the road at a given point may land on the curve five hundred feet below. Rising directly above this road is a point of jagged, inaccessible rocks on which a pair of golden eagles have for a number of years built their nest and reared their young.

Day after day the men had watched the parent birds bring food in their talons for their brood. Poised high in the air above the nest, they would drop with unerring accuracy the object they carried onto the ledge near the nest. This feat was performed by the eagles only when they carried some animal which was still alive. The fall promptly killed the animal. Otherwise the birds delivered the food directly to the nest.

His Indirect Revenge

Interest flamed regarding the eagles' menu. Tales were recalled of eagles carrying lambs, rabbits, fawns and even of their attempts to carry away babies. Avid and unsatisfied curiosity sharpened the observations of the men, and a keen espionage was established.

One day one of the eagles was seen flying toward the nest carrying something unusually heavy. The bird seemed to be experiencing great difficulty, not only because of the weight of its burden but because the animal, whatever it was, was alive and putting up a terrific struggle to free itself from the steel-like talons of the eagle. Its desperate endeavors were evidently tiring the bird.

As the eagle approached the point where the fatal drop had been made unerringly times without number, his burden made it impossible for him to hover and thus make the careful calculation necessary for the death drop. The extraordinary weight was taxing the bird's strength and he was finally compelled to make the drop and trust to luck.

Down shot his released victim with dizzy speed. The thing missed the top of the ledge and, striking a glancing blow on the wall of the cliff, tumbled on several hundred feet to the very spot where a part of the crew of men were working. To their astonishment, it proved to be an almost full-grown bobcat—one of the most vicious and deadliest small animals to be found in America. As an illustration of its toughness, the fall had only dazed it. One of the workmen quickly ended its career.

Upon examination, it was discovered that the eagle had evidently swooped down on the wildcat, catching it unawares and, in sinking the powerful talons into the cat's spine, had temporarily paralyzed him. But how the bird ever mustered up the courage to attack a bobcat must remain a mystery. That he had courage, he proved further, later, by returning time and again, flashing over the heads of the men and demanding in no uncertain terms the return of his quarry.

In an effort to dismiss him, one of the men threw a stone at the bird. It missed, dropped five hundred feet, landed on the head of a man operating some road equipment on the curve below and sent him to the hospital for two months.

With a final scream reëchoing about the scene of his indirect revenge, the eagle vanished aloft. His intended meat course tipped the scales at seventeen pounds. The wildcat was mounted and placed in Mesa Verde Park Museum, where its glassy stare may safely be returned by the most timid of visitors.



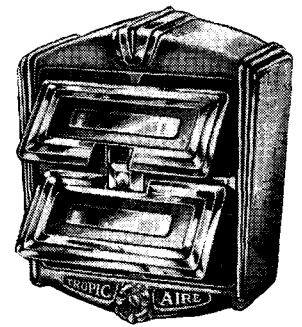
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The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 24

matters," Fawley reflected. "As just an angry man I had no fear of him. You see, here in London a man cannot commit murder and get away with it. He cannot even manage an abduction. Patoni in his sane moments would realize that. If he is really mad, however, that is a different matter. The cleverest schemes in the world have been most often foiled by madmen."

"What you will do is this," she said decidedly. "You will come with me to my uncle's. I shall establish you in my rooms. There is no reason to bring the embassy into the matter at all. You will then telephone your servant what things you require and if there is anything he is unable to do you can send me. What time do you start in the morning?"

"Now, you see, I prove that I am the worst secret service agent in the world because I tell you the whole truth. I am leaving from Heston tomorrow morning at six o'clock."

"Excellent," she replied. "I shall not believe that you are an enemy and I shall not treat you as one. You shall have your short sleep at the embassy; this car will take you to Heston in the morning, then you must find your adventure, whatever it may be. While you are in danger I shall be unhappy. When it is all over I hope that you will come back. I hope," she added, with her fingers upon his shoulders drawing him towards her, "that you will come back to me."

The car drew up smoothly outside the pillared portico of Chester House. A footman came out and opened the door. Fawley followed his guide up the broad steps and into the hall.

FAWLEY found his reception by the minister who in those days was controlling the destinies of France chilling in the extreme. Monsieur Fleuriot, a man of some presence but with a tired expression and an ominous sagging of flesh under his eyes, rose from his chair as Fawley was ushered in but made no attempt to shake hands. He indicated a chair in cursory fashion.

"It is very good of you to receive me, sir," Fawley remarked.

"I do so," was the cold reply, "with the utmost reluctance. I can refuse no request from the representative of a friendly nation, especially as Monsieur Willoughby Johns is a personal friend of mine, and I believe a friend of France. I must confess, however, that it would have appeared to me a more fitting thing to have found you a prisoner in a French fortress than to be receiving you here."

Fawley smiled deprecatingly.

"I can quite understand your sentiments, sir," he said. "I am only hoping that my explanation may alter your views."

"My views as to spies, especially partially successful ones who are working against my country, are unchangeable."

"But I hope to convince you, sir," Fawley argued earnestly, "that even during the enterprise of which you have, of course, been made acquainted, I was never an enemy of France. I am not an enemy of any nation. If any man could—to borrow the modern shibboleth—call himself an internationalist, it is I."

"To avoid a confusion of ideas, sir," Monsieur Fleuriot said, "I beg that you will proceed with the business which has procured for you this extraordinary letter of introduction. It is the first time, I should think, in history that the leader of a great nation has been asked

to receive anyone in your position."

"The world has reached a point," Fawley remarked, "when the old conditions must fall away. Have I your permission to speak plainly?"

"By all means."

"Among the great nations of the world," Fawley continued, "France is today the most important military power. I do not believe that it is in any way a natural instinct of the French people to crave for bloodshed and disruption and all the horrible things that follow in the wake of war. I believe it is because you have a deep and unchangeable conviction that your country stands in peril."

"France, if peace were assured," Fawley went on, "would take the same place among the nations of the world in culture and power as she possesses now in military supremacy. She would be a happier and a freer country without this burden of apprehension."

"France fears nobody."

"FOR a dictum that is excellent," Fawley replied, "but in its greatest significance I deny it. France must fear the reopening of the bloody days of '14. She must fear the loss again of millions of her subjects. I want you to believe this if you can, Monsieur Fleuriot. I have been working as a secret service agent for the last five years and I have worked with no country's interests at heart. I have worked solely and simply for peace."

"You imagine," Monsieur Fleuriot demanded incredulously, "that you are working in the cause of peace when you steal into the defenses of our frontiers and discover our military secrets?"

"I do indeed," Fawley asserted earnestly. "If you think that I behaved like a traitor to France, what then about Italy? But for my efforts I firmly believe, and I can bring forward a great deal of evidence in support of what I say, that a treaty would have been signed before now between Italy and Germany and it would have been signed by the chief of the monarchist party in Germany, and on the day after its signature she would have pledged herself to the restoration of the Hohenzollern régime. That treaty now will, I hope, never be signed. Behring will not sign it if he knows the truth which I can tell him. Italy will not offer to share in it if you will adopt my views and do as I beg. Now if I may I am going to speak more bluntly."

"Proceed," Fleuriot begged.

"France believes herself practically secure," Fawley continued. "Her spies have been well informed. She knew a year ago that Italy was collecting airplanes, not only of her own manufacture but from every nation in the world that had skill enough to build them. Even the Soviet government of Russia contributed. I believe, something like two hundred."

Fawley paused but his listener gave no sign. The former continued:

"France knew very well the Italian scheme—to launch an attack of a thousand airplanes which would pass the frontier with ease and which would lay Nice, Toulon and Marseilles in ruins, and the greater portion of the French fleet at the bottom of the sea. Meanwhile the Italian land forces would have joined the German and attacked across the western frontier. I will not say that France has waited for the day with equanimity, but at any rate she has awaited it without despair. I know the reason why, Monsieur Fleuriot, and it

(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

is a secret which should have cost me my life a dozen times over.

"As it is, the fact that my espionage on your frontier was successful may save the world. You see, I know why you are calm. You have there as well as the guns, as well as all the ordinary defenses, you have there an example of the greatest scientific invention which the world of destruction has ever known. You know very well that the hellnotter on the Sospel slopes could destroy, by itself, without the help of a single gun, every one of those thousand airplanes, whether they passed in the clouds directly overhead or a hundred miles out at sea."

MONSIEUR FLEURIOT had half risen to his feet. He sat down again breathing quickly. There were little beads of perspiration upon his forehead.

"I am now going to propose to you, Monsieur Fleuriot," Fawley continued, "the most unusual, the most striking gesture which has ever been made in the history of warfare. I am going to suggest to you that you put France in the place of honor among the nations of the world as the country which insured peace. You may sit quiet, you may destroy this scheme at the cost of thousands of lives, you may send a thrill of horror throughout the world, but you can do something more. You can invite representatives of the Italian army to witness the demonstration of what your diabolical machine will do in friendly fashion upon your frontier. If you will do that there will be no war. Italy would never face the destruction of her airplanes. She will abandon her enterprise and the treaty between Behrling and Italy will never be signed."

"It seems to me that you are raving, Major Fawley," the minister declared.

"What I am saying is the simplest of common sense, Monsieur Fleuriot," Fawley answered. "I will tell you why. You believe that you possess the only constructed hellnotter in the world. You are wrong. Germany has one completed at Salzburg. I have seen it with my own eyes."

"It is incredible," Fleuriot exclaimed.

"It is the truth," was the impressive assurance. "And I will tell you this: Von Salzenburg has kept from Italy the secret of their possession. That I shall be able to prove to Berati and his master if you fall in with my scheme. Germany, if her alliance with Italy were an honorable one, would have disclosed the fact of her possession of this duplicate machine. She is too jealous, or rather Von Salzenburg was too jealous, for them. It was so mighty a secret that they declined to share it with an ally. Mind you, I will not say that Von Salzenburg knew that you, too, possessed this horrible machine, but, willfully or not willfully, he was keeping a secret from his ally which would have given her the greatest shock of her history."

"Put your proposition into plain words," Monsieur Fleuriot requested.

"I propose that you give me letters to your Colonel Dumesnil commanding the frontier, which will instruct him to make the experiment I suggest, and I further suggest that you address an invitation to the Italian War Office to witness the experiment. Show them what you can do and I guarantee the rest. There will be no war now nor at any time during the near future."

Fleuriot was silent for at least five minutes. He had the appearance of a man exhausted by some stupendous brain effort.

"The military staff," he muttered at last, "would scoff at your scheme. War has to come and nothing can keep Europe free from it. Of that we are

all convinced. Why not let it come now? There might be worse moments."

"Monsieur Fleuriot," Fawley said earnestly, "I come now to more concrete things. I come to information of great value, not to information which I gained through espionage, but from the mouth of your friend, the British Prime Minister, from the mouth of the ambassador of my own country in London. The one sane and possible scheme for the preservation of peace is already launched. When Italy knows that her airplanes are doomed to destruction, that the ally with whom she was about to conclude a treaty is keeping secret information from her, she will follow in the wake of the others. She will elect for peace."

"When Germany realizes this and many other things she too will give in. There will be a world pact for peace and the guarantors will be America, England, France, Germany and Italy. Each of these countries will elect a dictator or a president or, in the case of the royalist countries, the king to sign the pact that under no circumstances will they embark upon war in any shape or form."

"Listen, Monsieur Fleuriot," Fawley went on, as he noticed the blank expression upon the minister's face. "I am not talking of dreams or fancies. The scheme has been carried beyond that world. The pact is actually drawn up and there are signatures already upon it. The President of the United States has signed. King George V has signed, with the Prime Minister of the country—Mr. Willoughby Johns. That document is now in the safe at the British Foreign Office. It awaits the signatures of yourself and Monsieur Flaubert, the President, the signatures of the King of Italy and Berati's chief, the signature of the German dictator."

"Adopt my scheme, Monsieur Fleuriot, and that pact is going to be the mightiest ruling force in the world. Give Italy that demonstration. Let it be brought to her notice that the country with whom she was seeking an alliance has deceived her and she will sign. Behrling hates war. That was the reason why Berati was favoring the monarchist party in Germany. Behrling will sign the pact. Now, Monsieur Fleuriot, will you write to Colonel Dumesnil—will you place the arrangements for carrying out the experiment in my hands? Remember the secret of the mountains of Sospel is no longer a secret. Even though you shoot me before sundown, as I suppose you have the right to do, you will not save that secret."

THE minister lit a cigarette with trembling fingers.

"Major Fawley," he confided, "I cannot believe what you tell me."

Fawley smiled.

"Naturally," he said, "you require some verification of my word. The English ambassador, Lord Rollins, is waiting to hear from you. He will tell you that he has seen the signatures of King George V and Willoughby Johns on this pact, also the signature of the President of the United States. It is a simple document. There will be a secondary one of conditions, but nothing will alter the vital principle. The five powerful nations of the world swear each one that whatever provocation they receive there shall be no war. It is enough."

"Lord Rollins, you said? The English ambassador?" Fleuriot exclaimed.

"He is spending the afternoon at home in case you care to send for him."

"You have at least given me an issue," the minister cried out in relief. "I will receive Lord Rollins at once. There shall be a cabinet meeting following his visit. If yours has been an honest enterprise, Major Fawley, I consent

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*who brings up her four
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"I often contrast my four fine, healthy youngsters with mother. We don't fill them up with medicines the way people used to in mother's day. Thanks to my doctor's directions we just use Nujol regularly. It has not upset their stomachs, and even when they had whooping cough they only had serum and Nujol."

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to your scheme. If I find that you are still playing the game of the supersecret service man you will be shot, as you say, before sundown and if your ambassador went down on his knees to save you he would do so in vain."

"Excellent," Fawley agreed. "Place me under arrest if you like. I am content."

Monsieur Fleuriot touched his bell.

"I shall not order your arrest, Major Fawley, but I shall place you in security," he said. "Meanwhile, I shall send for Lord Rollins."

The minister held whispered conference with the secretary who had answered the bell. The latter turned to Fawley.

"If Monsieur will be so kind as to come to my room," he begged.

At the door Fawley looked back. Monsieur Fleuriot still had the appearance of a man stunned. In a way, however, there was a change in his features, a light upon his face. If this thing should be true it would be he who would lead France into the new world!

FAWLEY brought his car slowly to a standstill at the top of the Sospel Pass and lighted a cigarette. From where he sat he could see the ravine down which he had flung himself only a month or so ago. He could recall the sound of the rifle bullets spitting against the rocks, the muttering of the Chasseurs Alpins cursing the darkness. He had escaped where others with as much experience as he had paid with their lives for seeking to learn the secrets of this fortress. Would the luck hold, he wondered. . . .

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The sound of men marching close at hand. Fawley, suddenly alert, sat up in his place. They were already making their way around the corner, a little company of weary men with a handful of tired mules. They were almost passing him when the officer, who was marching in the middle of the road, came to a sudden standstill. He looked incredulously at Fawley. It was the same officer who had found him wandering in the roads and taken him to the colonel! The meeting was one of mutual amazement. The young lieutenant of the Chasseurs Alpins, however, was this time a very resolute person. He snapped out his orders. In a very few seconds Fawley found himself with a soldier standing on each footboard and another with pointed rifle facing the car.

"What's the trouble?" Fawley asked. "You are under arrest," the officer replied. "I do not think I could possibly bring in a more welcome prisoner. Start

your car, if you please, take the turn to the right and stop at headquarters. You heard my orders to the men. They will shoot unless you obey precisely."

Fawley made no comment. He started the engine and drove slowly along in the direction indicated. When he arrived at the white plastered house from which was flying the French flag he descended and was escorted, the center of a strong bodyguard, into the bare apartment which he had visited once before. The same commandant was seated at his table with a similar pile of dispatches before him and an orderly on either side. This time, however, Fawley's reception was different. The colonel stared at him first in blank astonishment, then a curious glitter of almost malicious gratification flashed in his eyes.

"*Le bon Dieu!*" he exclaimed. "It is the same man!"

Fawley saluted with a smile.

"It is quite true. I was here a month or so ago, Colonel," he reminded him. "Major Fawley, late of the American army."

The colonel's fingers caressed his mustache.

"Ah, yes," he said. "I remember you. Major Fawley of the American army. Excellent!" He turned.

"Close the door. See that it is securely fastened. Search the prisoner."

Fawley felt himself pinioned from behind. He yielded without any attempt at resistance. A cigarette case, a small revolver and a long official-looking envelope were produced and laid upon the table.

The colonel pushed the weapon impatiently to one side and took up the envelope. If his astonishment at seeing Fawley was great, his astonishment as he studied the envelope was certainly greater. He turned it over in his hand time after time. It bore the well-known official seal of the Quai d'Orsay and it was addressed to himself!

"COLONEL DUMESNIL

"By favor of Major Martin Fawley."

"A communication for you," Fawley explained courteously. "I was on my way to deliver it."

"Perhaps!" the colonel exclaimed contemptuously. "Lieutenant Vigny, detail a squad of men in the courtyard with loaded rifles. We do not let a spy slip through our hands twice, Major Fawley."

"I think," the latter suggested, "you had better open that envelope."

"I shall do so," the colonel assured

(Continued on page 58)

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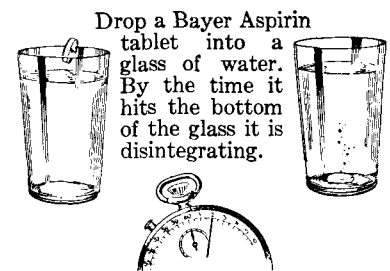
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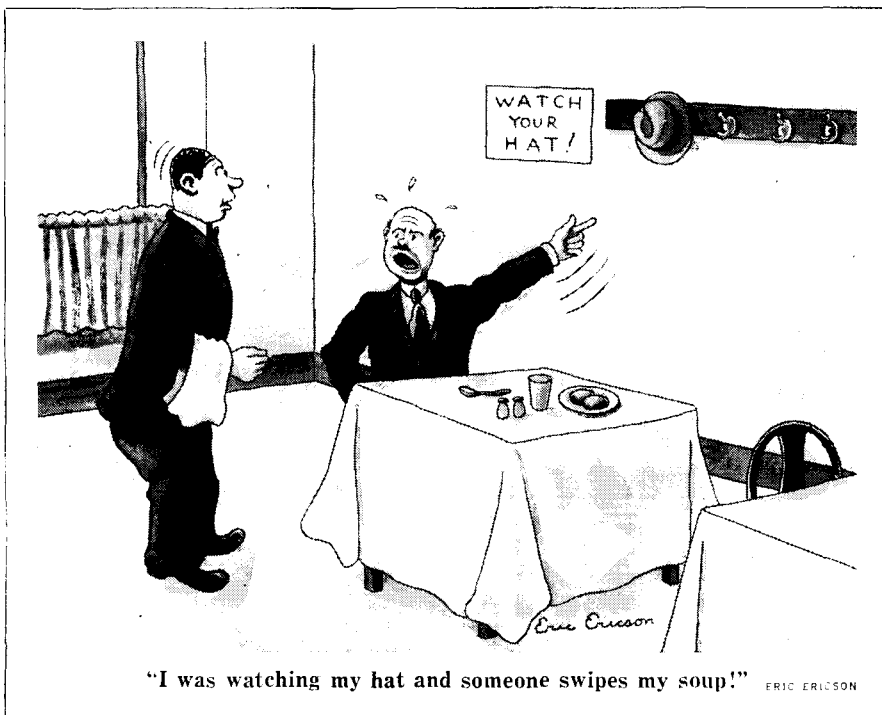
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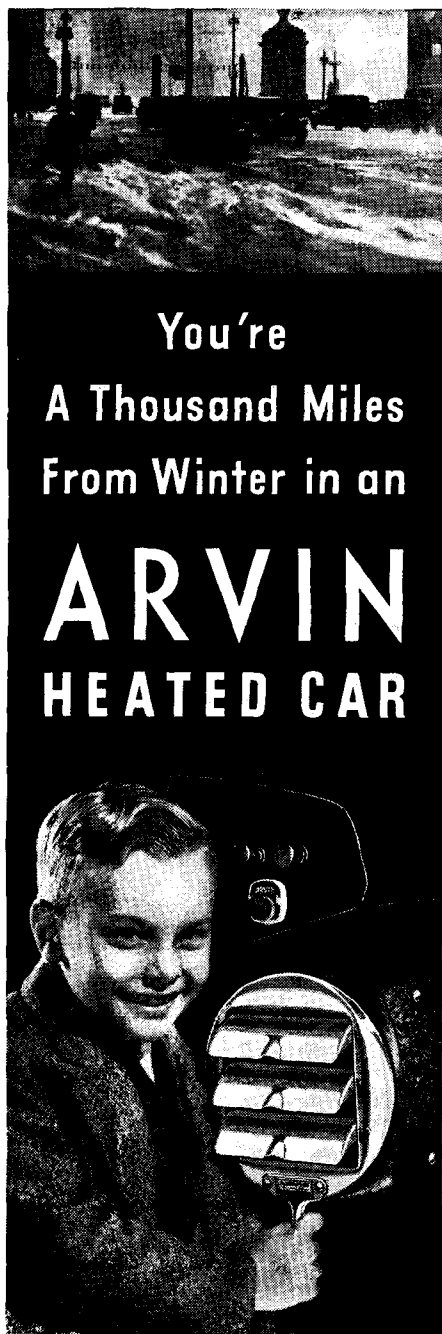
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"I was watching my hat and someone swipes my soup!" ERIC ERICSON



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(Continued from page 57)
him, "but this time you have been too clever. I shall take nothing for granted. Before I read I shall be convinced that what I read is forgery."

"Forgeries in a code so secret as the French 'B' military code do not exist," Fawley declared. "I received that envelope from Marshal Hugot himself three days ago."

"How do you know that it is in the French military code?" the colonel demanded.

"The minister of war, Field-Marshal Hugot, himself told me so," Fawley explained. "There was no need for me to open the letter. I know exactly what it contains."

"You have dared to present yourself at the Quai d'Orsay?" the colonel gasped.

"I had a very pleasant hour there on Monday," was the prompt reply.

"If I have my will," the colonel said as he broke the seal, "you will have a far less pleasant few minutes shortly looking down the barrels of my men's rifles! You may fool a French soldier once, Major Fawley. It is not an easy thing to do the second time."

THE colonel slit open the long envelope and drew out a closely written sheet of paper. He frowned as he stared at it. Without a doubt it was a communication addressed in the most secret of all codes, a code known only to the inner circle of the French military council.

"Fetch me Manual 17 from the safe," he directed one of the orderlies.

The man obeyed. The colonel opened the volume and, producing a fresh sheet of paper, carefully commenced his task of transcribing. His occupation lasted for something like twenty minutes. When he had finished he read through the decoded letter word for word, tapping each with his pencil. He had the appearance of a man suffering from shock.

"It is impossible," he muttered to himself. The palm of one hand rested on the decoded message, the palm of the other on the message itself. He leaned forward in his chair. His eyes seemed to be boring into Fawley's.

"When did you receive this communication?" he demanded.

"Monday at eight o'clock from the hands of Field-Marshal Hugot himself."

"It is impossible," the colonel declared. "Marshal Hugot is at Geneva."

"He may be now," Fawley answered indifferently. "He flew back from Geneva to Paris Sunday. I had an interview with him at midnight. He placed this communication in my hands to be brought to you."

"You know what is written here?" the colonel asked.

"Absolutely," Fawley assured him. "The suggestion itself came from me. I will admit," he went on thoughtfully, "that my reception at the Quai d'Orsay, in the first instance, was not everything I could have wished. That, perhaps, is natural. There were certain things against me, including your own very bitter report of my innocent activities, Colonel. But, you see, I had credentials. I was able to impress them upon the staff."

The colonel breathed heavily several times. Then he looked up again.

"I decline," he decided, "even in the face of such evidence, to accept this as genuine."

"Then you are a very obstinate person," Fawley replied. "You have plenty of ways of securing verification but I suggest that you use the speediest. The matter referred to in that communication is one that brooks of no delay."

The colonel turned towards his senior orderly.

"Pierre," he directed, "call up the

department on our private long-distance wire. Say that I must speak to General du Vivier himself."

The man saluted and hurried out. The colonel leaned back in his chair. "Your story will be put to the proof," he said coldly.

"A reasonable precaution," Fawley murmured. "May I, however, be allowed to sit down and more especially to smoke?"

The colonel bit his lips.

"You may sit down in that chair facing the barred window," he enjoined, "and you may watch those twelve men standing at attention. You know what their orders will be in the event of there being the slightest hitch in these communications. Orderly, take these cigarettes to the prisoner."

"Prisoner," Fawley repeated reproachfully, as he accepted the case and lit a cigarette. "Well, prisoner if you like," he added. "Liberty will be all the more desirable."

"It is my personal wish," the colonel acknowledged, "that that liberty never come. I am not a cruel man but I should stand at the window there and watch your execution with the utmost satisfaction. If this letter is genuine it will simply prove to me that you are something of a necromancer in your line. I shall still believe that you have deceived my chiefs as you have deceived us."

"You may believe that, Colonel," Fawley said quietly, "but you will be wrong."

There was a long silence. The colonel continued his task of signing papers and the sound of the scratching of his pen was almost the only sound in the room. The window itself commanded a view of the dusty courtyard and the sun flashed upon the short-barreled rifles of the men waiting to perform their task.

It was a silent spot, this, among the mountains. If engineering works were still being carried on in the vicinity the labors of the day were evidently at an end. From somewhere in the heart of the woods came the faintly musical humming of a saw at work among the pine logs and from an incredible distance came every now and then the faint wailing of a siren in the midst of a stretch of misty sea.

FAWLEY smoked on composedly. Only once he indulged in a grimace. He remembered the story of a fellow worker who, after bringing off many successful coups, was eventually shot for being discovered with absolutely genuine papers. Those things are in the day's march. It might come to him as it had come to others. Fawley, in moments of crisis, had often before contemplated the problem of sudden extermination. This time it was mixed with a new emotion. He found himself remembering Elida!

An orderly hurried in. He whispered a word in the colonel's ear. The latter left his place and entered the little cabinet at the far end of the room. He remained inside fully ten minutes. One heard occasionally the threads of a broken conversation mingled with the somewhat heated amenities between the colonel and the local authorities. In the end the colonel emerged from the telephone booth and resumed his seat behind his desk without speech. He had the air of a man who has received a sudden and unexpected blow. He had lost his dignity, his poise, his military flair. He was just a middle-aged, tired old gentleman who had set himself to face an unsatisfactory problem.

"Do I take off my collar," Fawley asked, "and submit myself to the amiable ministrations of your picturesque bandits outside, or are you by chance convinced that my mission to you is a genuine one?"

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The colonel closed his eyes for a moment as though in pain.

"I am prepared to admit the genuineness of your mission, Major Fawley," he said. "Why my superiors at the War Office are playing this extraordinary game I do not know. I imagine that military logic has become subservient to political intrigue. . . . What date do you propose for this extraordinary entertainment?"

"Sunday next. Four days from today," Fawley answered briskly. "Of course, before that time I have an almost impossible task to perform, but if I should succeed—four days from today. You will do me the favor, perhaps, to look at this small sketch. You will see I have marked in pencil three crosses just where I should think I might install our friends the enemy."

The colonel studied the plan. He referred to a hand-drawn map and turned back again to the plan. He nodded his head slowly in unconvinced but portentous fashion.

"With every moment of our intercourse," he said coldly, "you impress me the more, Major Fawley, with your exceptional ability as a—do we call it spy or secret service star? I leave it to you to choose. Be there at that spot at the time and hour appointed and France, with your assistance, shall betray herself."

FAWLEY rose to his feet. "I gather that I am a free man?" he asked.

"You are a free man," the colonel answered calmly. "I do not like you. I do not trust you. I hate these intermeshed political and military eruptions which in a single second destroy the work of years. In letting you go free I submit to authority, but if you care for a warning take it. You are a self-accomplished spy. You will be watched from the moment you leave my doors and if the time should come when you make that little slip which they say all men of your profession make sooner or later, I pray that I may be the one to benefit."

Fawley sighed as he drew himself up and stood with his hand upon the door handle.

"I really do not know, Colonel," he expostulated, "why you dislike me so much. I need not have worked at all. I have chosen to work in the greatest cause the world has ever known—the great cause of peace. I have already risked my life half a dozen times. Once more makes no difference. Perhaps when you have settled down on your estates with your children and grandchildren you will not regard the man who works behind the scenes quite so venomously. . . . By the bye, if I must submit to perpetual escort may I beg that you will give me two of your lightest guards? The two who mounted my footboard coming up would break the back axle of my car before we reached Sospel."

The colonel looked coldly at his departing guest.

"You need have no fear, Major Fawley," he said. "You are no longer a prisoner. My motorcycle scouts will trace you from the moment you leave to wherever you go and telephone to me their report. I shall get in touch at once with the Chief de la Sûreté of the district. Things may happen or they may not."

Fawley drew a deep breath of the pine-scented air as he stood outside, lingered for a moment and stepped unhindered into his car. Thus was the first stage of his desperate mission safely accomplished. Elida had warned him almost passionately that it was the second which would prove most difficult.

Once more Fawley crossed that huge spacious apartment at the far end of which Berati sat enthroned behind his

low desk, a grim and motionless figure. The chair on his left-hand side was vacant. There was no sign anywhere of Patoni.

"I ought to apologize for my sudden return to Rome, perhaps," Fawley ventured. "Events marched more quickly than I had anticipated. Except for a brief stay at Monte Carlo I have come here directly from Paris."

Berati leaned slightly forward. His eyes were like slits of cold, black fire, his lower lip was dragged down, his face resembled a sculptor's effort to reproduce the human sneer.

"You have been paying quite a round of visits, I understand," he remarked icily. "London—I scarcely thought that London and Downing Street were places with which we had any present concern."

"You were misinformed, sir," Fawley replied calmly. "London and Washington are both concerned in the present situation."

Berati rang a bell from under his desk, an unseen gesture. In complete silence, so stealthily that Fawley was unaware of their presence until he felt a heavy hand upon each of his shoulders, two of the new civic guards had entered the room and moved up to where he stood. They were standing on either side of him now—portents of the grim future.

"You and the princess," Berati said harshly, "both of you pretend to have been working for Italy. You have been working for England. The princess, for all I know, has been working for France—"

"Not exactly correct, sir," Fawley interrupted. "Of the princess' activities I know little except that I believe she was trying to coerce you into signing a treaty with the wrong party in Germany. So far as I am concerned I will admit that I have deceived you. I professed to enter your service. I never had the intention of working for one nation only. I had what I venture to consider a greater cause at heart."

Berati glared at him from behind his desk. He seemed to have suddenly become, in these moments of unrestrained anger, the living presentment of the caricatures of himself which Europe had studied with shivering repugnance for the last two years.

"There is one thing about you, Major Fawley," he said. "There will not be many words between us, so I will pay you a compliment. I think that you are the bravest man I ever met."

"You flatter me," Fawley murmured.

"SOMEHOW or other," Berati went on, "you learned the most important secrets of the French fortifications. You must have taken enormous risks. I sent five men after you to check your statements and every one of them lies buried among the mountains. Yours was a wonderful and courageous effort but your visit here today is perhaps a braver action still. Do you realize that, Fawley? You must have known that if ever you came within my reach—within my grasp—you would pay for your treachery with your life."

"I knew there was a risk," Fawley admitted coolly. "On the other hand, I know that you have brains. I am less afraid of you than I should be of most men because I think that when you have listened to what I have to say you will probably widen your view. You will realize that the person whom you accuse of betraying her has saved Italy."

"Fine talk," Berati sneered.

"Never in my life," Fawley assured him, "have I made a statement which I could not prove. What I am going to disclose now is the greatest secret which has existed in Europe for a hundred years."

(To be concluded next week)

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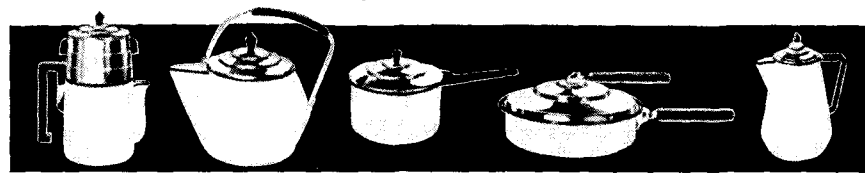
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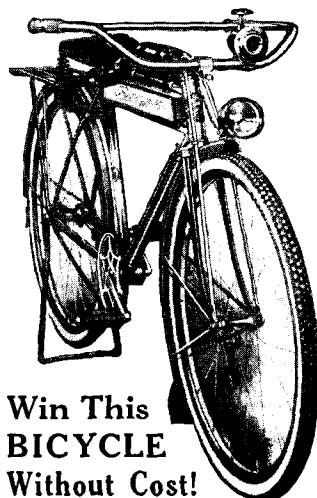
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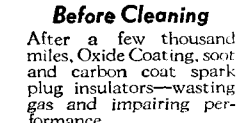
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The Belligerent Goat

Continued from page 12

Carvel Standard. Newspaper." He added, coloring faintly: "I'm on my way to hit Mat Purdy for a job."

"Mat Purdy. Now who is he?" she cooed like a dove. But her pulse was faster.

"Take a week to tell you," he assured her, amused. "But he owns a lot of city newspapers."

"Do you think he'll hire you?"

"Bound to," said Frank McKee, with more certainty than he felt. "He and Father used to work together before I was born. I've got a letter from Father to him; an introduction."

He prepared to crawl under the car. "Here," said Sally, quickly alighting. "Take this rug and spread it on the mud. You'll soil your clothes!"

SHE was smiling. Sunlight struck through the leaves above, and a shaft of it was a spotlight on her countenance. He looked at her, admiring this and that. Frank had an eye for detail.

"You'll know me, next time!" she said, amused.

"I'll never forget you," Frank assured her.

He spread the rug, crawled under the car. The drain cock was stubborn, but pliers turned it. The drain was plugged, but a whittled twig cleaned it. Gasoline ran down his arm and his sleeve. He set the pail under the little stream; and while he waited for it to fill, he admired her ankles as she stood beside the car.

She was on the side where that letter lay on the running board; but Frank had not seen the letter fall.

The pail, since it held only two quarts, was quickly full. He crawled out, poured the contents into the gas tank of her car.

"Thank you ever so much," she said.

"You won't get far on that. You'll need more. I've a notion to put some water in, so you *can't* get away."

"I'm not sure I want to get away," she said most amiably; and he slid under the car again, his ears red.

Then a man came toward them along the road, and Frank saw his legs; and Sally called to this newcomer: "Did you get some, Mike?"

"Naw! I walked two miles and never even found a house. Where's Ed?"

"Sitting on a rock up the road," she reported angrily. "You probably did the same, just went around the bend and hid! I told you not to come back without gas!"

"Shut up," said Mike sourly. "I've

had enough of your lip. For two cents I'd slap you down!"

Frank scrambled out from beneath his car and came toward them. "I don't like your tone to this lady!" he said.

Mike stared in astonishment at this slight young man with flaming red hair, in blue serge trousers, an oil-stained shirt, and a stiff rage.

"Is that so?" he said warily. And he grinned in derision. "Lady, eh!"

"This gentleman," Sally explained, "has very courteously given me some gas out of his own car. . . ."

Frank pushed the issue. "You heard me," he said, belligerent as a bantam. "I said I didn't like your tone. Are you going to apologize?"

"Say," Mike grinned, "what's it to you?"

Frank, without further discussion, came at Keeley in a blur of flying fists. He was inches shorter than the other, but he was a willing fighter. One of his fists caught Keeley in the eye, and Keeley tried to duck, and tripped over his own feet; but he recovered his balance and knocked Frank down.

Frank, as his knee struck the road, felt his trousers split. He scrambled to his feet; but then, beyond Keeley, he saw another man, in knickerbockers. This was Ed Smith, returning.

Sally had climbed into the roadster. Now the engine started suddenly; and she called in sharp command: "Ed, quick! Get in! Mike, hold that idiot!"

FRANK was for a moment struck motionless by this treachery. Then Mike caught him from behind and thrust him headlong into the ditch beside the road. The roadster moved, Ed and Mike leaped aboard; and as the car departed, Sally looked back and waved something white.

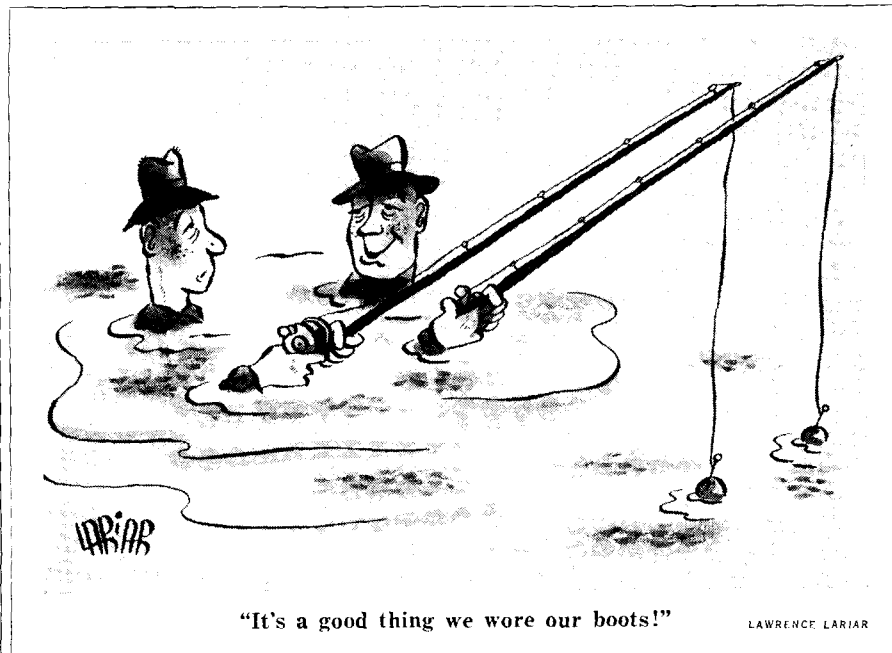
"By, Redhead!" she called derisively.

Then they were gone. Frank took two steps after them before he realized what that white thing might be. He turned and raced back to his car, snatched his coat, felt in the pocket, looked on the ground.

The letter was gone! The letter from his father to Mat Purdy, upon which his job might depend! He set spark and throttle, twisted the crank, leaped to the seat, began a headlong pursuit.

His countenance was with wrath now even more red than his hair.

Old Wint Osgood had kept Mat Purdy's gate for fifteen years. His job was



a sinecure, requiring no physical capacity. He kept the iron gates locked; himself secure inside.

This was his busy day. Pat McKee's boy Frank had come along with a letter from Pat to Mr. Purdy. Wint once had been a newspaper-man; knew Pat of old. Pat's boy drove a nice roadster. Wint let him through the gate, but he watched the car scoot up the steep drive with a wagging, doubtful head. No young fool in short pants would get far with Mat Purdy.

Nevertheless, as his duty was, he telephoned up to the house that Frank was coming.

Then he sat down, half drowsing, outside the lodge door, his chair tipped back against the wall. After a little, a lean young man with a shock of flaming hair came running along the road, came shaking vehemently at the gates.

There was fire in the young man's eye; so Wint approached warily. The new arrival said something, and Wint rubbed his rocklike chin and wagged his head, peering at that red hair. He cupped his ear with a bony hand.

"Eh?" he said. "Talk louder! What you want to mumble for?"

The young man's mouth moved as though he were shouting. Wint heard "... McKee ..." and something that sounded like "Pat."

"I ain't see Pat McKee in ten year, mebbly more," said Wint. "But his boy Frank come along this morning, with a letter from Pat to Purdy! I let him in, not more'n ten minutes ago. Young squirt in knickerbockers! But he drove a nice car!"

The young man seemed by this intelligence to be infuriated beyond all reason. He shook at the gate and bawled soundlessly.

"Yes, he did too!" Wint insisted, backing away out of possible reach; for this wild redhead was an affrighting spectacle. There was a shotgun just inside the door of the lodge. Wint came within reach of it.

"You go along about your business," he commanded. He showed the gun. "Go on!" he shouted. "Git to blazes out of here!"

The red-headed young man seemed about to climb the gate. Wint raised the gun; and the redhead surrendered, turned and raced away.

ANN PURDY was eighteen, her mother dead, her father in all small matters her devoted slave. Today Mat Purdy came down the mountainside to fish the lower reaches of a brawling stream well stocked with trout, but Ann did not choose to fish. The stream, after furnishing an occasional hazard on the golf course, paralleled the fifth fairway; and Ann brought along a putter and half a dozen balls. While Mat Purdy fished in the gorge below, she practiced putting on the shaded green in an angle among trees. There was a deep trap beside the green, a bank above it.

She heard a car go up the drive toward the house, perched on a spur which projected from the mountain's flank. Someone to see her father, no doubt. As her club swung smoothly back to stroke the ball, something or someone slid startlingly down the bank into the sand trap behind her. She stabbed the putt and it went wide.

"Darn it!" she said, and turned to see who the disturber was. He was a wiry young man with furiously red hair and angry blue eyes and a brick-red countenance, in torn blue serge trousers and an oil-stained white shirt.

"Hello, Redhead!" she said. He scrambled threateningly out of the trap. "Don't you call me that!"

Most people were amused at first sight of Frank McKee; but Ann liked him, too. She said smilingly: "Then don't come spoiling my putts!"

"I'll turn you over my knee," he threatened.

"If you touch me, I'll knock your head off," she promised, and backed away, the putter held in both hands like a weapon.

His anger died in delight. He grinned. "Say, I'll bet you would! Who are you, anyway?"

"Ann Purdy, of course. Who are you?"

"Frank McKee."

"McKee?"

"If you're Mat Purdy's daughter, you've heard him speak of Pat McKee!"

"Of course, dozens of times."

"Well, I'm Pat's son," said Frank.

"Came to ask your father for a job. Where is he? Up at the house?"

"Fishing, down brook," she said. "It's almost lunch time. He'll be coming soon. But maybe you want to go find him?"

"I'd rather wait here with you!"

Her cheeks were bright. "Well, if you want to make a good impression, you'd better go down to the brook and wash your face and hands."

He grinned. "Where is it?" he asked, looking all around.

"Right down there!"

"Come show me. I might get lost."

"Idiot," she said, laughing; but she descended with him to the stream side.

"Better?" he asked at last, submitting to inspection.

"Not much, I'm afraid!"

SHE climbed the bank to the green again. He followed; and came face to face with a tall man, heavy boned, with a mild eye and a firm mouth. Beside him another man, obviously less important.

"Hello, Dad," said Ann. "Hello, Burke."

Burke moved toward Frank, quietly, watchfully.

"Who's this, Ann?" Mat Purdy asked.

Frank spoke for himself. "I'm Frank McKee," he said, his hand extended. Purdy looked at the grimy thing doubtfully, and Frank grinned. "I'm Pat McKee's son," he said.

"Are you?" Mat Purdy believed in asking questions, listening to answers.

"Yes!" Frank bristled a little at the other's tone.

"What of it?"

"I want a job on one of your papers."

"Why should I give you a job?"

"You'll know, a month from now!"

Purdy wagged his head. "I suppose you're a college man."

"I went to college in my spare time," Frank assented.

Purdy smiled faintly. "Spare time?"

"Father and I get out the Carvel Standard. Keeps us both busy."

"Country weekly!"

"Daily!" Frank snapped. "The best in New England. Our circulation's eighty per cent of the population of the county. Any of your papers do as well?"

"They would with Pat McKee for editor," Purdy admitted. "Did he send you to see me?"

"Yes."

"Give you a letter to me?"

Frank's cheek burned. "Yes."

"Where is it?"

"I lost it."

"How?"

"Stolen."

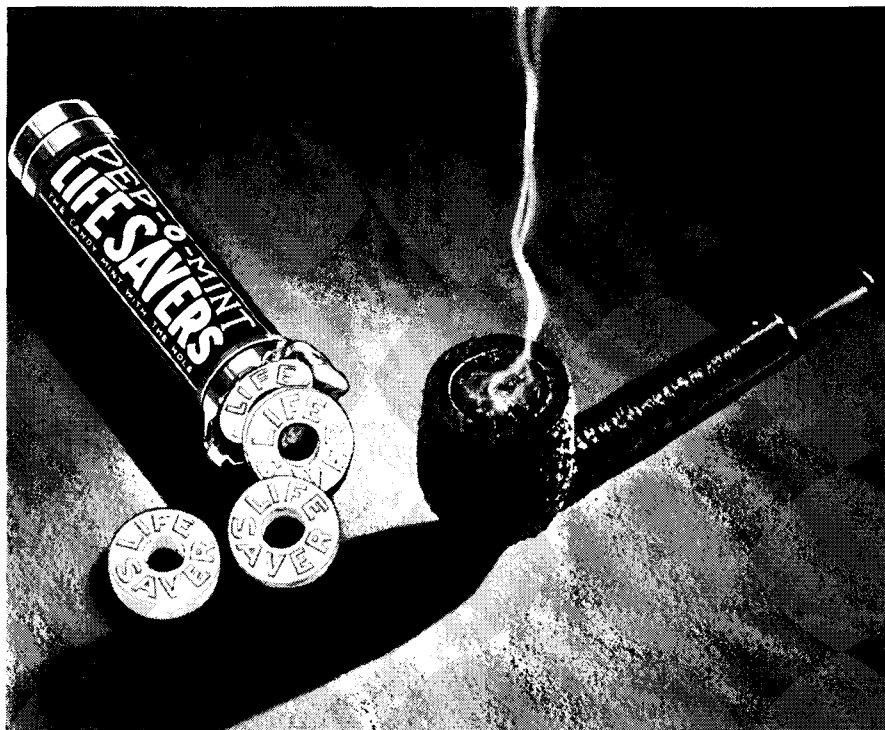
Purdy looked interested. "How? Who? Why?"

"That's my business!" said Frank. Suddenly his tone changed. "Wait a minute! It might be yours, too!" He considered briefly. "Here's the story!" he decided, and told the tale.

"I got in my car and chased them," he explained. "But I'd forgotten the drain cock, left the gas running. When the tank was empty, my car stopped, so I came on foot to the gate. The old man there pulled a gun on me, told me Frank

(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

McKee had already come, with a letter from Pat to you. Wint let this other man in. That must have been one of them."

Purdy looked at Burke; and Ann Purdy asked stiffly: "Was she pretty?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"Oh," said Ann, and turned away. But not far.

"Well, she was," Frank insisted. "But I got wise to her."

"It doesn't matter in the least," said Ann.

"Sure it does," Frank protested. "To you and me..."

Purdy chuckled. "Stop that! Right before my eyes! What sort of a girl was she?"

"Blonde," said Frank. "Fair hair, natural color. Wide mouth with too much rouge on it. Blue eyes, one a little lighter than the other. Kind of cute!"

He grinned teasingly at Ann, and Ann sniffed; and Purdy watched Burke inquiringly, and Burke nodded.

"That's her," he said.

"You let them steal your letter," said Purdy accusingly. "That got them through the gate!" There was damnation in his tones. "I've gone to some pains to keep them out. You've made trouble for me. I've no use for you!"

"I'll take care of them," said Frank stoutly.

Purdy ignored him. "Burke, this thug is probably up at the house, waiting for me. Get rid of him. I'll stay here."

BURKE departed; and Purdy turned to Frank.

"When a man has business with me," he said flatly, "he ought not to flirt with girls along the road. And when a man has a letter for me, he ought to deliver it. Son, your father's a great newspaper-man, but you won't do. This girl is trying to serve a complaint on me, in a blackmail suit. She worked in my Washington office, framed me."

"When a man doesn't want girls suing him, he ought not to flirt with them," said audacious Frank McKee. "But I wouldn't give a hoot for any man that didn't look twice at a pretty girl."

"I've no use for you!"

Ann said suddenly, pleadingly: "But, Father..."

Then someone spoke, close behind them: "Mr. Purdy!"

They turned as one, to see Ed Smith smiling a triumphant smile. He held a document with a legal look about it in his hand. He stepped toward Purdy. He paid no attention to Frank McKee.

This was a mistake. Frank hit him like a projectile; and the paper went

flying, and they rolled over and over into the sand trap. The trap was deep. Spurts of sand arose from it, as though a duffer were busy with his niblick there.

Then the man in knickerbockers scrambled out of the trap on hands and knees. He got to his feet and ran, and Frank pursued. At the edge of the woods above the brook, Frank dove after the fugitive in a flying tackle; and they disappeared in a tangle of arms and legs. The sound of crashing underbrush ended in a loud splash.

Ann followed them down the bank. She cried from the brookside doubtfully: "Oh, you'll drown him!"

"I'm going to get my letter!" Frank retorted.

Mat Purdy, above, could see nothing; but he heard gurgles as of one choking, and the crack of another blow, and a wailing cry, and the sounds of headlong flight through tangled woods. Then silence. After a moment Ann and Frank—Frank was dripping—came back up the bank. Frank had a handful of soggy papers, through which he thumbed hurriedly. He found what he sought.

"Here," he said. "Here it is!" He thrust his father's letter into Mat Purdy's hand.

His nose was bleeding. Ann dabbed at it with a tiny handkerchief; murmured tender sympathy.

"That's nothing!" Frank protested. "He got in a lucky one! That's all!"

Purdy glanced at the sodden letter. "Maybe I was wrong about you, son," he decided. "You've got insides, anyway. That fellow was thirty pounds heavier than you."

And he asked: "If I gave you a letter to Rand, do you think you'd let some girl along the road take it away from you?"

"Who's Rand?"

"My managing editor, in Boston."

Frank grinned in a beaming triumph; but he found it hard to speak. It is a wrenching thing when long dreams come true.

Then Ann touched his arm. "I'm driving down to Boston this afternoon," she said. "If you want a lift, I'll protect you. No blond hussy can get around me!"

Frank was a young man and not long to be subdued.

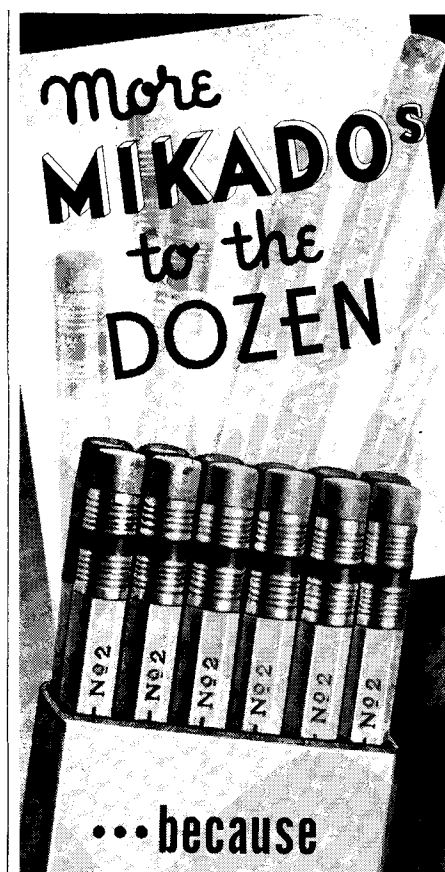
"If I'm with you, I won't even see any other girl," he said.

"I should hope not!" she agreed.

Mat Purdy cleared his throat. "Frank," he suggested, in a dry tone, "I thought you said it was a job you wanted? Ann doesn't get into the office much."

"Oh, I won't be in the office all the time," said Frank McKee.

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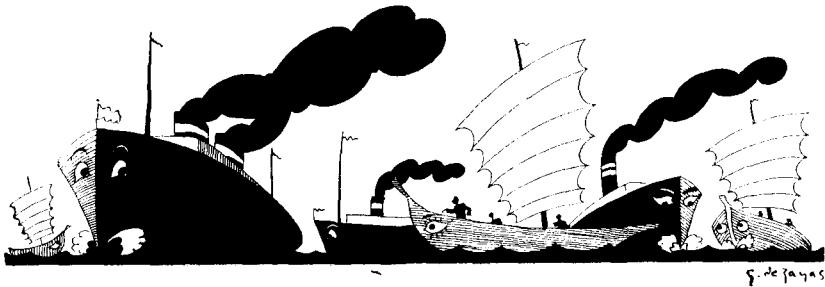
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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

For centuries the Chinese have painted eyes on the bows of their ships so the boats could "see" where they were going. Foreign vessels, operating in and around China, have adopted this custom because Chinese passengers insist that it adds to the safety of navigation.

The world's most widely used word is "Amen," the old Hebrew expression meaning "So it is" or "So be it." It is employed by nearly one billion Christians, Jews and Mohammedans, or just half of the population of the world. The Mohammedans even end their letters and other manuscripts with it.—By S. D. Kent, Seattle, Washington.

Today in England, society engages witnesses at scandalous divorce trials to come to their parties and regale the guests with all the spicy details, and in the United States, managers of fairs, carnivals and side shows are in a mad scramble to buy their copies of that great attraction—the death mask of Dillingham.

Although the effect of the earth's rotation on accuracy of long-range guns was not considered in the firing tables of the United States Army until the World War, it is an important factor. When not corrected for this rotation, a 2,100 pound projectile, fired due west at the equator, will travel—in land distance—nearly a quarter of a mile farther than one fired due east.—By H. E. Erskine, Malden, Massachusetts.

Up to the beginning of the Nineteenth century, England hanged anyone found guilty of attempting suicide. Thus it tried to stop its citizens from taking their lives—by guaranteeing death to those who sought it.—By E. M. Million, Clinton, Oklahoma.

New Olesund in Spitzbergen, about a thousand miles within the Arctic Circle, is owned by a mining company and its 300 men and 20 women are there on contract. It has no store, movie, jail, school or church. During the five winter months, the place is in complete darkness and the wind is so strong that the 20 houses have to be tied to the ground by steel cables—thrown over their roofs.

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To the majority of Americans, a soda fountain is an integral part of a drug store. Yet 41 out of every 100 drug stores in the United States today do not have a fountain.

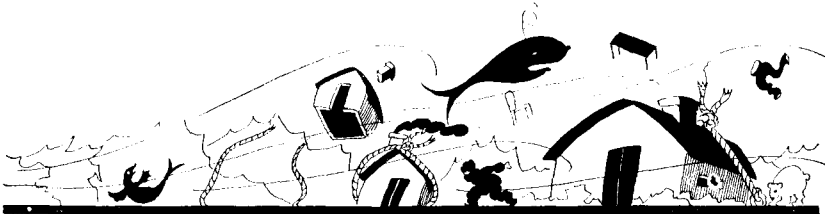
Belief in a "life token" is one of the oldest and most universal superstitions. It is the conviction that some one thing with which a person has been closely associated throughout childhood will serve as an index to his health and prosperity after he leaves home. As long as this life token—a knife, tree, plant or pet—is in good condition, he is believed to be well and happy. Contrarily, signs of degeneration cause concern.

"Arab" is one of the most loosely applied words in existence today. It is not a designation for a person of any one race, country or religion. Through many generations of intermarriage in Europe, Asia and Africa, the world's present 35,000,000 "Arabs" are a strange mixture of races and religions. In northern Africa, even Europeans who have taken up Mohammedanism are known as "Arabs."—By E. N. Miller, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The most profitable business in the world today is the handling of illicit narcotics. The manufacturer of heroin, for instance, makes it for twenty-five dollars a pound and sells it to his distributors for \$1,225, which is a profit of 4,800 per cent. The distributors in turn sell it in small quantities to consumers at the rate of \$125,000 a pound, which is a profit for them of more than 10,000 per cent. The cost to the user consequently is 500,000 per cent of the manufacturer's cost price.

One of the oddest accidents on record occurred recently in Japan. A motor bus swerved, went over a steep cliff and crashed a hundred feet below. Suddenly cries for help came from a tree, partway down the mountain, which the bus had passed while falling. From its branches hung the seven passengers. They were trapeze artists in a traveling circus.—By Derol Todd, Austin, Texas.

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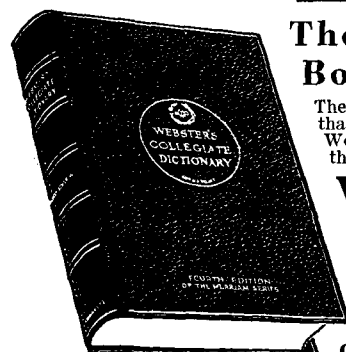
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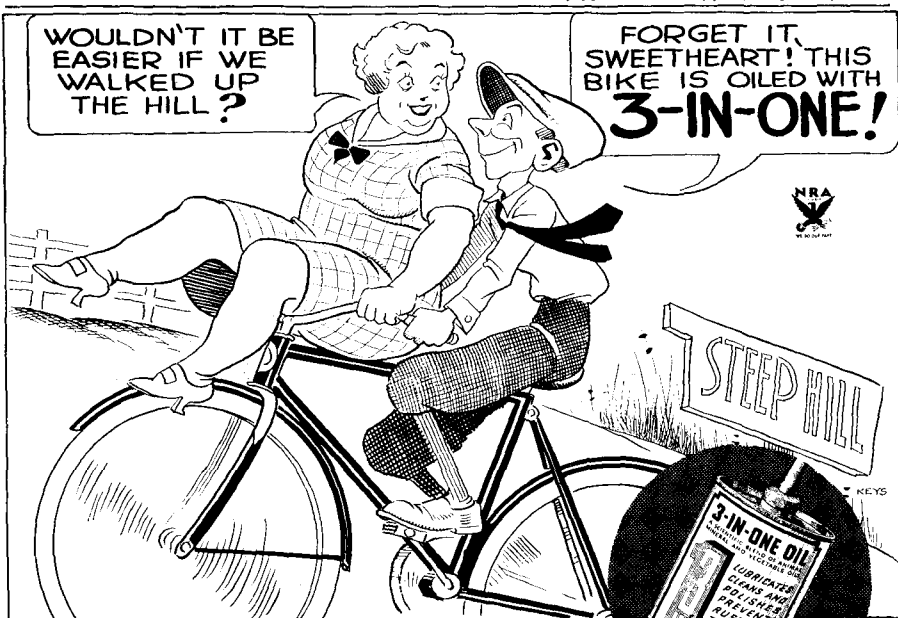
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IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

Bewildering Lou

Continued from page 16

Haughton couldn't do anything much with the poor material and general apathy which was associated with Columbia football. The attitude of Columbia was "We are primarily an intellectual institution. Naturally we can't cope on the gridiron with high-powered football teams. If we win a game now and then—fine. If we don't, well, after all, our boys come here to study, not to play football."

It was to this atmosphere that Lou Little brought a frankness, a vitality and an ability that soon changed it. He agreed cheerfully with the faculty that football was merely one small incident in the life of a college but he also insisted that good teams could be produced without sacrificing scholastic standing and without making Columbia a "football college."

The Columbia alumni gave Little a dinner shortly after his arrival, and the sports writers of New York attended to get a glimpse of this strange man who had turned down a good offer from the University of Pennsylvania to act as just another pallbearer at the annual Columbia gridiron obsequies. They met a big smiling man who seemed supremely unconscious of the dire fate which awaited him. Liking him immediately, the sports writers shook their heads sympathetically and murmured: "The poor sap."

Then Little made a short speech which, in the beginning, conformed to the formula. He said the usual innocuous phrases about how glad he was to be associated with such a great institution as Columbia and then he stopped. He stopped and for a moment he was silent.

A Challenge to Destiny

Then the good-natured, smiling, affable Lou Little disappeared. In his place there stood a young, determined, ambitious, capable man, confident of his ability, sure of himself, with not a trace of the apologetic defeatist attitude which had always been associated with Columbia football. He suddenly banged his right fist upon the dinner table so that the glasses rattled.

"I did not come to Columbia to fail," he roared, and his words rushed through the consciousness of every man there and they stirred something in the heart of every man there and they awoke a response and men jumped to their feet and the walls of the Columbia Club shook with applause. It was the first aggressive note ever heard from anyone connected with Columbia football. It was more than that. It was a challenge this man was making to his destiny. It was the expression of a healthy conceit—the cry of a man who refused to be beaten before the fight had begun.

"This guy must have something," the football writers said to each other. They sat down with him later and talked to him and listened to him. They discussed the season which had just passed. One man told of an important game which had been lost when the quarterback of the team which was leading at the time threw a forward pass when deep in his own territory. It was intercepted by an opposing player who ran for the touchdown which won the game.

"That quarterback pulled the most stupid play I ever saw," the man said. "Why, the coach should have yanked him right out and made him turn in his uniform. It's awful to see a game lost by one stupid play."

"You are talking now about an eight-

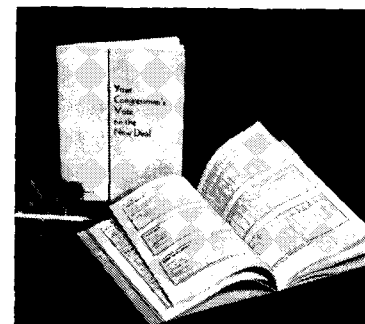
een-year-old boy," Little said softly. "It is very easy for an eighteen-year-old boy to make a mistake. Why, we're all much older than eighteen, and I guess even we make mistakes at times. And that football game was not a matter of life and death. It was just a game between two groups of youngsters and the fact that 60,000 spectators were watching doesn't alter things. It's still just a game. A football team isn't a machine, you know. It's a unit composed of eleven kids—not supermen, not nerveless cogs. Really, you shouldn't criticize a boy when he makes a mistake—God knows he's trying his best."

A Human Sidelight

There was a startled silence. This seemed rank heresy, coming from a football coach.

"Don't you criticize your players when they make mistakes?" someone asked.

"Of course," Lou admitted, "but not in the newspapers or not in public. I point out to the boy where he was



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wrong. If a boy lost an important game for me I wouldn't make him feel as if the world had ended."

Which was another sidelight on the man who is known as Lou.

Little got quite a shock when he saw the material that was available at Columbia that first year. He worked with them for two weeks at spring practice and then his newly-appointed first assistant, Arthur Sampson, who had been coaching at Tufts, appeared.

"Come up to Baker Field and I'll show you our squad," Lou said with a twinkle in his eye.

Sampson, never anticipating the shock that was to be his, walked out on the field with Lou. There were sixteen players in uniform tossing a football around.

"What is this," Sampson asked cheerily, "the backfield squad?"

"No," Little said softly, "that's our whole squad."

Sampson winced. "I guess we have a lot of work to do."

This was in 1930. They worked hard with the squad and everything was lovely until Dartmouth came to town

for the first major contest. The Indians massacred those Columbia youngsters by a 52-to-0 score.

It was a terrific blow to the hopes which Columbia had built. The boys limped into the dressing-room already suffering from the tongue-lashing which they anticipated. They had played poorly and they knew it. They lay on the floor in the dressing-room too battered to move. Then . . .

"Now, boys," Lou's voice came, "two weeks from now we play Cornell. We are going to beat Cornell if you work faithfully and retain your confidence in your coaches. As to the game this afternoon—forget it. Twelve months from today we play Dartmouth again. I promise you that twelve months from today we will beat Dartmouth. Some of you are seniors—you won't be here, but we will avenge the beating you took today."

The Birth of Confidence

The boys looked at their coach in amazement. He went on talking soothing words. He passed among them, helping trainer "Doc" Barrett to bind up their wounds. They were too tired to hear every word he said but his optimism and his faith in them penetrated their weary consciousness. They began to feel as if it had been all their fault. Why, they'd thrown this guy down. That's what they'd done. And he was still for them. He said they'd beat Cornell two weeks from now, hey? Well, he ought to know. And they'd trim Dartmouth a year from today? Wounds were forgotten. The humiliation was replaced by the beginning of a new confidence.

And two weeks later—they did beat Cornell. And a year later . . .

Dartmouth had virtually the same team which had run all over the Lions the year before. "Air Mail" Bill Morton and "Wild Bill" McCall were carrying the ball for the Big Green and doing a great job of it too.

Lou worked the boys hard. He worked himself hard. He actually stepped into a practice scrimmage one day and when he was hit he heard something snap. It wasn't until ten days later that he realized he had smashed a vertebra—had literally broken his neck in his effort

to get his boys ready for Dartmouth.

He was rushed to a hospital and he was strapped to a board and his neck was encased in a cast and he couldn't move his head even an inch. But all he thought of was the promise he had made to those boys that afternoon one year before. He'd have to make that promise good.

Each night his assistants, Herb Kopf, Sam Cordavano, Paul Liston, George McCabe and Ralph Furey would come to his hospital room to tell of the progress made. A blackboard was installed in the room and together they plotted a defense against the powerful Dartmouth attack and they chalked the defense on the board and tore it apart and built it up again and finally they were satisfied.

Game day came and there on the sidelines sat Lou Little. He sat in a specially constructed swivel chair, a leather brace holding his neck rigid. His boys gathered around him. They looked at him with quiet confidence and he could sense their desire to get at the Big Green. He spoke to them very briefly. They weren't the bewildered, inept youngsters who had faced Dartmouth a year ago. They were small, yes, but they were masters of a low, hard charge and they could tackle and they could block and they owned as intelligent an offense as ever was given to a football team. And they had courage.

"Go get them," Lou snapped and they ran out grimly to do their part in the fulfillment of the promise Lou had made them.

Columbia won, 19 to 6. Little had made his promise good. That night he went back to the hospital. He was tired, for he had worked one whole year in preparation for the accomplishment of that afternoon.

That was in 1931. Since then Columbia has lost but three games. Last season Little pulled the football miracle of the ages by beating Stanford in the Rose Bowl game.

There is no need of commenting on that victory. That victory spoke for itself.

It was merely Lou Little's way of putting another exclamation point after his famous sentence, "I did not come to Columbia to fail."

● THIS LETTER SHOULD INTEREST THE FATHER OF EVERY SON IN AMERICA!

Frankly, the International Correspondence Schools do not know whether this 42-year-old-father is unusual in his sense of responsibility or whether he is a pioneer in this business of modern parenthood; but his letter is reproduced in a spirit of public service.

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more about a new world of which their parents are ignorant, their attitude very often becomes one of contempt.

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"The World War, all told, cost—apart from 30 million lives—400 billion dollars. With that money we could have built a \$2,500 house, furnished it with \$1,000 worth of furniture, placed it on five acres of land worth \$100 an acre and given this home to each and every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia. We could have given to each city of 20,000 inhabitants and over, in each country named, a five-million-dollar library and a ten-million-dollar university. Out of what was left we could have set aside a sum at five per cent that would provide a \$1,000 yearly salary for an army of 125,000 teachers and a like salary for 125,000 nurses."

Mr. Butler's figures may be large. The Bankers Trust Company reckoned our part of the World War cost at 39 billion 500 million dollars. We borrowed some 23 billions during our less than two years of actual fighting. But whatever the precise sums, essentially Mr. Butler's picture is true.

Compared with the fantastic figures of war our present rate of expenditure for relief and recovery is modest. Our public debt is now in round numbers 27 billions. On March 4, 1933, it was 21 billions. Within eighteen months the face of the national debt increased some six billions.

Actually, the increase was less. Cash in the Treasury and good assets cut the actual increase nearly in half. The profit derived from cutting the gold content of the dollar is, in theory at least, two billion eight hundred million. This is money in the bank, not now to be used but available.

Altogether, the net increase in debt to be

redeemed by future taxes is, at this writing, not large. Admittedly, however, the debt may be increased during the next year. By July 1, 1935, however, Secretary Morgenthau thinks the increase will certainly not be more than eight billions, perhaps much less.

We know what we got for our war expenditures. In retrospect we are not wholly pleased, but if we had to make a similar decision in the future under like conditions, we might not do differently.

Our relief and recovery billions are also being expended to make our world safe for democracy. We gladly gave during the war until it hurt. Decision to spend is now made with almost the celerity of war time. In peace as in war we pay extravagantly for unpreparedness.

We had made no long-time plans looking forward to some great economic and social emergency. We were no more prepared for the changes which confronted us recently than we were for the emergency of war. We did not believe in 1914 that we would ever feel the necessity of joining in a world war. We did not believe in 1929 that we were entering a period of vast change.

For the first time in the history of civilization vast billions are being expended for human betterment. Whatever the methods used, the motive is good. Wealth in prodigious quantities is being spent to save, not to destroy, life. This is a new thing.

Mere numbers of men or dollars, however, win few victories either in war or peace unless the plan is right. The expenditure of billions now will permanently benefit us as a people only as we are able intelligently and productively to control and direct their distribution.

At the present moment federal relief is bogged down deep in the mire of local politics. Republicans and Democrats alike in many states are trying to buy votes with promises of more and less scrupulous relief. In many places work is being refused by those on the relief rolls. Some of Presi-

dent Roosevelt's most liberal advisers are urging that federal relief be definitely ended next spring lest mendicancy get entirely out of control.

Relief won't be stopped next spring unless employment is actually available for those now being fed by public charity. Public opinion will insist upon relief, sound or unsound, unless work is to be had.

In this complicated world, work can't be created by governmental fiat or dragged mysteriously from a magician's bag. Industry must provide the jobs, and industry, whether publicly or privately owned, must earn profits before it can meet its pay roll with real money.

Industry must recover if relief is to diminish and disappear. Industry already has recovered notably. Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, reported that between March, 1933, and last Labor Day, employment in factories had increased 34% and wages 63%. This is a long step up.

The present task is so to organize and focus the agencies of recovery that industry will of itself expand to carry the additional burden of employment. The very best intelligence available is required for this. Good will also is vital. Recovery cannot proceed at its right pace if factions squabble or men seek unfair advantage.

The program of the Administration is in fact based on the expectation that private industry and commerce will recover and employ all now counted unemployed. The more clearly this great objective is understood, the faster we shall recover. It is certain that only as earnings are resumed will it be practicable to pay for emergency expenditures.

The more clearly the goal of industrial recovery is seen, the easier it will be to raise the huge sums required. Few will challenge the great relief appropriations if the objective is clearly understood. We are on our way and we shall travel faster toward a destination we want to reach.

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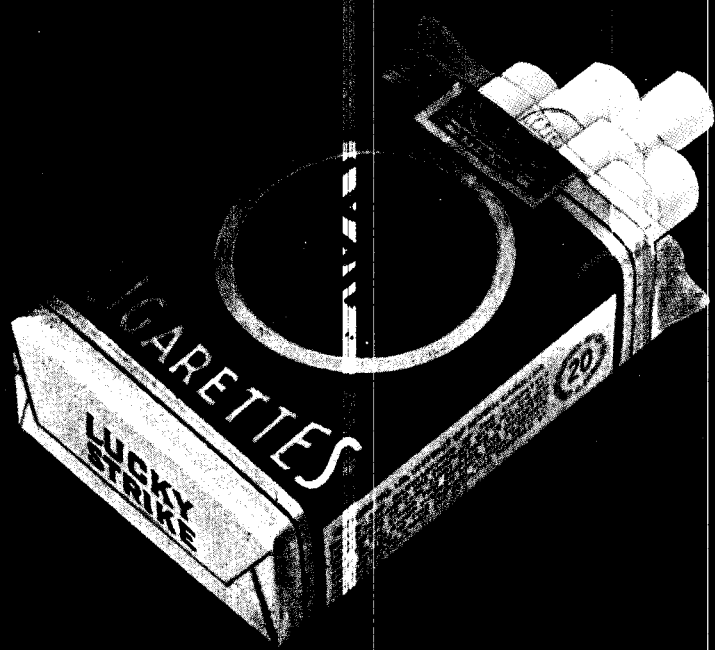
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